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In New Guinea

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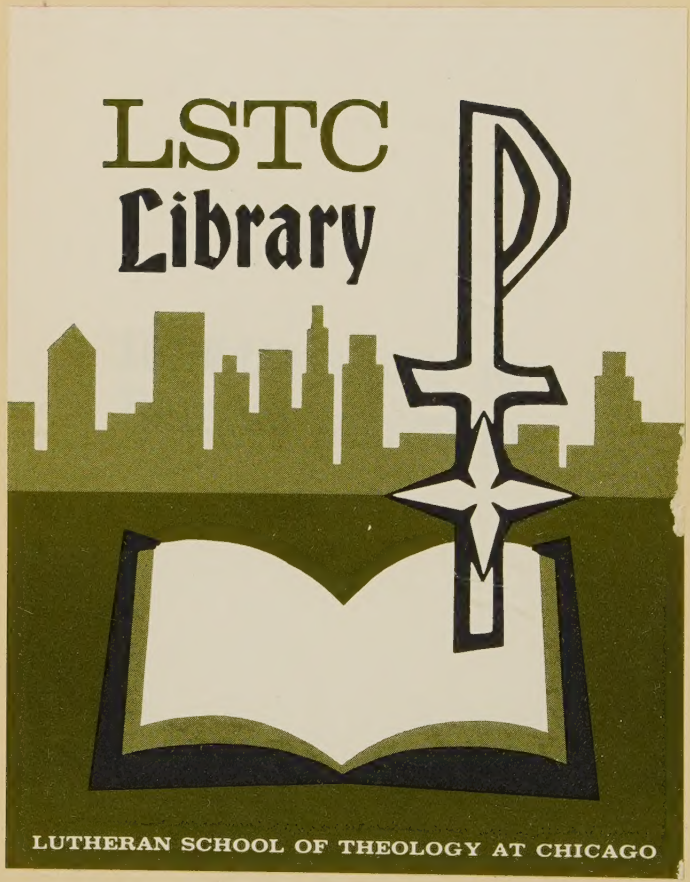

Along the Mission Trail

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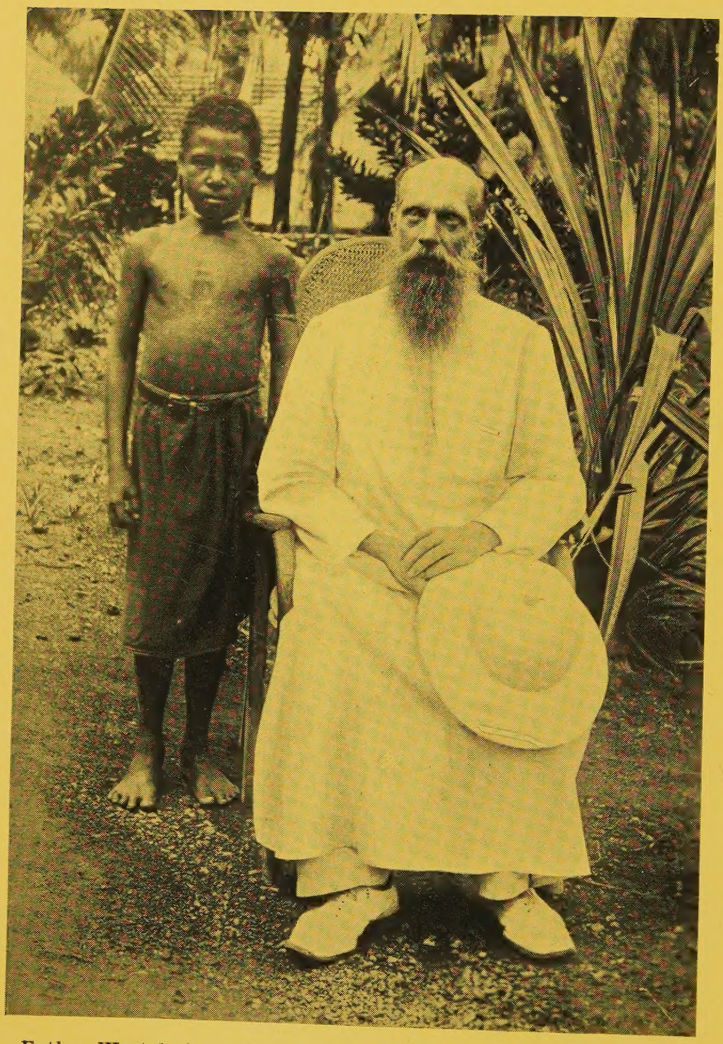

Father Wortel, One of the Pioneer Missionaries of New Guinea,
With a Native Boy

Along the Mission Trail

III. In New Guinea

By

BRUNO HAGSPIEL, S.V.D.

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Foreword

I find it a genuine pleasure to comply with a request received to write a few words by way of introduction to Volume III ("In New Guinea") of Father Hagspiel's most interesting and helpful travelog series, Along the Mission Trail.

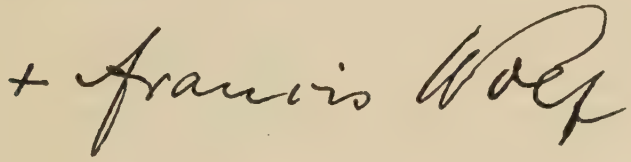
It is now more than twenty-seven years since I, with my heart and soul filled with mission zeal, cast longing eyes on the mission territory of our Society which is located in New Guinea. It was my eager hope and intention to spend my life there, working for God's glory and the salvation of souls. But the good Lord evidently had other ends in view, for I was at the time sent instead to the Togo mission field of West Africa. There I labored for many years, — in fact, until I was summoned home to receive episcopal consecration. When, on June 28, 1914, I was made a bishop at the Mother House in Steyl, Holland, I had not the least presentiment that the great World War, which was declared not many days after, would not only prevent my immediate return to Togo, but would definitely put an end to all our missionary endeavours in this most flourishing field. But so it was, and thus came about the change of destiny for me.

It was toward the end of 1922 that the Holy Father raised the prefecture apostolic of East Kaiser Wilhelmsland to the status of a vicariate apostolic with the name of East New Guinea; and it fell to the undersigned to be appointed to the oversight and care of this missionary region.

Shortly before my arrival in this, to me, new mission field, a visitation of our Very Reverend Superior General, William Gier, S.V.D., took place. The exceedingly happy results of this visitation have been increasingly evident to me as I have become more and more intimately associated with the work of the vicariate. I have also come to realize very fully that the companion of the Very Reverend Superior General on his visitation, the well-known Father Bruno Hagspiel, S.V.D., made most excellent use of his time spent in New Guinea and the South Seas, and of the facilities offered him to observe and to learn of the land and the people, and of their customs and habits, especially of the missionary conditions in this particular part of the Lord's vineyard. Concerning all these things his book has been found to report in a manner highly satisfactory and commendatory to our missionaries. I myself carefully read through his text while it was yet in manuscript form, and found that the author had apparently comprehended quite clearly and correctly the entire missionary situation as we are faced with it here in East New Guinea; and that he had, moreover, through attentive and unprejudiced consideration of all that had been reported to him, won through to an objective presentation which will surely serve to offer the general reader a truthful conception of missionary and native life in this farthest corner of the South Sea Islands. Therefore, I feel that I can recommend the work with heartfelt appreciation and sympathy; and in doing so I find myself also cherishing a desire and hope that at least some of the love and devotion with which the work is evidently written may run over and enter into the hearts of all readers, that they too may be moved to grant a share of their prayers and sacrifices, not only in behalf of the mission of East New

Guinea, but also for the missionary labors spread abroad throughout the length and breadth of this old mother earth of ours, thus fulfilling the exhortation of the Psalmist: "Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes; laudate eum, omnes populi."

Alexishafen, May 19, 1926



Vicar Ap. of East New Guinea

Introduction

After traveling from the Pacific coast to the Philippines and inspecting the mission there, it was my privilege to continue with the Superior General of our Society the tour of the *S.V.D.* Missions in the Far East, traveling this time to the Little Sunda Islands, D. E. I. This field has hitherto been decidedly less known to average readers of mission travel lore than many of the better-worn mission trails in the Orient, and it, therefore, presented a variety of comparatively new interests.

But our next point of departure was to lead into still more remote, and consequently, from certain standpoints, more attractive regions: I now refer to our trip to New Guinea.

Of late New Guinea and the entire expanse of the South Seas have been, to be sure, rather constant subjects of attractive appeals, with tales of travel, of personal experiences and impressions, and even of connivance and intrigue, appearing frequently in a number of our more popular periodicals.

Yet it is not merely from the standpoint of sensational address and of imaginative outpouring that this region of our world has become a focusing-point for the attention of many. Scientists the world over have found here a vast array of material for research, exploration, and in not a few cases, explication of moot problems. For instance, in the fields of botany, ornithology, and entomology, as well as in those of geological investigation and allied subjects, fruitful and significant results

have been attained. Again, and perhaps more especially, in the various departments of anthropology long and exhaustive researches have been made; and in these very extended assistance has been obtained from resident missionaries, and much of their inestimable service has been conserved and preserved in scientific form by the group of scholars, *S.V.D.*, who, under the leadership of our Father William Schmidt, have embodied their conclusions in literary form through the medium of the scientific journal, *Anthropos*. A brief outline of these findings will be found embodied in appropriate chapters of this present volume.

However, the chief consideration for the missionary, and for Catholic Christian people *as* such, must revolve around the actual facts that can be secured concerning missionary activities and missionary prospects in the South Sea Islands. And so, in the chapters to be herewith presented, the distinctly *mission* subject is probed in detail, with especial attention and stress given to the missions of the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word in the northeast section of New Guinea. But the mission narrative will also be found to include accounts of mission travel and mission life and work throughout what is known as the Territory of New Guinea, under Australian mandate, which comprises, as well as the northeastern section of New Guinea, also the island of New Britain, together with the adjacent groups of other islands.

The common impression prevails that, although the natives of the coasts and interior regions of Africa are wild and primitive enough, the inhabitants of the South Seas, and especially the Papuans, belong to such an utterly low scale of culture and of mental and spiritual

outlook as to be absolutely incapable of receiving the message of m o d e r n civilization and progress, to say nothing of the Gospel of Christ. And it was in just this connection that I found special delight, when traveling in this department of the globe, in having placed almost continuously before my eyes indubitable proofs of actual marvels that have been wrought among the people in the way of advancing them and wresting from them the ages-long traditions and primitive customs, even from the lowest stages of barbarity and actual cannibalism, into the ranks of true practitioners of Christian charity and Catholic life. And all this has been accomplished among them within a period of (in the case of our Fathers) less than thirty years of missionary work. But the bare mention of these epoch-making attainments brings us to the point of departure for our Introduction. The book must speak for itself on these matters. It must show, however inadequately, all the glory of demonstrably successful missionary activity and all the blessings that attend upon it, and in consequence and more particularly, in this case the tremendous cultural and spiritual strides which the people of this the second greatest island of the world are making. — B. H.

CHAPTER I

Around Celebes

Attending to homely affairs — The manager of the Oranje Hotel — "Herr Grigat" calls on us — Captain Dillane and the Van Swoll *— We save a month's time and a good sum of money — The ways of Providence — A lonely island! — I yield tribute to the sea — From a distance we salute Menado — Mission hints from the captain — The work of our missionaries.*

Having arrived at Macassar (Celebes) from the mission visitation of the Little Sunda Islands, Father General and I were kept busy, from Easter Monday until the following Thursday, — Father General with the writing of a lengthy report to the Mother House at Steyl, Holland, giving the details of our inspection tour through the Little Sunda Islands. This in itself took several days; and in addition he had a great deal of correspondence to attend to. I also had a number of articles to prepare, letters and cards to write, and many necessary purchases to make. My glasses and my typewriter had to be put in order; my teeth, also. Strange how matter-of-fact these homely details were, even so far from America! I made a number of acquaintances, among them a Mr. Creet, a Roman Catholic Armenian, and his whole family. He was the manager of the big Oranje Hotel, and had made it his business to call on me as soon as he heard that I spoke English, for he had not been able to go to the Sacraments for over six years. His wife and he made things

most pleasant for us; and when Father General had a little leisure, they took us all over Macassar in their big touring-car. There was much to see, and with this convenience we found, naturally, a comfort in our trips that we could not have had otherwise.

Macassar is the emporium of the whole of the Moluccas; and being a free port, it carries on a very extensive trade with China, Australia, and Singapore. The entrance to the harbor is singularly picturesque. For miles along the sea-beach, from beneath the waving palms can be seen the houses of the natives, built upon high poles, sometimes in the water. There are hundreds of *praus* riding at anchor, with their strange turned-up sterns. Many high, bamboo scaffoldings rising out of the sea are used by natives to watch the position of the shoals of fish as they enter into the harbor; and the weird sound of the drum is continually heard, by which the native *prau* owners make known their departure or arrival. On shore, the white houses of the Europeans, enclosed by high, whitewashed stone walls, help to vary the picture of this quaint Eastern market; for as such the town of Macassar can well be described. The principal roads are overhung by lofty and beautiful trees, imparting to the town a very shady and cool appearance. About the center of the town is the governor's house, a fine white building, entered through two huge and massive gates bearing the arms of Holland. The other principal buildings are the hospital, the judicial buildings, and the theater. The natives are of a much more excitable temperament than the inhabitants of Java, — ever ready to engage in a quarrel. The women, who also differ very much from the Javanese, wear the sarong hanging in wide folds around them, while another sarong

is placed round their head and shoulders and is held up by their left hand.

On Thursday, April 20, a man visited the *pastorie* during my absence — I had just gone off to the post office. He wanted to see Father Kappell (who was absent, also), to thank him; for this priest had visited him during fourteen days which he had spent confined in jail in Macassar. Arrested on some technicality, he was proved innocent of any offence and finally released by the Governor. The chap's name was Bruno Grigat, and he hailed from West Prussia, therefore he was a real "landsmann" of mine! The lay Brother introduced him to Father General, and Grigat told him of his intention of going to Wakde Island, situated just north of Dutch New Guinea, to resume business. He had been a successful planter in German New Guinea for seventeen years; but after the Australians took possession of it at the beginning of the war, he had escaped in a motorboat, which was a "lucky thing for Grigat," he added. Now, he continued, he was going to Wakde Island, on a boat of the *K. P. M.*, on which there would also be two Australian officers. These were staying at the Oranje Hotel, their immediate business being to convey a British prisoner from Macassar to Rabaul, New Britain, via former German New Guinea, for trial. If we would request Captain Dillane, one of the two officers, to make room for us on the Australian government steamer from Humboldt's bay (Hollandia), we might thus save, he told us, at least a thousand gulden (about $400) and, what was even more important, a whole month's time which we would have to sacrifice if we took the only

route we had hitherto been able to consider, the round-about way, via Sydney.[1]

The very possibility of such good fortune was exciting, to say the least. When I returned from my errand, "Herr Grigat" had left, but I paid a visit to the Oranje Hotel about seven o'clock. Both officers were absent. At half past eight o'clock the next morning I went again, and was more fortunate this time, meeting Captain Dillane, with whom I discussed the situation. Captain Dillane was at first rather cool and reserved, — a real military man; but after a little, he unbent and discussed mission work with me. He told me all sorts of comfortable things about the work of our Society of the Divine Word Fathers in New Guinea, and said that he had found them most efficient, — more so than the missionaries of Protestant sects. He was qualified to speak, for he had been an officer at Madang for two years, and knew, practically, all our Fathers and Brothers.

At length he said he would do his utmost to take Father General and me with him on the government steamer from Hollandia to Madang — especially if I, in turn, would do my part, which was to send off a wireless to the administrator of our missions, Father Puff, in Doilon. The wireless, which I dispatched immediately, read: *"We arrive May 4. Humboldt's bay. Meet us there. Arrange with government. Captain Dillane on same boat. (Signed) Gieragspiel."* This wireless gave us hope that in addition to being given permission to take the government steamer, we might even be met by our own mission steamer, the *Gabriel*. This would, however, depend upon the government's permission; and, as Cap-

[1] A glance at the map will show my readers the path I should have had to take to reach Sydney.

tain Dillane remarked, it was further possible that the *Gabriel* might even go on to Madang, to transport him and also the other officer and the prisoner. If all that could be arranged, it would not be necessary for the government steamer (which was to meet the military men) to touch at Humboldt's bay at all. Of course, I showed Captain Dillane my visés and passports, which he found in perfect order.

I reported the entire arrangement to Father General, and we both agreed that it would be a pity to lose a whole month's time and so much money when this new arrangement promised so well. Captain Dillane was most kind, and he at last offered to be our guarantee in case of even the slightest difficulty or objection. I told him that, if it were necessary, he could consider Father General and myself as prisoners till we reached our destination! To be quite sure that we were doing right, I consulted the British Vice-Consul in Macassar, and he advised us by all means to go as proposed, if we could manage to do so; and my readers can readily imagine with what joy I notified Captain Dillane that we meant to accompany him.

Behold us, then, after the sending off of the wireless to our New Guinea Mission, and the buying of two tickets from Macassar to Hollandia (Humboldt's bay)! At noon on Sunday, April 23, we were ready to take the *Van Swoll*, a little *K. P. M.* steamer of 1800 tons, for our sea trip toward Dutch New Guinea. Nothing more felicitous could have happened. Packing, last preparations, notices (per postcard) of the change, occupied every moment. That Sunday — it was Low Sunday — Father General and I said Mass early, and afterward assisted at Father Kappell's First Communion Mass. There were

some sixteen children to receive the Divine Friend for the first time.

Mr. Creet came for us at ten o'clock, and he with Father Kappell accompanied us to the pier. The steamer did not leave until two o'clock; but as we pulled out of the harbor and moved northward, serpent-like, between the shoals and numerous little islets dotting the sea for fifty or more miles, I could not help reflecting on the strange ways of Providence. For, while we were still in the Philippines, I had planned to leave on this day, on this very boat, for Humboldt's bay! And it was acting on the advice of Father Puff, which reached us at Flores, that we had given up the idea; for he had warned us that the government disliked giving permission to the Fathers to go on the *Gabriel* to the Dutch section of New Guinea. Learning this, and being most anxious to avoid any interference with standing rules, we then altered our plans, intending to embark on the *K. P. M.* boat, the *Roggeveen,* leaving for Sydney on April 18. Finding out later that the schedule had been changed, — that the *Roggeveen* left on April 2, — we were put down for the next sailing, on the *Houtman,* April 30.

There had been no alternative; the arrangement had been made for us, and we had come to Macassar fully resigned to spend the two weeks here, as patiently as we could. And now, after ten days, came Captain Dillane, his brother officer, and a prisoner! And from the fact that they were with us, we knew that even if the *Gabriel* could not come, for any reason, the *Sumatra,* the government steamer, would show up at Humboldt's bay, ready to take us to Madang or any of our other

stations.[2] I thanked our good Lord for His kind care of us, and gave our future unreservedly into His hands. On the card that I sent from Macassar to Father Provincial at Techny, notifying him of the change of schedule, I added the words: *Adiutorium nostrum in nomine Domine* — "Our help is in the name of the Lord"; and surely He had given us His blessed protection from the very moment of our starting.

On the boat I met my friend Grigat for the first time. Of course we had to thank him for making us acquainted with Captain Dillane. He was coming with us as far as Wakde, an island of but six to seven hundred acres, one hundred and twenty-two miles northwest of Humboldt's bay, where he meant to live a sort of Robinson Crusoe life. His plan, he told me, was to stay there for a few years and, with his cocoanut plantation and other business, to make enough money to enable him, later, to settle down comfortably somewhere in Switzerland for the rest of his life. Truly, man's ideals are as various as man himself. The very aspect of that island, when I saw it, was sufficiently lonesome to speed the average traveler on his way *from* it, not *to* it!

On Monday, April 24, we said Mass in the cabin. This was my *Dies ater*, for the sea, from noon on, was surprisingly rough for this season, and a strong northwest wind was blowing. I never saw such a crowd of seasick people; and worse, though I resisted with all my might, I had finally to join them. It was a just punishment, for I fear that until that experience I had never had the proper sympathy for the unfortunate victims of *mal-de-mer*. Well, the sensation is entirely disagreeable,

[2] The *Sumatra* foundered the year following during a terrific storm, on the way from Sydney to New Guinea.

I can assure you. I could hardly say my Office, and never had I found my bed so welcome. Tuesday found Father General and me both unable to say Mass, for the sea was much too rough, nor did it grow any better until we switched eastward around the northern coast of Celebes. Then we had the wind behind us, and our steamer pushed on, making from eleven to twelve knots an hour.

The following morning, Wednesday, April 26, at seven o'clock, we laid anchor at Menado, the first stop on our way to New Guinea after a voyage of seven hundred and sixteen miles. The breakers were terrific. They have an unenviable reputation here, at all times, but this morning every one agreed they were "really rough!" We anchored some miles away from the coast, and every boat — motor and otherwise — had to pass through harrowing experiences before reaching the shore. It looked at times, as if these little vessels were being swallowed whole by the arching waves. We had intended to pay a visit to Monsignor Vesters, M.S.C., the prefect apostolic of the Celebes, or at least to call at his station in Menado; but under the circumstances we thought it best to remain on board and send him a message of greeting. We left this port at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Almost every day I had a little chat with Captain Dillane, and found him *human*, fine, and sensible. He gave me many excellent hints of particular value to missionaries, and of still more particular value to the missionaries in New Guinea. The Catholic priests, he remarked, understood well that missionary work does not begin with religious matters, in the strict sense of the word, — that material things, things of benefit to the natives, must lead the way. For instance, he continued,

An Approaching Storm in the South Seas

In the Primeval Forest of New Guinea

they are taught to build good homes, taught sanitation, and, to a reasonable extent, agriculture.

From this point forward in our conversation we found the progress to higher thoughts and ideals comparatively easy. I did not mention the fact that to keep these missionaries in the field, to support them while the seed of faith is sprouting, is our business, the business of *all* Catholics. Captain Dillane mentioned that, in his experience, he had found our missionaries singularly efficient, for every man had had his solid college and university training, and troubles were practically unknown. On the other hand, he declared that many of the sects sent men who had been in training but two or three years, and that in consequence, difficulties were surprisingly frequent.

CHAPTER II

Through the Moluccas

The old Spice Islands — Where St. Francis worked — At Tobelo — Father Neyens, M.S.C., joins us — The largest island in the world — The extent of our mission field — In a Papuan village — The welcome wireless — A little celebration on board and overboard!

On Thursday, April 27, after a trip of one hundred and eighty-five miles from Menado, we once more cast anchor (at 6.30 a. m.), this time at the famous and historical island of Ternate, where the great missionary, St. Francis Xavier, had such wonderful success as we read of in his *Life and Letters*. We were now in the midst of the Moluccas,[1] for which the Portuguese and Dutch fought almost continuously during past centuries. The harbor is beautiful and quiet, reminding one greatly of Larantuka in the Dutch East Indies. In olden days this whole archipelago was universally known as the Spice Islands, whose riches were unsurpassed. Indeed, in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, Ternate and Tidor were names to conjure with — names that seemed to concentrate the glories as well as "the

[1] Strictly speaking, the Moluccas are the five islands which lie, like a string from a necklace, from north to south along the western shores of the large island of Gilolo, to the east of Celebes. They are small, — Ternate, Tidor, Motir, Macian, and Batchian; but in a more general sense, a great number of islands, some larger than these, are included in the Moluccas. This whole territory is a notable mission field, sanctified by the labors of many holy Jesuits.

wealth of Ormus and of Ind." They were seats of vast mercantile empires in the Malay Archipelago, whence the spices that made Venice great and opulent, that excited the envy and the emulation of Portugal and of Spain, that nerved the English and the Dutch to wrest the trade from the Dons, and that finally, when the little Teutonic kingdom got control, made it the most important colonial power in the world, next to the British.

When St. Francis touched these shores, the islands were at the height of their prosperity and pride: the Portuguese had gained possession thirty years before. Writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are loud in their praises of the climate and of the general attractiveness of the whole region. We found Ternate a very attractive town, from what we were able to take note of it during a walk which led us along the shore and on to the old Portuguese fort. There is also the fort of Castello, built by the Portuguese, about two and a half miles west of Ternate.

St. Francis spent several months within its borders. But the city was never thoroughly converted by him, though he spent more labor upon it, perhaps, than upon any other city in the East, and though it was the scene of some of his greatest and most famous miracles. The accounts that have come down to us of the months St. Francis spent in and around Ternate represent him as straining to the utmost the condescending charity which was his characteristic. He was to be found talking familiarly with rude soldiers, looking on at their games, interesting himself in their success or in their bad fortune.

On Friday, April 28, we landed at Tobelo, on the east side of Halmaheira, one hundred and forty-five miles

from Ternate. The weather was delightful, and Rev. Father Neyens, M.S.C., joined us here as a passenger to Manokwari. He visits Tobelo and Manokwari twice a year, and this was one of his semiannual service trips. This missionary had been nineteen years in this one field; he was tall and strongly built, and could discourse eloquently on mission history. He made the trip most interesting, as he pointed out, here and there, this or that island, explaining the incidents or occurrences that connected it with the progress of our holy religion. By a happy coincidence he had the *Letters of St. Francis* with him, and we read the story of his work almost on the very spot where he had undertaken it. One account says: "He spent three months in this island, or islands; for the whole sea is, as it were, sown with islands. At the end of the seventeenth century the 'King' of Ternate claimed more than eighty as under his rule. We may well imagine that St. Francis visited many, though we have no record of his presence in them. In the Isles of the Moor, we are told, he left the Christians as well provided for as he could, with the teaching and repeating of the Christian doctrine organized, but, as it would seem, with no priest among them. When he returned to Ternate, he was received with immense joy, and remained until the end of Lent in the following year.

"It is characteristic of the lives of the saints, that they so often seem to themselves to be called in a certain direction for a particular work, which, as it turns out, they are not to do, while another, which they had no thought of, takes its place. The fruits of St. Francis Xavier's expedition to the Moluccas were very great in themselves, and they led him on to further enterprises for the glory of God. He laid the foundations on which

others could build; and the subsequent history of Christianity in that part of the world, where the new Christians were soon put to the test by persecution, showed how solid these foundations were. Then he hastened westward, that he might send missionaries and prepare the way for the establishment of a house of the Society of Jesus, to be the center of evangelical work in that teeming world of souls made after the image of God. He visited Macassar, and there baptized many converts. The Bull of Canonization mentions also several nations to whom he preached, among them the people of Java and Mindanao."

At nine o'clock in the morning we were off again for the next stop, which was to be Sorong, in New Guinea proper, two hundred and sixty-six miles to the east. On Saturday, April 29, very early in the morning (between five and six o'clock) we passed between a group of islands, Batanto and Waigeo being among the larger; and straight before us lay the largest island in the world: New Guinea, or Papualand, our final destination. This remote mission field of our Society comprises the whole northeastern quarter of the world's biggest island — a total area of approximately sixty thousand square miles, with a population of about three hundred thousand, mainly Melanesians and Papuans. The whole vast territory was in the hands of a German firm, "Die Neu-Guinea Companie," from the year 1885 to 1899. The handling of the territory proved to be a task too great for the company; therefore, in 1899, it was taken over as a colony by the German government and was henceforth named "Kaiser Wilhelmsland." Soon after the outbreak of the World War, an Australian expedition captured German New Guinea. It remained under British mili-

tary rule till May 9, 1921, when it came under the mandate of the Australian Commonwealth, with a civil administration; and ever since it has been officially known as the "Territory of New Guinea."

In 1896, when the Territory was still a German possession, the Propaganda confided this district as a new mission field to the Society of the Divine Word. New Guinea is generally acknowledged as one of the most arduous of mission countries. The activities and the influence of the Catholic missions in this territory extends from Astrolabe bay westward toward the border of Dutch New Guinea (Humboldt's bay) a stretch of three hundred and seventy-five miles, or about one-half of the entire territory. The eastern section of this region was for prudential reasons left, during the German regime, to ministrations of the Protestant mission societies known as the "Rheinische" and the "Neuendettelsauer," because our Society was at the time unable to furnish sufficient missionaries to penetrate the entire extent of this vast territory.

Practically all of the seventeen principal stations and most of the thirty-one auxiliary stations of our missions are situated along the coast and on a number of islands which can be easily reached from the mainland. But we shall come to these different misions in due time. Just here I must relate that we were soon obliged to pass through a dangerous field of hidden coral reefs to little Sorong, which lies only about one hundred feet from the mainland of New Guinea. The natives surrounded us with their canoes; they were the first genuine Papuans we had met, and it was then that I began to realize the fact that we had been painlessly transplanted from the Malay Archipelago to that of the Papuan and Mela-

Catechism Class in the South Seas

A Parak (Spirit House) at Ulau

Ready for a 'Sing-Sing'. The Hand Drums Are Used to Accompany the Dance

nesian. Sorong is ideally beautiful. Father Neyens and I went ashore for a walk, and it took us about an hour to go around the whole place. The natives are rather timid, childish, and small; but even here, in this paradise, Mohammedans and Chinese had their homes and tokos (stores)! We visited the Mohammedan graveyard, and all over this cemetery we found their holy trees, filled with sweet-smelling blossoms. One thing was impressed upon me, and Father Neyens confirmed the impression: I refer to the wonderful persistency of the followers of the Prophet in spreading their religion. Everywhere they are much more eager in this regard than Protestants or Catholics.

We went into one of the native villages along the seashore. The sight was one which was to become familiar to me before I left this part of the mission field. The people need neither kitchen nor cook-stove to prepare their meals. Before the hut a fireplace is constructed. It consists of two or three large stones, upon which the cooking-pot is placed. The work is done by the women, and they also make their own cooking utensils. There is no dearth of wood, for the forests in which they live supply wood in abundance. The mother peels some taro roots or yams, and, cutting them into pieces, throws them into a pot in which some water has already been poured. If salt is needed, she uses seawater. In order that the mess may be more palatable, she puts certain herbs into it; we would call these herbs *weeds*.

Taro or yams and bananas constitute the daily bill of fare. But sometimes this fare is varied — namely, when they have luck in fishing, or when the father of the family has succeeded in bringing down a wild hog, a cassowary, or a kangaroo. The little Kanaka boys are

jubilant, too, when they can enjoy a mouse or a *rat-fry!* These people need no table or chairs; and neither knives nor forks are essential. The lap serves as a table, and the food is placed into wooden plates; they squat down on the ground, and use their fingers in lieu of knives and forks. The Kanakas use as a knife a piece of bamboo which has been whittled down to a fine edge. When one studies their methods and customs, one is astonished at their simplicity and contentment. They will eat things which to us are perfectly disgusting but are evidently immensely enjoyed by them, such as certain kinds of lizards, snakes, grasshoppers, bugs, and cockchafers; and they do not even turn down caterpillars.

We left about ten o'clock in the morning and sailed around that section of New Guinea which, on the map, looks like a big bird's head. Naturally, I was a little anxious about the transfer we should be able to make from Dutch to Australian (formerly, German) New Guinea. I wondered if our Fathers at Madang had received our *wireless,* and whether we should have any difficulty with the government, in spite of Captain Dillane's cheerful assurances. The weather was beautiful; and though it may seem odd to my readers, I was consoled with the thought that we were getting nearer to the United States — it was only two hundred and seven miles to the next stop!

On Sunday, April 30, we reached Manokwari, arriving in its beautiful harbor at seven in the morning. As we steamed along this sheet of water, clear as crystal, — a silvery plain of green and white, exulting in the bright sunlight, — we could see reflected in the glassy depths below all the magnificent scenery that girded us. There

were green hill-slopes and high mountains around the tops of which the clouds were lingering lovingly. To add to the natural beauty, native canoes, fishing boats, and small steamers glided along the glassy surface of the gently rippling waters. South of this island is the Arfak Mountain, three thousand feet high. Manokwari is the seat of a resident; and we were to stay there for the entire day and until five o'clock the following morning. Papuans greeted us all along the shore, to the right and left of the new town. The bay was filled with small islets; and numerous canoes, most of them fitted with outrigger sails, approached our vessel. To our great delight it was learned that a wireless message was awaiting Captain Dillane, from the government of Rabaul, telling him that he was to come with us on the *Gabriel*, which would arrive at Humboldt's bay on May 4. So our confrères had received our wireless from Macassar and had made all arrangements. All my care and anxiety took wings. I knew now that I could pray and work and sleep and eat with a free mind.

With Father Neyens, who was now leaving us, I went for a last walk through the town, the old as well as the new parts. There were interesting types everywhere, all predominantly Papuan. Some twenty-five of these, from Bosnik, our next stopping-place, came aboard. They were from the Manokwari hospital, and were going back home. The scarcity of clothing was marked, some having the merest strip of cloth over their loins. The little tots, with their dark skin and curly hair, were most attractive.

Today the *Houtman* was leaving Macassar for Sydney. Had we been compelled to wait for it, according to our plans, we should not have arrived in Sydney before

May 13. Once in Sydney we should have had to take another boat for New Guinea, and this would have consumed two weeks more, so that we could hardly have reached New Guinea, before June 1. And here we were, at our destination, on April 30. Do you wonder that we were filled with great gratitude to Our Lord for His care of us? We thought: 'If the rest of this trip is as successful we shall join our confrères before May 7.' I had started a novena to the Holy Ghost on leaving Macassar, — and it ended on this very day.

At supper, the captain of our boat gave an order that a few bottles of champagne should be opened, to celebrate, first his own birthday, and secondly, our ship's silver jubilee. It had been built in New Castle, twenty-five years before. Perhaps the elements desired to join us; for, during the next two hours I witnessed a thunder and lightning storm more spectacular than any I had seen before, or was to see during the rest of our trip. I may mention that it was the only real thunderstorm we had, — for which we were most grateful. This is one thing, I am glad to say, in which America will never equal or surpass the tropics, thank the Lord!

A Primitive Barber Shop in New Guinea. The Tonsorial Artist Has Only Pieces of Broken Glass for His Cutting Instruments

Hairdressing Preparations Among the Men of Tumleo, in Anticipation of a Big 'Sing-Sing.'

CHAPTER III

Aboard the Gabriel

We part with Herr Grigat — Off to Hollandia — The Gabriel *awaits us! — The famous Speejacks — Birds of Paradise, and heron feathers — Native life in upper regions of the Sepik river — Brother Canisius relates his experiences — Contact with the natives — I am not fond of the sea!*

The first of May arrived, and I recalled it as Ordination Day at Techny, and at St. Gabriel's (our great Seminary in Europe). We left Manokwari at quarter after five o'clock in the morning, with the sea a bit rough; but within a few hours we came upon calm and quiet waters. As we proceeded, we passed the island of Numfur, to the south of us: then between the long islands of Japen (south) and Biak (north), this latter being one of the Shouten Islands.

Eastward on this island is the port of Bosnik, where we stopped for half an hour to put our native passengers ashore. We met Papuans of every description, with types apparently as many as there were people. I also noticed that the younger generation seemed to prefer to cut the hair short, and I was informed that the bushy, curled style of the adults had long fallen into disfavor among them. From Bosnik we began a one hundred and eighty-eight mile run to Wakde. Wakde itself lies but a few hundred feet from the mainland. This was Herr Grigat's destination. He owns about one third of the island,

and had at the time about four thousand cocoanut trees already planted. There was a Mr. Fink (originally of Potsdam) awaiting him; and when we landed, Herr Grigat insisted upon my accompanying them to his house, where his Malay wife eagerly awaited him. He owns two boats, one of them being of good size, with a motor. From my brief visit here and from subsequent further contact with the planters of the Pacific Islands, I have come to the conclusion that most of them are wanderers and adventurers and, as a rule, very materialistic, never thinking of the life to come, but determined to enjoy all the good things this world has to offer. For all that, Wakde appeared to me a desolate enough place, offering but sparse attractions even from a materialistic point of view.

We left for our next port, Demta, seventy-seven miles away, at nine o'clock in the evening. May third found us quietly celebrating the feast of the patronage of St. Joseph. At seven the next morning we arrived at Demta, which has a fine sheltered harbor, and amused ourselves for an hour by watching some thirty-odd canoes manned with natives that crowded the waters around us. We were here for a short while only, then started off for the last place in Dutch New Guinea — Hollandia. The weather was excellent, and of course we had to spend a few moments as we left Demta speculating on whether or not our *Gabriel* would be at hand to greet us, for we were even now a day ahead of our schedule.

In this place it seems appropriate to give a rather complete description of our coastwise steamer, *Gabriel*, for she proved to be one of the principal performers in the bringing to pass, as far as transportation goes, of the greater part of our missionary experiences in New

Guinea. She is a roomy little craft, quite comfortable and homelike, measuring 90 feet in length, 18 feet in width, with a height of 18 feet and a displacement of about 240 tons. The setting-up of the machinery, engine, coal-bunkers, and water-tanks, always takes up the greater part of the room on a steamship of this kind; therefore, the *Gabriel* possesses but about 85 cubic yards of storage space, this allowing for a weight of approximately 22 register tons. The main deck, which extends to all sides of the steamer, is provided with four gangways and numerous port-windows. This deck accommodates the cargo, the 'black' passengers, and all cattle transportation. Immediately in front of the engine a large free space is left for the pile of wood used in feeding the furnace. This space allows for some six or seven cords to be piled at a time. Just forward of the wood-pile is a small room for tools and for the performing of temporary repairs. In back of the engine there is a stout towing-post, used occasionally in picking up some stranded or disabled craft. In this quarter of the deck there are also compartments for toilet, the storage of lamps and extra machinery, and a place for the two Chinese engineers to rest when off duty. Amidships, directly above the engine, there is a storage room and a kitchen for the native crew. Well forward, on the main deck, stands the patent capstan. It is equipped with chains (⅞ inches) and two anchors, the one weighing 350 pounds, and the other, 480. Directly in front of the main-mast is an open hold containing a windlass which is used in loading. The cabin deck is overhead, and steps ascend to it from the main deck, both fore and aft. The middle part of this deck is a solid structure providing six comfortable chairs for passengers, while the rear part serves for a

dining-room and, upon occasion, a place of Divine worship. Still to the rear of this middle construction, and separated from it, is the kitchen where the 'black' cook reigns with complete despotism. This potentate is made largely responsible for the maintaining of discipline on ship-board. Directly over the passenger cabins is the bridge, a quadrangular platform of about 18 square feet. Here stands the wheel, the steering-compass and, beside it, the Standard compass (this latter, being isolated from all disturbing influences, is used to check the compass). Between the two is the chart-table, containing the sea-chart and signal flags in a closet beneath. More often than otherwise, the flags are strung from the fore flagstaff to the main-mast and then to the flagpole in the stern, for decorative purposes upon festive occasions. As a part of the usual equipment, one finds on the bridge a chronometer affixed, and a sextant, some sounding leads, rope. and all other instruments ordinarily required or found necessary. According to the regulations of seamanship, it is obligatory to keep a ship's day-book, or 'log', and in this there must be strictly recorded, day by day, the complete sailing reports, in order that the book may be later consulted, if necessary, for confirmation of mishaps, breakdowns, special incidents, and what not.

Motive power for the *Gabriel* is provided for by the installation of a 170 H.P. 3 cylinder engine, a boiler, and two fire-pots especially equipped for the use of wood fuel. There are two bunkers, and these are filled with coal which is reserved for emergencies; but the coal serves its real purpose as ballast. In twenty-four hours of full service, the engine requires 3¼ tons of coal — that is, approximately, 6 to 7 cords of wood. Two water tanks, supply the boiler, these holding some 3,500 gallons of

water. A separate tank is furnished, on the main deck for drinking purposes.

But I am sure that quite enough has now been said about the *Gabriel,* at least for the time being. Let us proceed with the trip.

At ten o'clock we passed Mount Dafonsoro (5,000 feet above sea level), then the Cyclops Mountain range (about 6,000 feet high); and all at once there loomed before us in the distance the Bougainville Mountain, which is on what was formerly the German territory of New Guinea. Immediately before this mountain, an officer told us, lay Humboldt's bay.

At a quarter before twelve o'clock we switched into the bay, and the captain called me to the commander's bridge. He had some good news for us, having sighted our *Gabriel* lying in the harbor of Hollandia! Of course, I ran down to Father General with the glad tidings. Both of us went to the bow of the boat; and soon, with our own eyes, we saw our mission boat, with its big white cross on the smokestack. We were overjoyed, and the more so because we were not yet really due to arrive: they had anticipated us. There was another small white steamer in the bay, and I experienced a delightful sense of homecoming when I saw the American flag flying from its topmast. We were told that an American millionaire was the owner, and that with three guests and a crew of seven he was making a trip around the world. The steamer was a two-screw oil-burner. Two of the guests later came over to the *Van Swoll.* Both were Americans, and one a man from Evanston, Illinois, but a few miles from Techny. That was a genuine surprise. The owner came to discuss with the captain a proposal to attach his boat to the *Van Swoll,* when the latter

returned to Manokwari; but they could not agree on the price for this service. After a useless discussion they went back to their boat and soon sailed out of Humboldt's bay. We were told that two of the men were writing books of their adventures, and that another was taking moving pictures. Thus far, the boat had made 18,000 miles from New York, via Miami, the Panama Canal, the South Sea Islands, Sydney, thence to Hollandia. They were off for Macassar, Suez Canal, Gibraltar, and back to New York. Later I identified the boat as the famous *Speejacks,* owned by Albert Y. Gowen, vice-president of the Lehigh Cement Comapny of Pennsylvania. According to the newspapers, time after time the little boat had been reported lost. Off the Solomon Islands it ran aground on an uncharted reef; again it was lost among the South Sea Islands in the China Sea; and a third time, off the Canary Islands. But it reached the States safely in the end.

Shortly after these gentlemen had left us, Father Wiesenthal, the regional superior of our New Guinea Mission, with Brother Canisius, the captain of the *Gabriel,* came over. It was a very joyous and happy meeting.

During my stay I paid two visits to the town of Hollandia. The weather was too warm to be very comfortable, and both Father General and I were depressed when we learned that there was no Catholic missionary residing permanently anywhere along the northern coast of Dutch New Guinea. A non-Catholic (Utrecht-Zendling) with his family was the only messenger of Christ in Hollandia. He was most hospitable, inviting us to his home; and we paid him a little visit. There were Chinese *tokos* in the town, and a few Germans had settled there and started stores. These latter were war

His Excellency the Most Reverend Bartholomew Cattaneo, D.D. LL.D., the Apostolic Delegate to Australasia, Together With His Lordship, the Right Rev. Francis Wolf, S.V.D., the First Vicar Apostolic of East New Guinea, Upon the Occasion of the Bishop's Arrival at Alexishafen

Setting Out in a Native Canoe for an Adjacent Island

fugitives who had succeeded in escaping from former German New Guinea when the Australians took possession. All had lost a great deal — their cocoanut plantations and their savings of a life-time.

Hollandia is a center for paradise birds and heron feathers. In one place we saw forty paradise birds before a *toko*. The plumage was hung up to dry in the sun: a bird could be had for ten dollars. A gram of heron feathers cost forty florins ($16). The captain and first mate of the *Van Swoll* each bought five grams of these delicate feathers, for their wives at home.

The bird life of New Guinea in many instances is peculiar to itself. Birds of paradise are found here only. It is said that they bear different colored plumage in every thousand feet of latitude in which they are found. Strict fines and imprisonment are imposed on those who attempt to kill these birds for commercial purposes, though the hunters claim that these penalties are absurd, as the adult bird does not have the coveted plumage till it has bred for several years. I do not see how any statement can be made with accuracy, as no one has ever seen either an egg or a nest of this bird, and I was told that a large reward is waiting in the British Museum for the first person who is able to show either nest or egg. But the native eagerly observes: "This pigeon he no make him *keou* (egg). He catch him piccaninny (baby) nothing." The old hunters say that it is possible that this bird lays its eggs in another bird's nest, just as the cuckoo does, and lets the other bird hatch and feed the young. Contrary to the common belief that they grow one set of plumage only, I can quote the experience of one German who had a bird of paradise in captivity for twelve years. It was tame as a fowl, and at eighteen

session of anything and everything which they recognize as being made of iron. It is this desire that sends them out upon the waters, carrying with them, in their canoes, all sorts of wares to be exchanged. They offer carved masks, shields, and human skulls. Formerly one could obtain the skulls by the hundreds, all overlaid and carved in clay, with various colorings; but when it was found that they sought to perpetuate and increase this trade by deliberate and wholesale slaughter of their enemies, orders were issued forbidding all such purchases.

The Sepik skulls are famous. The flesh is removed from the head of a man, and the skull is then scraped and cleaned and smoked for several days. Then the face is reproduced on the skull, by clay mixed with certain oils from the bush. The features are reproduced so well that there is never a mistake in identification. This work is practiced by only a few artists in each village.[2] These skulls are of two classes, that of relatives and that of enemies. If the skull is of an enemy, the murderer now decorates it with his own hair, and secretes it in the spirit-house, where no one sees it for several months. A man's collection of skulls is the photograph album by which he can recite his deeds of prowess. For each skull he gets a "mark along Tambaran," which is treasured like a bond in a safe deposit vault. These enemy skulls are the ones which are sold, and which the white man sees.

When a man dies, his widow decorates his skull with her own hair. When a woman dies, a female relative's hair is used. When children die, the father's hair is

[2] Several such skulls are to be found on exhibition at the Techny museum. At present the sale of skulls is strictly prohibited by the government.

At the Mouth of the Sepik River

Enjoying a "Chew" — of Betel-Nut

used. These skulls never leave the family, and are cherished heirlooms; and at night, when they creep to sleep in their large pandanus sleeping-bags (for protection against mosquitoes), these skulls are carefully taken inside with them.

The ordinary routine of life in New Guinea has always been as one continuous panorama of death and slaughter, save where the influence of the mission has penetrated. Moreover, these conditions are, for the most part, bound up with magical arts and practices of witchcraft. The weaker a tribe finds itself, the worse for it; for its assurance of perpetuity is precarious, indeed. The more killings a warrior has to his credit, the greater he is.

On one occasion, on a trip up the Sepik, made by the *Gabriel*, the natives came out in hordes, bringing with them all sorts of things for barter, among them a great number of live pigs. But when the steamwhistle was pulled, very man made headlong for the water; the canoes were overturned, and the pigs, set free, valiantly swam to shore. After an interval in which nothing disastrous occurred, heads were seen to pop out of the water, here and there, and soon all were haggling and bargaining away again, as though nothing unusual had intervened to disturb operation. The natives are nothing but children, and so they must be treated. Along the Sepik our missionaries are pretty well known, — so much so that almost everywhere it is possible for a white man to enter a village safely. Of course, there are exceptions to these conditions — exceptions where one must go prepared to meet a hostile reception, but such experiences only serve to mark the rule.

It is simply impossible, in this region, for a missionary to be separated from the central post and stationed

alone in any of our mission districts, without the assurance of some sort of intercommunication and assistance at short intervals of time. So the outlay of money for the *Gabriel* is more than compensated for in the dependable service which the boat continually gives. By means of it entries have been secured to regions and to tribes with which we could otherwise scarcely have hoped to come in contact. Thus the steamer is a great means for the ministration of the Gospel to the natives, especially to those of outlying islands.

To give the best insight into the actual conditions as they prevail at the present time in the more interior regions bordering on the Sepik, I shall quote *verbatim* a letter to me, written by Father Kirschbaum. one of our missionaries out there, who specializes as it were in interior expeditions among these people. The narrative, I will admit, is not precisely suited to fireside reading and reveries, but its very roughness goes to show as perhaps nothing else can just what real missionary life is when one *gets down to business.* This letter was received only shortly before the manuscript of this book was prepared.

MAMORI, NEW GUINEA
September 7, 1925

Dear Father Bruno:—

It is now over one year and a half since I received your friendly but reproachful letter. I was at Epping (our recreation center in Sydney Australia) then, down South; but I have been back here in my beloved New Guinea for over a year. It seems as if I had still some sort of conscience, too; for, ever since the coming of that last letter, it has kept on reminding me to give you a decent answer. Well, I am now, at last, prepared to write

a real epistle to you. Luckily for me, I am far enough away to prevent your scolding at me, although I am fully aware that I deserve to get whatever you may have to give in that line. But seeing that I am situated just as I am, I will say: 'Do your worst; I shall not be able to hear anything of it, and therefore, shall not mind.'

At present I am far away from Marienberg,[3] one hundred and twenty miles beyond, up the Karowai, a tributary of the Sepik. We came up here in canoes (in hollowed-out trees, you know: the kind that we travel in here on the river). And we had plenty of rain, too, coming up. I rather liked to see the first rain coming on, because I was proud to give it a real exhibition, this time, with my new waterproof coat which I purchased last year in Sydney, for forty-five *bob*. But how soon did I have cause to regret my poorly spent $45: the coat proved to be a *rainy* coat all right, — a very rainy coat indeed! And that settled it. No more waterproof coats for me here. After having done away with umbrellas for years, and having had this *lesson* of late, I become confirmed in my old belief that the only waterproof thing there is and ever will be is my own waterproof skin. And right enough I was in my decision, for the good old sun did his best, and *succeeded*, in making me and all of us, and everything with us and about us, dry again, even before we reached a village. A change and a dose of quinine did the rest. Thus I did not mind the rain any more in the days following, meeting it always in the same old accustomed manner as in the times before the raincoat was ever thought of.

And here I am at Mamori, staying for a week or so, and trying to secure food supplies for the mission, — *sago*, which is plentiful here. 'What are the place and and the people like?' I hear you ask. Well, the principally significant thing about the people, the surroundings, the place — about *everything* — is "head-hunting"; this is the very center of the head-hunting indus-

[3] His headquarters on the Sepik river.

try! In the very house where I am now sitting at my little table writing to you eight people were killed, just because their heads were wanted, not more than a year ago: they were all refugees of another tribe, thirteen men from which had lost their heads, some months before, at the hands of still another tribe. When these refugees arrived here, they were heartily welcomed; I myself was here at the time, to see them received. They proceeded to build new houses for themselves, and helped the local tribe to build a new and beautiful "Tambaran House" (Spirit House, or House of Worship), only to become the very first victims to be offered up for this same temple. Treachery, not chivalrous warfare, — that is what the Kanaka believes in, solely, not only in this place, but everywhere. And what is all this head-hunting for? It is part of their religion; they simply *have* to do it according to their belief, in order to escape the evil spirit's revenge, which would be exercised in the ruin of their own village. Poor people! Their lord, Satan, keeps a tight hold on them, — a very tight hold indeed!

And what about myself, going among them, living in their midst: doesn't it seem dangerous? Oh no, they won't do me any harm; in fact, they treat me, here, just as they do everywhere in these parts of the wild, as belonging to them, as a member of their distinct tribe, whenever I happen to be among them. A very doubtful honor in such a "congenial" company, is it not? But one cannot help it. It is our business to go into the heart of the kingdom of that old 'Enemy from the beginning,' in order to destroy his works and to try to establish the kingdom of our Lord-Savior. And if we cannot do it all at once, — and we know we cannot, — yet every visit, every good work, will gradually bring this poor people near to Him who rules the hearts and minds of men. And therefore I do not mind being regarded by them as one of their own: in fact, I reckon it as a good gain for themselves. But now, just let me introduce to you a few of my friends here.

Alongside me is a tall, middle-aged, sinewy man, standing and keeping away from me, as best he can with my mosquito brush, these wretched nuisances. My friend is at the same time hindering me by his well-meant strokes on my back, my head, my hands, and everywhere. He has just been telling me that he has three skull-trophies in his house, asking whether I wouldn't like to see them at this very moment. "No, thank you, friend," I tell him; "during my long stay on the River (Sepik and surrounding country) I have seen hundreds and hundreds of them; and I really *do not want to see any more of them!*" As a matter of fact, I have recorded, during these past twelve years, more than five hundred cases of head-hunting which have come to my personal knowledge, not to say a word about the numbers of instances, doubtless, of which I have been entirely unaware. Well, such is the man who stands alongside me. Just imagine, — a threefold murderer doing me this good turn, and that without being asked!

But here, now, I observe coming along the way, my good old friend — a sort of chieftain. Waving in the wind, on his lime stick and hanging from the lime box under his arm (the lime stick and lime box are, as you will know by this time, concerned with the betel-nut chewing), there are seven long cock's feathers, each attached to a separate braided chain: they present the record of his killing; and I can tell you that everybody gives way to him, for he is a *great man!* Besides this he has five women alive, two dead, some divorced; and he is father of sixteen children, all alive. He supplies us here with fire-wood, — has done it for these five days past, — without ever being asked, and without ever getting anything for it, thus far, but a friendly word. He is not a bad sort of fellow, is he? Well, such are the people here, to a degree more or less, — all of them.

I was just about to sing the praises of the good children of the place, but my eyes have at the moment caught sight of a lad strolling about who completely spoils my intention. He is little more than eight years of age. His

fine, dark brown, clean skin is blackened all over with soot, which is his only covering. He is the pride of his father, and, alas, the envy of the bigger boys: he alone of them is privileged to go about as I have described; for he has also, in one 'chivalrous' way or another, procured for himself one skull already. Poor, black little devil! But this does not really matter, on the whole, — that is, it does not succeed in spoiling the reputation of the children at large. They are not so bad, — or rather, *would not be* so bad, if it were not for the bad influences of the old men. But there is no use reveling in the conjectures as to how many years of advance for Christian civilization would be assured if all the elders could be at once transported or otherwise disposed of, for good and for all. We must give them, as well as the youngsters, the best chances possible to secure heaven; but nevertheless, the cold, hard facts of the situation have to be faced, and they have to be reckoned with, also.

Still, does this give reason for despair? Not by any means. If we were working on a naturalistic basis we would indeed have sufficient reasons to make us falter; but ours is God's own work, and we are dealing with His own dearest interests: indeed, and success will be His, whether we live to see it or not.

It is late afternoon by this, and people are one by one coming back from work. All stop to see me as they pass. There are about a dozen around me now. However, I am satisfied, as I have had the best part of the day undisturbed; nobody has been in the village, except the children and myself; it is just as if the children were left for me to look after. No, the little ones are not afraid of me. We have some great times together: for instance, we had a joy ride in a canoe, this morning; and the children kindled the smoke-fires for me, to keep the mosquitoes away: At the present time, also, I am sitting here in the midst of big clouds of smoke which are thick enough to cut with a knife; and although this expedient lessens the pests some, mosquitoes are really so *thick-skinned* that they do not mind it, as long as

a man can stand it himself, Now, as I am talking about the mosquitoes, I am led to wonder how many drops of my good blood they have sucked from me, these last few days: hundreds and hundreds, and hundreds again, I venture. In order to read my Breviary decently, I get under my net, in bed; it is the only place in which to read. What would the moralists say to that? But the worst test of all is the time during Holy Mass in the morning. At that time, I assure you, I have to perform many more rites than asked for in the Missal, and this in spite of the Ritualists. But really, I do not mind the mosquitoes so *very much*, so long as I am healthy; and healthy, thanks to God, I am. And I keep myself fit, too.

Just now my boy has come back with a bag containing no fewer than twenty ducks. I would like to let you have some; and I really could afford to, don't you think? And as though this were not enough, here comes a good friend bringing along a big dish of large, fresh shrimps! Now, would you not like to have dinner with me tonight? All the 'Knights of the Skull will be over for dinner, too.

Well, a last word about the mosquitoes. What are they good for? I have asked myself that question over and over again, and I have come to the conclusion that the good God has sent them as a punishment for men, — for such miserable sinners as these people here, and such as myself. If it were not for the mosquitoes, it would be rather too delightful here; and it is good for people to have at least *something* to bother about, or nobody knows what they might be up to, next. This reminds me of a word of my good father, now dead, who used to say, when he was disturbed in this way: *"Der Mensch muss gepiesackt werden, damit er Lust zum Sterben kriegt."* (*free trans.* — 'A man needs to get bled a good bit in life, in order that he may be able to acquire a decent desire to die, when his time comes.') Pretty rough, isn't it: but true, just the same.

By this time my home is packed with visitors; some are watching me "shooting the paper," as they say, and

wondering what on earth it can all mean. I tell them that I am speaking with a friend of mine, far away. A snap with their finger nails on their teeth expresses their astonishment; and they think, — well, I do not know as they really think anything at all about the matter, but perhaps something to this effect passes through their thoughts: 'You are an old humbug, you are; or, something similar to that.' But do not suppose that they do now, or ever would, think: 'He is a clever fellow: I wish I could do the same.' It may possibly be that while they are looking at me as I ply my pen, some faint idea of this sort passes through their brains; but as soon as they get away, they forget all about the whole affair. If one chances to come along a second time while I am engaged at the same work, he realizes that he 'knows' this, — has seen it all before, — and leaves his place for others to look on, who may never have seen this *new thing*. And in the same manner these, in turn, will also act. You can impress a native with something that is new to him — something which he sees for the first time; but on the second occasion you will find that he feels that he 'knows' it; it is "work belong white man," as the pidgin-English goes, which means that this is simply another one of those things which white men concern themselves with, and that settles it for them. The Kanaka does not like to think; and that is the greatest cause of all his roubles. I told some of them, the other day, about airplanes and airships, and showed them pictures of them. You will suppose that there was wondering on all sides? Nothing of the kind. A boy about twelve years old proudly asked: "Is it only just now that your people are able to fly with these big things? Our forefathers used to fly, long ago. They had a magic word: said it, and off they went, wherever they wanted to go. It is a pity for us that we have forgotten the word, because it is on account of this that we are not at present able to fly." Well, well, I think myself, that settles everything: the natives are certainly highly superior to us; at least, *in their own minds* they are! — that is right enough.

Father General in the Midst of a Group of Missionaries S.V.D., in New Guinea

The Mission Station of Mt. St. Mary (Marienberg); Father Kirschbaum, the Resident Missionary, Stands In the Right Foreground

Three Tambarans (Religious Shields) and Three Feather Shields from the Sepik River Region

But now let me make an end of my letter. I hope that I have not annoyed you too much with my chatter, this afternoon. If I have, please don't waste another moment with my text. In any event, I will confess to you that the thought that gives me the most comfort in the fact of writing is the notion that I have thus had your very good company, this whole afternoon long, here on the Karowai river.

Yours sincerely,

FRANCIS KIRSCHBAUM, S.V.D.

When Brother Canisius left us, to take his place on the commander's bridge, I could get no rest. It may be that his description of the warring tribes stirred my imagination. At any rate, the peculiar churning noise made by the water, as our steamer went through it, disturbed me. Somehow or other — and my readers well know that I put little faith in the fickle sea — I began to view the boat with distrust. I rose and went up and down the deck, now right, now left. I kept looking at the starry sky above me, until the clouds hid it from view. A northwest wind was blowing, and we were making little more than seven knots an hour. Soon we passed the boundary line (between Australian and Dutch New Guinea) which is about eighteen miles east of Hollandia. Bougainville Mountain loomed darkly against a darker background. Captain Dillane, with his brother officer, Mr. Mills, and the British prisoner, were still with us on board, and with the self-possession of old travelers neither weather nor change of craft had much effect on any of them.

CHAPTER IV

The History of New Guinea

Early explorers — The expedition of Marquis de la Ray — Recruit of black labor — The protectorate of German New Guinea — The mandate of Australia — How New Guinea is governed.

New Guinea was probably first *sighted* by the Portuguese, Antonio d'Abreu, in 1511, but it was first *visited* either by Don Jorge de Meneses in 1526, or by the Spaniard Alvaro de Saavedra two years later. In 1545 Juguo Ortez landed upon the island, and, finding a great similarity between the natives there and those of the Guinea coast, called the place New Guinea. Many other explorers from the time of d'Abreu — Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch — sailed around and through what is now known as the Territory of New Guinea. The Dutch annexed some parts of the west coast in the eighteenth century, but Dutch barriers were gradually broken down to a large extent, and in 1793 the English East India Company formally annexed the whole island and for some time thereafter maintained troops on the island of Manasvari in Geelvink bay. But the Dutch government again sent numerous surveying expeditions after the peace of 1815, and in 1848 Holland annexed the country west of 141° E.

Any account of New Guinea would be incomplete if mention were not made of the expedition of the Marquis de la Ray, in 1880, who intended to found what was

to be known as the "Free Colony of Port Breton." He bought and equipped a first vessel, which called at the Laughlan Islands in Papua on January 1, 1880, and left seventeen men with food for three months. This vessel then went to the northeast coast of New Ireland and, on January 16, 1880, left the others, sixty-five in number. In a day or so the ship departed without warning, in the night, with the commandant of the colony aboard, leaving no medicine and very few stores of any description. In April, the survivors, — Dutch, French, German, and Scandinavian in origin, — were rescued after many of the party had died from dysentery and malaria.

The next vessel came later in 1880, with more colonists; and afterwards, two other vessels arrived, with still more colonists. But by February 1881, the survivors of this ill-fated enterprise had left for Sydney. Plans for this colony had been very elaborate. While survivors of the first expedition were recuperating at the 'Duke of York group', where they had been carried in a perishing condition, letters came out from the Marquis, giving elaborate directions as to laying out the future city of the colony. The commandant was told to designate a special quarter for noblemen, a division for the middle class, and another for the working class. This message came to a group of men who had just been rescued from death by starvation in the jungle. Relics of this ill-fated expedition can be seen today at the original landing-place at New Ireland.

The recruiting of black labor for overseas plantations began in 1879, and resulted in much hardship to the natives and the untimely death of many innocent whites; for the white trader and missionary on the spot

had to bear the brunt of the revenge inflicted by relatives of the kidnapped blacks.

Finally, in 1883, the Premier of the State of Queensland, to restore order, and at the same time to remove a political danger from Australia if a foreign power should step in, annexed, on behalf of Australia, all of New Guinea then unoccupied, and the New Britain Archipelago. Instead of giving sanction to this act, the British, Government repudiated it. In 1885 the Germans established a protectorate in the Northeast, Great Britain proclaimed a protectorate over the Southeast, and in 1888 this was made a Crown colony. Even then the growing value of copra had given the stimulus to traders to combine trading and planting. "Queen Emma," at one time a famous character in the South Seas, bought a big stretch of country for a box of trade tobacco. It is said that she bought Mortlook Island for five pounds. Some years later Peter Hansen, who is still living in the territory, bought the French Islands — the Witu group — for $250. The trader, even in late years, has been able to buy land for very little, and plant and maintain it to maturity by funds obtained by trading with the natives. Many a plantation in German New Guinea was paid for and planted by the sale of birds of paradise.

The territory under Germany was called the Protectorate of German New Guinea. From 1885 to 1899 it was in the hands of "Die Neu Guinea Compagnie," an organization like the Dutch East India Comapny; but experience showed that the handling of the colony was too much for this firm, and it was taken from them by the German Government. In 1893 a boundary treaty was concluded between the three nations of Holland, Great Britain, and Germany.

These are Natives of the Island of Tumleo — Former Cannibals But Now Catholic Christians in Good Standing

Living Examples of Two Types of Disease Frequently Occurring in the South Seas — Elephantiasis and a Kind of Marasmus

In 1914, just after the outbreak of the War, an Australian expedition was sent out, which captured most of German New Guinea. From 1914 to 1921 the territory was under British rule. On May 9, 1921, it came under the mandate of Australia, with a civil administration and with the title of the "Territory of New Guinea."

New Guinea is now governed by an Administrator who is responsible to the Prime Minister. All laws are made by the Administrator and approved by his Minister before they go into effect. The Administrator is assisted by the heads of various departments, who are also appointed by the Ministry. The present Administrator of New Guinea and the first Civil Governor is Brigadier General Evan Alexander Wisdom, who took office as civil administrator on May 9, 1921.

The territory is divided into ten districts, each of which is presided over by a District Officer. Besides these District Officers, there are Patrol Officers in each district, and native police. In each village, as well, there are representatives of the government chosen from the village. Of these, the *Luluai* is "number one" in the village, and is assisted by a *Tultul*, who must be able to speak pidgin English. Gradually a system of *medical* Tultuls is being worked out throughout the territory.

The Rabaul district includes the eastern portion of New Britain and the Duke of York group. The Talasia district includes the western group. The Gasmata district includes the western part of the south coast of New Britain; the Kaewieng district includes the western part of New Ireland, New Hanover, and adjacent islands; the Namatanai district includes the eastern portion of New Ireland plus adjacent islands. The Manus district includes

the Admiralty group and the Maron, or Luf, group, and Anchorites, the Ninigo group, Aua and Matty, and other small adjacent islands. The Aitape district runs from the Dutch border to, and including, the Sepik river; the Madang district runs from this line to the Huon gulf. The Morobe district runs from the border of the Madang district to the Papuan border. It is in the last three districts that the territory in charge of the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word is located. The Marists care for the Kieta district, which includes Bougainville and Buka, the Tasmans and the Mortlocks and several smaller adjacent islands.

CHAPTER V

Geography and Climatic Conditions

Bounding the Territory — The principal river — Bismarck Archipelago — Government seats — Flora and fauna — Geological considerations and climatic conditions — Plantations and products.

The Territory of New Guinea lies between 141° and 160° east longitude. It is bounded on the north by the equator and on the south by a line which passes from five degrees to eight degrees south latitude, along the central range of New Guinea. The boundary then passes along the 8th parallel nearly to 154° east longitude but bends northward to divide the Solomon Islands, including Buka and Bougainville. It includes that portion of New Guinea formerly known as Kaiser Wilhelmsland, the Bismarck Archipelago and the German Solomons. The whole area is approximately 91,000 square miles. The mainland, as the portion of the territory on the island of New Guinea proper is called, covers an area of 60,000 square miles. High ranges run parallel with the coastal plain, which is from sixty to one hundred miles wide along part of the coast. The ranges of the center run to 15,000 feet, although they have been little explored.

The principal river is the Sepik, which is navigable for over three hundred miles. This river rises in the Dutch Territory. The Ramu is another large river that rises in the southeastern part of the territory and flows

into the sea about twenty miles east of the Sepik. The Markham is another large river.

The Bismarck Archipelago consists of a number of large islands, of which the chief are New Britain, area 13,000 square miles; New Ireland, 4,000 square miles; New Hanover, 530 square miles; Duke of York, 22 square miles; and the Admiralty Islands, 600 square miles. The other groups included in this archipelago are the Matthias Islands, the Mortlocks, the Tasmans, the Fead Islands, the Nissan or Sir Charles Hardy Islands, the French islands or Witu group: the Rook Islands, the Hermit Islands, or the Naron group; the Ninigo, or the the Exchequer Islands, and the Anchorites. In these various groups there are upwards of one hundred small islands.

The seat of government is at Rabaul, situated on Blanche Bay, on the Gazelle Peninsula at the northeastern end of New Britain. There is another town called Kaewieng, capital of the district of that name, at the northwestern end of New Ireland. This has a population of about forty or fifty whites, and a hundred or so of Chinese. From Kaewieng there extends, for 110 miles along the eastern coast of New Ireland to Kimidan, a motor road which passes continually through cocoanut plantations and native villages.

Beyond Kimidan a good road continues to Namatanai, a distance of 89 miles, winding down along the beach, then up along the spurs of mountains, across ravines and through mountain streams, with an everchanging panorama of most wonderful scenery. At Madang, on the mainland, there is a small town made up principally of the official group and men occupied in supplying the needs of the plantations and missions. The other centers — Lorengau in the Admiralties, and Kieta in

Bougainville — have only a few government officials in residence.

It is said that the flora and fauna of Australia are reproduced on the New Guinea mainland, and in general there is a close similarity. Where there is heat and high rainfall, there is the usual luxuriant tropical growth. On the highlands one finds the vegetation of the temperate zone. Creatures of all sorts abound in the streams and forests of New Guinea, from the voracious crocodiles to poisonous serpents; but otherwise, there are no dangerous wild beasts. As a matter of fact, nothing succeeds in marring the life of the missionary as do the little mosquitoes. Woe to one, here in New Guinea, who is not provided with a good mosquito netting. Yet the mosquito question does not, by any means, cover the list of insect plagues in New Guinea. There is a series of pests to be enumerated — the bush gnat, the thousand-legged bug, the tormenting white ants, and a host of others. What a perpetual cross this plague of insects must be to the missionary!

In Manus, in fresh streams, there is found a small fish which can "stand on its tail" and squirt water to the height of two yards, to wash away a slug or caterpillar from an overhanging branch. When the prey is finally dislodged, the fish never *misses* it. Pearling and shell-and-beche-de-mer fishing have been profitable industries in the past. The turtoise-shell of New Guinea is the finest in the world.

The territory is for the most part volcanic and oceanic in origin. Several volcanoes, still occasionally in eruption, are to be come upon. Earthquakes, however, while comparatively frequent, are mild, the damage from them being confined to occasional land slips on the steep slopes of in-

land mountain ranges, or to inadequately erected buildings, no serious damage having ever been recorded to plantation properties since the country was first opened up, some fifty years ago.

With regard to considerations of health, the humid climate, which carries in its wake frequent visitations of malarial fever, must be reckoned with. After a short stay in New Guinea, there often comes upon one a general condition of torpor and uncanny languor, as though a hundred-weight of iron had been fastened to the limbs, and it requires an effort heretofore undreamed of to rouse oneself. Again, its action appears to be similar to that of an opiate, and under this sort of drag a man is forced to pursue his labors. Malarial fever is often followed by an attack of black-water fever, which claims many victims. Life in the tropics speeds swiftly, especially for the sick and the dying. One may be in the best of health today, and tomorrow be lying somewhere at rest "beneath the palms." Every missionary has to face this possibility. But I can also add that the health conditions of our missionaries in New Guinea have been the best that could have been expected, within reason. Through knowledge which has been slowly acquired, they now know what prudential measures to take in order to avoid prevalent ailments of the land; and in times of epidemic they are able to prescribe for themselves the proper specifics for the regaining and the retaining of health.

As another drawback of this extremely humid tropical climate, garments (especially those of woolen materials), vestments, leather goods, books, and many other things tend to grow mouldy and to become utterly ruined unless great and particular care is taken that they are frequently placed in the sun. However, one missionary expressed

himself after this fashion about the matter: "The chief care is lest the missionaries themselves become rusty and mouldy; the rest is an entirely subordinate question."

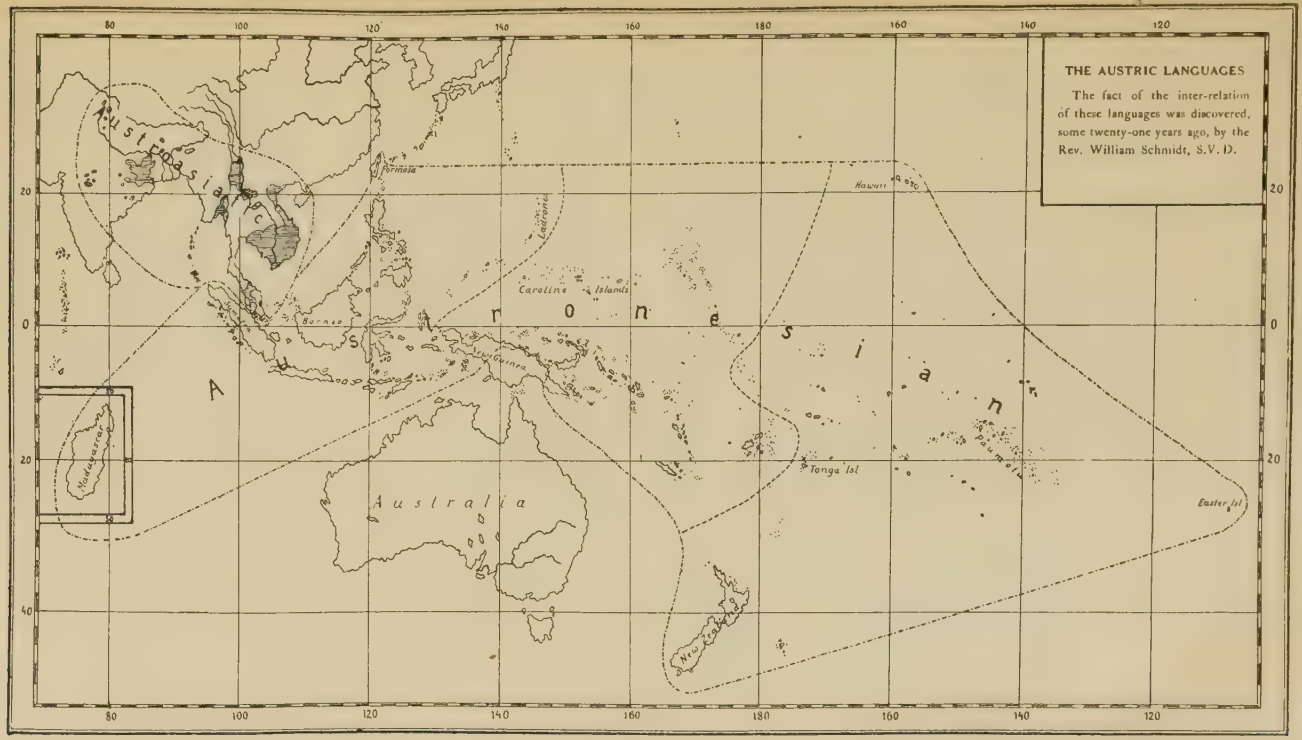
Generally speaking, the rainfall is plentiful and reliable, rains being received from the northwest, with thunderstorms between December and February, this period being known as the Northwest monsoon and as the hottest part of the year. Milder but more regular and steady breezes from the southeast between the months of March and November are known as the southeast monsoon. This latter period constitutes the cooler and more pleasant portion of the year.

The area of possession is 91,000 square miles, containing some 59,000,000 acres. At present most of the cultivation and settlement is on the seaboard of the larger islands and mainland, and on many of the smaller islands themselves, as is natural in an archipelago where transport and communciation must of necessity be by water. There are, however, highlands and mountain ranges on the mainland as well as on the larger islands, running up to three and four thousand feet above the sea level and higher on the mainland of New Guinea proper, that are eminently suitable for agricultural settlement. These ranges have a most beneficial effect on the climate and rainfall and will no doubt later on also be the means of modifying the conditions of life of European residents by affording them sites for health and pleasure resorts. These uplands and highlands, while no doubt healthier to live in for Europeans, and as suitable as the lowlands for many agricultural staples, if not more suitable, are not the best for the cultivation of cocoanuts; and since the latter have so far been the principal crop, the ranges have not yet been opened up.

The thousands of islands in the archipelago, ranging from an acre or two in area, up to 400 miles long by 50 or 60 miles wide (New Britain), include all kinds of land and soil, from coral atolls to granite peaks. A considerable portion are flat and comparatively low-lying, with a soil ranging from sand to a light sandy loam, usually overlying a subsoil of broken coral, affording conditions ideal for cocoanut culture. Larger islands, while they frequently have, in bays, a margin or stretches of soil similar to the above, rise into undulating foothills, with or without more solid peaks and headlands. On these the soil is of heavier nature, ranging from sedimentary deposits to rich, and in some cases, comparaitvely recent, volcanic soils. Still larger islands usually have a range of hills as a backbone and have areas of swamp near the coast, and soils grading from light sand to rich heavy clays. Many of these are well-watered with creeks and rivers, in the valleys of which the richest of alluvial soils are to be met with.

Scattered through the territory there are, roughly speaking, some 350 to 400 plantations, opened and owned by Europeans, of an average area of between four and five hundred acres. The principal agricultural staple is copra, of course. Other staples being cultivated to a less extent, in about the order mentioned, are cocoa, rubber, coffee, tobacco, arrowroot, and kapok.

In general, tobacco is the best article of trade throughout the country. Where the white man has gone, the stick of trade tobacco has accompanied him and is good currency. From the hinterland of New Guinea, where no white man has gone, comes leaf tobacco that compares well with the finest Javanese or Manila.



Delin by Charles Streit.

THE AUSTRONESIAN LANGUAGES
Melanesian - Polynesian 'Linking' Languages
Polynesian 'Interspersions'
Indonesian - Melanesian 'Linking' Languages
Papuan Languages and Interspersions
Indonesian
Melanesian
Polynesian
Australia
Madagascar
Formosa
Philippine Islands
Ladrones
Caroline Islands
Ratak
Ralik
Hawaii
Borneo
Halmaheira
Bismarck-Arch.
New Guinea
Buru Ceram
Wetter
Timor
Solomon Isl.
Guadalcanar
Bogota
Buff
Rennel
Tukohia
Rua
Fiji Isl.
Viti Levu
Futuna
New Hebrides
N. Caledonia
Ellice Isl.
Tokelau Isl.
Manahiki
Marquesas Isl.
Paumotu Islands
Society Isl.
Tonga Isl.
New Zealand
100
120
140
160
180
160
140
20
0
20
40

CHAPTER VI

Native Races and Racial Problems

The significance of environment — Early physiographical conditions — Terrestrial changes, with resulting isolated groups — Effects of migration — Present-day division of South Sea region — Ethnological classifications — Significance of the term 'Papuan' — Extremely complex and difficult characteristics of the people — The linguistic problem — Father William Schmidt's outstanding achievement — A brief survey of linguistic findings — Missionary problems directly associated with racial and linguistic difficulties.

Despite the fact that much is said nowadays about the influence of environment — surroundings in general —upon human development, racial, cultural, and otherwise, we seldom stop to think how definitely mere questions of geography, under the dispensations of Divine Providence, tend to make us what we are.

And we seldom stop to consider whether the greater regions of the earth were always disposed as we now identify them when we consult our modern maps and charts; although, most of us, at one time or another, have doubtless heard of different terrestrial periods — for instance, ages when great portions of the present land areas of the earth were submerged, when they were held fast in the embrace of immense ice tracts and glaciers, when the earth was inhabited by monstrous creatures, and so

on through the whole history of scientific research and exploration.

But since in at least three books of the series, *Along the Mission Trail,* we follow, more or less, along the pathway of the 'Isles of the East' (Philippines, Dutch East Indies, New Guinea, Australia), it will be interesting as well as helpful to inquire a little into the physiographical history of these parts.

Researches on the part of notable representatives of various sciences, such as geology in all its several branches, botany, zoology, and even anthropology in its divisions of ethnology and linguistics, would seem to point out (with respect to geology the matter appears to be quite conclusively established) that India, together, with the whole of what we now know as Oceania (including Australia, the East Indian Archipelago, and, for the most part, the Pacific Islands), also the southeastern portions of Africa and even of South America, were all at one time comprised in one vast continent, the beds of the watery wastes between them having been sufficiently high to allow for the formation of one continuous area of dry land. This would serve to account for the fact that we now find, in the traces of the early fauna and flora of these territories, certain fundamental characteristics which seem to bring them all together in the same descriptive categories as to origin.

But at the close of what is termed the carboniferous period great changes came about on the earth's surface; the intermediate lands disappeared; the waters closed in, and the territorial divisions were finally left as we know them today. In consequence, the flora and fauna, becoming in each instance isolated from other groups, each tended to take on its own natural development in ac-

cordance with the more or less changed and distinct physical conditions in which it was placed.

Now, if it were to become known for certain that the greater part of these early and immense upheavals on this part of the globe took place subsequently to the habitation of the earth by man, this would serve very largely to account for the fact, also, that we find today strange similarities shown in the monuments and remains of the ancient peoples of these now widely separated land divisions. However, the truth is that no one knows just *when* these tremendous physiographical events came to pass; and thus, such questions and elucidations as have been here proposed must still remain as mere material for lively and intensely interesting, but decidedly uncertain, conjecture. Yet, for all of this, it is extremely probable that a number of minor terrestrial changes have come to pass in these regions since the time of man, and that these changes have, each in turn, brought about an ever greater and greater separation between the Grand Divisions and the lesser world units of land. And besides, although the facilities for navigation were, in those very early days, extremely primitive, certainly, yet the people were warlike, restless, and wandering; and who can now say that the resulting differences which we find at the present time have not come about, more or less, through the human desire to travel — the *wanderlust* — which took hold of the people? Thus, at different periods, migration of individuals, tribes, and nations occurred. People whose characteristics had been sharply differentiated from others gradually came into contact, one with another, now in a friendly way, but again often after the manner of conquest and subjugation. And through these contacts, more or less permanent, came to

pass the fact that the former distinguishing traits of the people of a country were transformed, developed, and frequently even confused, until a decidedly complex and mixed culture, just as we find it, particularly in most of the islands of the Melanesian and Polynesian groups today, came to prevail, yet with a certain distinguishable, underlying unity withal.

At the present day, from both scientific and practical standpoints, this whole world-section of which we have been speaking is divided into two parts: first, Australia with Tasmania; and second, in the north and east, the groups consisting of Indonesia, Melanesia (with New Guinea), and Polynesia, this group receiving the collective name of Malay-Polynesia, or, as Father William Schmidt, S.V.D. (whose researches in linguistics, by the way, have perhaps contributed most toward the discovering of the primal unity of these whole regions), has preferred to say, — AUSTRONESIA.

These designations are made, and this term, Austronesia, is given, to distinguish the present island groups from the mainlands of both India and Australia.[1]

Regarding Australia and Austronesia (particularly Melanesia [with New Guinea] and Polynesia), the German scholar, Dr. F. Graebner, has accomplished much in his studies concerning the cultural phases of these peoples, their development, their growth, and their intermingling.

Finally, in considering the characteristics and general developments of all these people, we make the usual classifications that prevail when we come to study *any* racial groups or given types of humanity: that is to say, we speak first of their sociological characteristics — their

[1] The term *Austronesian* was in no sense original with Fr. Schmidt, but his general appropriation of it has caused its widely prevalent use in recent years.

relations with one another, as individuals or larger groups; their religious peculiarities; and their general material culture — i.e., their progress in the arts and sciences: their implements, dwellings, bodily covering or adornments, etc.

Through these devious ways of historical, geological and ethnological research, we come at last to a consideration of all these questions in their bearing upon the people of New Guinea, and particularly the inhabitants of the northeast section which is occupied and administered, spiritually, by our missionary Fathers. And very much might be said here, under these heads, in a specific way; but such descriptions will be largely avoided in this chapter, for the simple reason that the same information will be offered casually, here and there through the work, as we proceed from one mission station to another, and from one tribe to another, thus coming face to face with individuals and groups and being able to learn more intimately and agreeably of their most characteristic qualities, traits, and customs.

In general, all the inhabitants of New Guinea are known as *Papuans;* and here again some confusion arises, because this term (really derived from the Malay word *papuwah,* meaning "curley headed") is used only as a sort of negative expression, showing that these people as a whole (although there is here and there an intermingling of the Austronesian [Malay-Polynesian]) do *not* conform to the great Austranesian group, either in language or cultural characteristics. In brief, they form at present a sort of 'riddle of the South Seas,' but are usually thought to represent the remnants of an original, indigenous population, upon which the subsequent cultures of incoming peoples have failed to make an overwhelming impression.

But from all that has been said it should now be easy to understand this much at least — that, after original unity, subsequent separation, and later infiltrations of mixed cultures through the migrations of the peoples (one layer, as it were, after another), and after their gradual intermingling, it is not especially strange to find here one people whose characteristics are often so complex, perverse, and even self-contradictory, that it is extremely difficult to give them any definite place in the great social family in which they are centralized.

Such an explanation as has been given in the foregoing paragraphs, long drawn out as they may seem, will serve to make clear why we shall find so many radically different types of people within a comparatively small area. and will also serve to plausibly account for the many almost contradictory statements we may seem to be led to make concerning them.

In general, as to traits, it may be said of them that they are "without initiative, without ambition, but nevertheless selfish and untrustworthy, avaricious and highly revengeful" (Krieger, *Neu Guinea*, p. 205). Thus, upon first consideration, the Papuan does not seem to commend himself especially to us. And if we add to this description of him the statement that he possesses the qualities of deceit and fondness for exaggeration, coupled with cruelty and envy, our prepossessions in his favor are not increased. But, somewhere, Father William Schmidt, in recounting a graphic description of the Papuans given by one of our missionaries, Father Vorman by name, says, moreover, that the people are temporarily phlegmatic, "ordinarily not passionate, but occasionally quickly aroused to anger by trivial circumstances, or even by a thoughtless word." The murder of an enemy is then but the work of an in-

stant. Yet with equal quickness their anger is appeased, and they are sometimes quite ready even to express regret for their sudden bursts of fury. Their chief weakness consists in their addiction to betel-nut chewing, their vanity (this with especial reference to the men), and their exaggerated notion of personal honor, which frequently induces to suicide.

According to the authorities and the missionaries, the Papuans have no belief in a well-defined, supernatural being, and Krieger writes (ibid. p. 306) that "a clear religious idea . . . . is lacking among the Papuans." But, of course, there are exceptions. The pygmies of New Guinea acknowledge one Supreme Being, as Father Kirschbaum, S.V.D., asserts (in a letter written to Father Wm. Schmidt) when he says that the Buna (Negroid aborigines) have a god, Bewa, a male being, the author of life, who rewards after death. But sacrifice is lacking, as also is prayer. The only influence on daily life is the consciousness that 'Bewa sees it,' this belief thus serving in some measure to prevent evildoing. According to Father Erdweg, S.V.D., the people of Tumleo Island (the location of our first New Guinea station) acknowledge a Supreme Being, superior to man; but the idea of God of the people of Monumbo is very obscure." The most characteristic religious form of the Papuans is spirit-worship, sorcery, and nature-worship.

As to material culture, the people still live (that is, where untouched by Western influence) as in the Stone Age. The man is a hunter and fisher; the woman collects plants and prepares the meals. Roughly made stone implements, for primitive culture of the soil, for household use, and for fighting, are the only tools and weapons known. They live in primitive, peaked or ridge-roofed

huts, grass covered, or in mere screen-shacks, as a protection against the wind. In other parts, somewhat better dwellings prevail; and truly elaborate spirit houses are the rule, almost everywhere. They indulge in bodily mutilations, for different purposes, and in cicatrized tattooing, etc.

However, as has been said, such descriptions must be considered as being of an entirely general nature. The traits of the people of various tribes, often separated by but a few miles of one another, will frequently vary to such an extent as to appear to be diametrically opposed; and even within a single tribe sometimes beliefs and motives are to be observed, as being held simultaneously, which are inconsistent within themselves and often contradictory, the one to the other.

But at this juncture it will be of great advantage to turn for the moment rather definitely to the linguistic side of the problems concerned with these people. It has already been stated that linguistic researches have had very much to do in establishing the discovery of the original basic unities (physiographical, ethnological, and linguistic) which underlie the historic beginnings of these regions of the world; but it is here desirable to also re-iterate the affirmation that the studies of Father William Schmidt, S.V.D., which have finally and undoubtedly established the essentially fundamental relationship between the Mon-Khmer languages of Indonesia and the Melanesian and Polynesian groups (revealing what he calls the great Austronesian Family) have perhaps also contributed more than anything else towards certifying and bringing definitely to a head the most of the other conclusions we have referred to in the foregoing pages. Let us proceed, then,

Papuan Boys Amusing Themselves With a Bird of Paradise

A Jolly Good Find — A Nest of Crocodile Eggs

to a brief and cursory account of these researches and findings in connection with the consideration of the problem of the Papuan languages which still prevails, not only in our mission fields, but for the most part throughout the entire region of New Guinea.

Under the general name of the "Austric Languages," Father Schmidt groups the Austronesian and Austroasiatic tongues. After demonstrating, in his "Mon-Khmer Peoples" and other works, the lingual unity of the languages which he has designated as Austroasiatic, he has proceeded to establish the relations between this great group of Austronesian languages and peoples, and has shown that both groups are linked by an intimate relationship into a yet more comprehensive unit. Father Schmidt has thus established existence of a family of languages which, even though it may not claim as many 'spokesmen' (adherents) as others, is one of the most widely distributed — if not the most widely distributed — of all the lingual families. There can hardly be any doubt that this established connection between the languages provides a satisfactory answer to all the questions (even in the domain of Austronesian ethnology) for which a solution has heretofore been sought in vain. As for the linguistic problems, it is already clear that they will derive equal benefit as soon as the ethnographical conditions of the peoples of India and Farther India, of whom our knowledge is still deficient, become better known. The achievement of Father Schmidt must thus be acclaimed the greatest linguistic discovery which the twentieth century has so far brought to light.

With the exception of Samoa and some small Polynesian islands to the east of the Bismarck Archipelago, and of the territory occupied by the Papuan tongues in the

interior of Bougainville (New Pomerania) and of New Guinea, the entire area of the former German possessions in the South Seas is given over to the *Melanesian* languages.

In sharp contrast to the uniformity of the *Polynesian* languages, the Melanesian reveal a wide divergence in vocabulary, as in grammar. This indicates a longer period of prevalence of these tongues, although this divergence may also have been largely influenced by the Papuan dialects which existed still earlier in the territory. On account of this extensive variation, a grouping of the Melanesian languages is also difficult to arrive at, for almost every island and locality has its peculiar speech, and at times even two or three are found on one and the same island.

Again, as acquaintance with the Oceanic peoples has increased, philologists and ethnologists have found themselves confronted with the so-called 'Melanesian riddle.' By this term is understood this general situation: that, while the Melanesian tribes who dwell among the Indonesian and Polynesian peoples are related to both in so far as the question of language is concerned, they differ in their physical characteristics. By way of explaining this phenomenon, an attempt has been made to show that immigrant Austronesians, either forced their languages completely on the *present* Melanesians, or merged both languages.

Frederick Mueller (an eminent ethnologist) attempted to explain all the Melanesian languages as hybrid tongues, and claimed to have found primitive, non-Austronesian native languages still existing in the extreme south of Melanesia and in the extreme north. He designated these as *Papuan* languages.

H. Kern and Fr. W. Schmidt, on the contrary, show that these languages also betray an essentially Austronesian — especially Melanesian — character.

From 1892 onwards, S. H. Ray began and continued to furnish proofs that, within a definite terrritory along the Torres Strait and in the southeastern portions of British New Guinea, there are languages which, though existing in the immediate vicinity of Melanesian linguistic groups, show no relationship whatever to either the Melanesian or Austronesian tongues. Ray also designated these languages as *Papuan*.

However, the independent significance of the Papuan languages was brought clearly to light when, from the year 1900 onwards, the existence of these tongues was gradually established by Fr. Schmidt — first, throughout all German New Guinea and Halmahera, and then, in the middle of the Austronesian lingual territory, in New Pomerania (now New Britain) and in Savo and Bougainville among the Solomon Islands. Later expeditions established their presence also in various places of Dutch New Guinea.

Finally, no doubt any longer remains but that we must recognize in the Papuan languages the remnants of those tongues which prevailed in the Oceanic Islands before the invasion of the Austronesians.

The principal territory occupied by the Papuan languages is New Guinea, of which the northeastern portion seems to be occupied by them exclusively. They are also found exclusively in the Torres Strait and eastwards to Cape Possession. Thence begins the following distribution: one portion of the coast is occupied by the Papuan languages, while in another and on the adjacent small islands the Austronesian (Melanesian) dialects pre-

vail. The whole interior is presumably occupied by Papuan dialects.

The Papuan languages do not constitute *one* family of languages, like the Austronesian (or Melanesian). Both in their vocabulary and in their grammer the latter reveal clear and evident relations. On the contrary, the Papuan languages display such profound differences of vocabulary that, despite the most urgent attempts, it has been found impossible in the present stage of the investigation to discover any relationship between them — even such a distant relationship as that which exists between the Semitic and Hamitic or Indo-Germanic languages. So multiform are the Papuan tongues, even in the same territory, that in New Guinea, where these speeches are crowded together in close juxta-position, every locality of a few miles in diameter has its peculiar speech, which is radically different from the speeches of the adjoining territories. Consequently, in this island is reached the culminating point for the whole world of the extensive and intensive division of languages.

The obstacles to the study of the Papuan languages are not a little aggravated by the fact that, apart from the universal analogies between the Papuan tongues as distinct from the Austronesian, the structure of every one of the former differs from that of the others in a much more fundamental way than is found in the Austronesian languages. Hence, in every new Papuan language we must be prepared for new methods of formation. Because of these difficulties and the lack of any practical motive for grappling with these tongues, the majority of the Papuan languages are known to us merely through short lists of words.

Mother Is Preparing a Dandy Meal — It's Hash, Made of Bananas, Fish, Snails, Caterpillars, and a Few Choice Bugs and Insects

Coastal Formation Near the Mission Station of St. Ann, on the Mainland of New Guinea.
The Island of Tumleo is Just Visible Through the Central Opening.

After the foregoing brief consideration of the ethnological and linguistic problems identified with the people of New Guinea, and therefore, essentially with the native folk with whom our Fathers have to deal in the vicariate of Eastern New Guinea, it should not be difficult to imagine in advance what the peculiar problems for the missionaries are in this connection.

To begin with, in pioneer missionary work among the people, it is practically out of the question to remove a Father from one station to another, because in doing so an entirely new language has to be mastered and a thorough acquaintance to be formed with what are often quite opposite traits and habits of the people. Again, because there is nothing like a confederation or unifying principle of any kind among the several tribes, it is very difficult to bring the people together (especially the young people) into the central schools for education and training. And finally, this very lack of any universal *binding* characteristic among the people, if I may so speak, sets up real barriers of difficulty among the Fathers and Brothers themselves; for there is not among them that blessed aid and consolation of frequently being able to meet together and to unite in exchanging experiences for the benefit of all — that is, these things cannot prevail to anything like the same extent that they do in other fields. What is meant here is that each mission, being so entirely segregated from the others, has its own distinct problems to such an extent as to be almost a distinct mission by itself. However, in speaking in this manner reference is very largely made to the earlier conditions and problems of the mission; for all of these things have in recent years been marvelously overcome. The people are being brought more and more together. Many of the young, having

been to school, are frequently conversant to some extent at least with the German language (and sometimes with the English as well), and this alone has established a first bond of intercourse and the sharing of common interest among the tribes. Industrial and economic considerations have also contributed their quota of influence to bring the people more and more into a common relationship. But on the other hand, it must be remembered that as yet but little missionary or cultural work has been attempted beyond the borders of the seacoast, and even here for only a portion of the extent of coastline apportioned to the work of our Fathers. The vast interior still remains, for the most part, an unknown region; and when this is explored and reclaimed, it will undoubtedly be done under circumstances similar to these that have all along prevailed with these people elsewhere; and it is even likely that the difficulties to be met in the interior will be even greater. Nevertheless. we shall find all of these problems and difficulties largely clarified and elucidated as we go on to an actual visitation among these people, coming thus into very definite personal contacts with them.

CHAPTER VII

At Tumleo

Before Aissano — A promising station — Father Winzenhoerlein comes aboard — A long beard — An all-Catholic settlement — The cemetery at Tumleo — The tragedy of Sister Deogratias — A jolly missionary — A Kanaka motto — Food wanted! — Charles is bashful — At Ali mission — The station of St. Anne — Cocoanut plantations — Another God's acre.

When I awoke at half past three in the morning, the northwest wind was still blowing, and the waves were even a little stronger than the day before; but both were in our favor. The *Gabriel* was still moving on in what I thought a rather shaky fashion, and I found it difficult to say Mass. At ten o'clock we were before Aissano, our most western mission station in New Guinea; but on account of the heavy breakers, landing was impossible. However, a boat was dispatched for Father Winzenhoerlein, the resident missionary, to come aboard. From the deck of the *Gabriel* we could see the station, and even the priest himself in his white clothes.

Aissano is situated about eighteen miles northwest of the better known district of Malól. The population numbers about eleven hundred, of which the greater part is still pagan. Most of the children, however, are now Catholics. The next station is called Aróp. Sometime during the years of 1906 and 1907, a violent earthquake occured in this vicinity, and a large piece of land

was submerged. Several hundred people were drowned. Vestiges of the land are still visible, and gaunt tree trunks rise out of the water. The church at that time was of logs. It contained three altars, and had a tower also, with several small bells. In the meantime this building, which was then almost in ruins, has been replaced by a new structure. The inhabitants are well disposed towards Christianity, except for the reputation they have of being easily led to commit suicide when they meet with some rebuff or disgrace.

Mentally the natives of New Guinea have the capacity of white children of about the age of twelve years. They have no alphabet or written signs of any kind, and throughout a thousand years they have progressed but little. The reason for this seems clear. Before the white man came, they were divided into tribes or villages which were constantly at war with one another. The native when captured, eked out the food supply of the conquering tribe. Many a weak tribe has entirely disappeared through acting as a casual larder to satisfy the meat hunger of one stronger. The thought of such happenings kept every native close to his own village.

An apology is due for this digression, which was made as Father General and I watched our confrère from Aissano being skillfully carried in a native canoe over the threatening breakers. Now we stood awaiting the missionary who was devoting himself to the care of souls in this, the farthest mission station of New Guinea. He was one of my old classmates, and we both held memories of many happy days spent together in the seminary. I think we were both more moved than we would care to acknowledge when finally we stood gripping hands on the deck of the *Gabriel*. Father Winzenhoerlein is a fine

man in appearance, and wears one of the longest beards I have ever seen; and the beard is invaluable to him, for it gives him much prestige among the natives! Our other classmate, Father Scherer, passed to his reward on the island of Tumleo in 1911, just a year after we had been ordained.

Tumleo, the next stop for us, is an island; it is the first place in the New Guinea mission in which our missionaries started to work. Father Winzenhoerlein was coming with us to this station. At three o'clock we passed the station of Malól, where there is no resident priest, and at four o'clock we were in Eitape bay (formerly Berlinhafen). The government buildings of Eitape, which are really beautiful, are situated on top of a high hill, very near the coast. In the distance, on the other side of this bay, we saw the mission of St. Anne. This is very large. I am much interested in it, for it boasts an extensive and well-developed cocoanut plantation. We remained in the bay a short while, waiting for our Father August Becker, who soon came aboard and joined us on our way to Tumleo. Tumleo is one of a group of our little islands, just twenty minutes sail across Eitape bay. Of the four, Tumleo has three hundred inhabitants; Ali, four hundred; Seleo, ninety; and Angel, one hundred and forty.

It was five o'clock when we set foot on Tumleo. Father Niedenzu and a crowd of people, and three Sisters, S.Sp.S., with throngs of children, came down to the shore to greet us. It was a joyous meeting, for Tumleo is entirely Catholic, and I had heard and read so much about it that I was glad to see it with my own eyes. As we passed on to the station, we were greeted, not by the *Tabe, Tuan!* of the Dutch East Indies, or the *Apo!* of

the Philippine Islands; but instead, all, adults and children alike, gave us a friendly "Gruess Gott!" (Praise God!) We went to the church, to make our thanksgiving; and the resident missionary there addressed a few words of welcome to us. Then some prayers were recited, and finally the congregation sang, "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name!"

This station at Tumleo was started in 1896, and the people show the influence of almost thirty years of Catholic training. When we had chatted a while, we took a walk along the northwest coast, into one of the four villages of which the island boasts. Canoes lay about everywhere, and many of the women were engaged in making earthen pots, for pottery is the specific industry of Tumleo. One climbs bamboo ladders to reach the native huts; and yet when one reaches the huts, elevated above the ground as they are, one cannot stand erect, for the roofs are too low. Pots of all shapes and sizes seem to represent the principal furnishings; and as the people are great fish eaters, the odor of dried fish fills the interiors.

We paid a visit to the cemetery, where Fathers Spoelgen, Schleiermacher, Reiber, Scherer, Philip Jaeschke, and Schlueter are buried. Brothers Edward and Tobias also rest here. The bodies of Sisters Evangelista and Deogratias, too, repose in this hallowed spot. All have gone on to their eternal reward, after spending themselves in the Lord's business. I, who have had come so many miles to the place of their labors, tried to imagine their thoughts and feelings as they arrived at their last hour: surely they must have been peaceful thoughts, since their labors had been blessed with great success. Tragedy had entered into the passing of one at least; for it was while returning from a visit to Tumleo, with some of her school chil-

dren, that Sister Deogratias met her death. She and her companions (four other Sisters and the children) were ready, on the morning following their visit, to leave for their own mission.

"We had taken our places and, after commending ourselves to God, the boat was turned homeward": thus began the report of one of the surviving Sisters. "Suddenly a long, low wave appeared. The boat glided over it easily. A second came, and a third, like a solid wall of water. The children screamed. Some of them jumped and swam to shore, but two Sisters disappeared as the boat was submerged. Two little girls, who could not swim, clung tightly to me. With all my strength I held to the boat, but I kept going down, down, down to the ocean's depths. I was conscious, and I made an act of contrition. 'Now I am going into eternity, to be with my Lord and Master,' I thought; and I was not frighted, but content.

"Then it grew light again. Two arms grasped me. I opened my eyes. One of our Sisters was stretched out on the shore. I tried to call to her, when all became dark once more. When I regained consciousness I was lying on the ground before the house of the missionaries, and beside me was a silent form. I tried once more to call to her; but our good Sister Deogratias was never to hear the sound of human voice again.

"The next morning she, who had started out so joyously with her happy children, was laid to rest in the cemetery at Tumleo. Of the two children who had clung to me, one was saved. The other was never found."

After Mass and breakfast, on Friday, May 5, Father General, Father Niedenzu, and I went through the four villages of the island. Everywhere the sweet words,

"Praise God!" sounded in our ears. Then Father Wortel, — the oldest, the most interesting, and the jolliest of all our New Guinea missionaries, — who is stationed at Ali, came to Tumleo in a canoe. We spent a wonderful afternoon with him; for he is full of fun and has hundreds of interesting experiences to relate.

You may judge for yourselves how Father Wortel understands his people. The following are some of the tales he has told:

A KANAKA MOTTO

I had arrived at a certain village, to visit a school which had been but recently erected in the midst of heathen surroundings. As soon as the porters reached us, I pulled on my old coat, to avoid taking cold; for I was overheated and wet. Soon a crowd gathered; the people had sufficiently overcome their shyness to approach us without fear. The head man of the village also came to greet me.

"Father," said he, "you have a fine coat. Give it to me. I have nothing. See this coat of mine: it is done for. I am ashamed to appear in it. You are so good, — yes, all agree that you are very good to us, and all the Kanakas love you. And our children attend your school. And now, surely, you must give me your coat. You have another one at home, which you can wear. You are so good!"

"Enough, my friend," was my answer. "If I gave you my coat, you would be deprived of paying for one. If I make you a present of it, you will praise me and tell me that I am good: this you will do for a while. As long as I am with you, you will extol me and my coat among the men of the village. And tomorrow,

The Mission Station on the Island of Tumleo. On This Island Began the First Work of the Missionaries, S.V.D., in New Guinea

Native Women Polishing Pottery. Pottery Making Is a Special Industry of the Natives of Tumleo

when I am gone, you will say: "This is a fine coat, and one suitable to me! Now I am a great man!' Then you will go to the north and south, to the east and west, and show your coat. You will tell the people that the Father has given it to you for nothing, — for nothing! Ha, ha, ha! And you will put your hand to your mouth and whisper to your friends that the white people are foolish to give away such good coats for nothing! Indeed, you will say: 'We Kanakas are not so foolish as they! We also give, but not for nothing: that is foolish, and it is a shame to be foolish.' This is what you will say tomorrow. I know you and all your tribe. It is your way, and you do not know any better. But I have no desire to be considered foolish. And besides, this is my only black coat. The others are thin and white. I cannot give you this."

"Well, Father, I see, yon know us and our ways. Many white people know us not."

Kanaka motto: To make presents is an act so foolish that it deserves to be ridiculed by men!

FOOD WANTED

I heard voices. Some people were coming to pay me a visit. "Where do you come from, and what do you want?" I asked. "From Manam" (Volcano Islands), they answered. "We are out for a ride, and have left our boat in Boleteke (next village). The food given us there was not enough to satisfy our hunger. Only a little they gave us. We are still hungry, and you must give us something to eat."

"How can I give you something to eat? You should have brought some bananas and taro with you, and I would have paid you well for them. I must keep for

my laborers what food I have. I cannot feast all who come from Manam."

"True, Father. But here is one of your boys. He attends your school. He, too, is hungry."

"Ah, my boy, shake hands. Which one of these men is your father?"

With this a twelve-year-old boy was pushed forward. He pointed out one of them.

"Can you tell me why we are in this world?"

"We are in this world, etc."

For the sake of the older ones I asked a dozen or more questions everyone of which he answered correctly.

"Good, my boy. Here is a thick slice of bread for you. Eat it right here, and do not be bashful. When you have finished you may go."

The boy took two bites of the bread, and then he tried to hide the rest. Probably he had already received a hint from one of the five men with whom he had come. I tried to persuade him to eat more, but tears were the only reply. Then I desisted. The poor boy knew well what his fate would be if he dared to eat the bread; for, let me explain, a slice of bread is a delicacy in the eyes of a Kanaka, and everything good is considered to properly be offered to men, not to women or children.

This is one of their ways; which must be observed, till they learn otherwise. Meantime, it is hard on those who must suffer from it.

CHARLES IS BASHFUL

Night had fallen. A shadow crossed the door, and I saw Charles, one of my converts.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Why, then, do you come to me at night, and alone at that? Tell me what you want?"

Really nothing, Father."

"Now, boy, my time is limited. Tell me what you want, or go away."

"Father, when will the steamer arrive?"

"Tomorrow, or the day after."

"Are you sure, Father? The people say that it will not arrive before next week."

"The captain said it would arrive on Wednesday or Thursday: that is all I know about it. What is it you want, my boy, when the steamer arrives? Something else is troubling you."

"Father," he whispered, "I," — again he hesitated, — "I am ashamed!"

"You are ashamed? But why? Perhaps you intend to marry?"

"Yes, Father, I wish to marry."

"Very well. When shall I announce it, on Sunday?"

"I don't know, Father. You must ask."

"But I am asking."

"You must ask Mary, Father."

"Which Mary?"[1]

"The Limalela."

"Have you asked Mary?"

"No, I have not. You ask her, Father."

"I ask her? Oh, no, my dear Charles! I leave that to you. You must wait until you find courage enough to ask Mary yourself. Good night, Charles."

"Good night, Father."

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[1] All women are *Marys* in New Guinea.

"So, you see," he ended, "it is quite apparent that the Kanakas have ways all their own. Of course," he added, "the difficulties for the natives are the Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Commandments."

That was no news to us. Civilization, also, finds some difficulties in keeping them.

The Gabriel had left Tumleo, that morning, for Maló1, and returned at eleven at night, with a load of copra. This task is one which the *Gabriel* performs regularly, as I have mentioned before. All the copra collected is loaded on one of the big steamers plying between Sydney and New Guinea.

On May 6 we set out in the morning for Ali, which is about twenty-five minutes' sail eastward. Rain had been pouring all night, but it ceased when we reached the place. We found the people in church; and at nine o'clock (a.m.) Father Wortel (a real Dutchman) held May Devotions, with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. this being followed by an examination of the children. Time and again we caught the word *jongens* — the Dutch word for boys; and this was quite in the nature of things, considering Father Wortel's nationality. Later, we walked an hour around the island. There were a few fetich homes left, but all else was as Catholic as at Tumleo. Then Father Becker and I went out to the *Gabriel*. which was leaving for the station of St. Anne, just opposite. Brother Canisius had a cargo to unload, and another cargo of copra to ship. Father General remained at Ali, but I was anxious to see St. Anne, which is at the top of a mountain. There was no Father there at this time, though formerly there had been a priest and one or two Brothers, with three Sisters.

The Quietest Spot on All Tumleo Is the Cemetery, Where a Number of the Pioneer Missionaries, S.V.D., Are Laid to Rest

At the Mission Station of Alí

The plantation of St. Anne was well worth a visit. All along the coast and up the mountain were cocoanut palms. There is not an island in all New Guinea on which cocoanut palms cannot be found on the foreshore and often far inland, either sown by nature or planted by the natives.

The sites of native villages in the distance are indicated by irregular groves of these palms, and by clearings (some of them high on the foothills) of taro, sweet potatoes, bananas, yams, and other root crops; which products, together with fish, constitute the food of the natives, whether they live on plantations as laborers or at home in their villages. As nearer approach is made, the village, if on the beach, can be recognized by the canoes drawn up on the sand and the picturesque grass or palm-leaf huts under the palms, just above high-water mark.

The Sisters' home was beautifully located on rocky ground, and a certain Mr. Stiller and his aged mother, both non-Catholics, were at the time living in it. He was assisting the Fathers in the supervision of the plantation work. The other buildings were also ideally located, set at short distances apart. The Fathers' rectory and the workshop of the boys and the boys' home were all pretty close together. At the bottom of the mountain, near the shore, was the copra oven; little cars filled with cocoanuts were run on rails from all directions to this oven, and, after being dried, the cocoanuts were conveyed in the same manner to the shipping point. Coming down from the station of St. Anne, we found another little cemetery in the shade of the palms. Sisters Cherubina, Electa, and Anselma were laid away here, after their toil for souls had ended.

CHAPTER VIII

Ulau and Swein

Stories of the field — A very beautiful country — Poor, unhappy "savages" — Swein villages along the coast — The Cultivation of sago — How the "gun" is made — Wunekau, the Supreme One — The sacrifice — The worship of Telap — The flutes of bamboo — How the revealing of secrets is punished — Marai-Taming, the women's goddess — Religious feeling of the natives.

At half past one in the afternoon we went back to Ali, and immediately set off for Yakamul, where we arrived at six in the evening. It was dark at this time, and the breakers were strong, so we found it impossible to land; but Father Schaefer, the resident missionary, came aboard to greet us.

The stories of these islands, told by our different missionaries, really unfold the entire history of this section of the field. For instance, Ali, which we had just left, had a population of four hundred souls, all of whom were Catholic. It boasts of possessing the greatest number of children anywhere in the vicinity. Yet our priests found the people pagans, with neither pity for, nor compassion on, those ill or in need: even the mother's love for her children seemed void of any sentiment of protection. They were notoriously neglectful. The terrible bodily sores of these countries are hard to heal; but mothers had not even the rudiments of nursing, and besides, they had nothing to work with, neither clothing nor

The Mission Station of Yakamúl

A Parak (Spirit House) at Swein

blankets to keep their little ones warm, while many children perished merely because their parents did not want to be bothered with them.

At ten o'clock we passed Ulau (there was no resident there at the time) and Swein. Father Meyer was stationed at the latter place, but as it was now too dark to risk his coming aboard, we had to miss him. He sent out a native boy to tell us that he thought it better not to attempt the crossing. We remained on the open sea until after midnight, staying about a mile from shore.

The inhabitants of Ulau number eight hundred, and the station has been placed under the patronage of St. Vincent de Paul. This island itself lies within the confines of a very beautiful region. Toward the south tower the Torricelli Mountains, covered with foliage: at first sight they seem very close, but it takes an hour to traverse the distance between those hills and the station. To reach their heights means a climb of four to five thousand feet, but the climb is well worthwhile, the missionary told me, for it is from these points that one may perceive the really awe-inspiring beauties of the Southlands. Village after village nestles upon small hills, — villages, indeed, where no white man has ever trod, not even the intrepid seeker after souls, for he has had neither the time nor the means nor the ways of travel necessary to carry to them the tidings of salvation. As may be expected, the natives of the interior have no knowledge of the arts of civilization, and war and manslaughter are features of their daily routine. "A village was raided a short while ago and practically wiped out, houses burned, natives carried away and killed," writes an inspector who paid a visit to a few of those pagan centers. "Generally the men are painted and ready for instant action. None of the native men

wear any clothing, save a belt about an inch in width, and plenty of neck and arm bands, heavy with shells. Many wear human bones about their necks. To see these fellows, drawn up about one hundred yards or so from the water, painted and armed with spears, is a terrifying sight. The paint is like dirty whitewash, and with it they entirely cover their faces and bodies. I counted seven necklaces of human teeth on one. What a life! I used to think — and have actually said that these people were better off before the white man came with his work and money, but I have changed my opinion. Poor, unhappy savages.[1]

The Swein tribe are a good four hours' distance from Ulau. They were once a very numerous people, and their descendants are characterized by the greatest friendliness. The larger number of their villages lie strewn along the coast, within the radius of about two miles. The entire population amounts to four hundred. The nearest mission station east of Swein is Boikin, situated at a distance of a two-days' travel by land.

There is much more cultivation of the soil in Ulau, and especially in Swein, than in other places. The mountains in this locality extend almost all the way to the sea.

One of the characteristic occupations of Swein is the production of sago. The sago tree is felled and the hard rind pulled off; the soft fibrous marrow is then loosed, this being done by means of a special instrument called a "gun." The marrow is then washed, and the resulting product is pure sago. The main feature of the gun, so

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[1] This state of continual warfare applies, of course, only to the tribes of the interior and to those of the upper reaches of the Sepik river, where no white people have yet found footing. These natives are still in a state of absolute savagery.

called, is the stone, which is fastened on the end of a handle. To prepare this stone requires long hours of tiresome work and endless patience, for, due to the absence of machinery, everything here is done by hand. First of all, a stone suitable in size is chosen. After much pounding, clipping, and rubbing, this is finally reduced to a round, smooth shape, about six to eight feet in circumference and two to four feet in diameter. A smooth pocket is then scraped into the top of the stone, this process requiring good judgment and much care.

But who prepares the stone? All those men who have lost their wives by death, and are consequently obliged by law to mourn for the space of a month. The period of mourning is anything but an agreeable one. The man is forbidden to do any work except that of preparing the gun. The privilege of indulging in the pleasures of the bath, in spite of urgent need, is not for him. The food also is prescribed. Last, but not least, he must, during the entire period of mourning, remain at the grave of his departed wife, his body smeared from head to foot with a layer of mud. One cannot help thinking that the making of the stone must be a useful occupation for such an unfortunate.

Ferocious and wild as these simple people of the tropics may appear, still, in their own way, they are very religious. They worship a supreme being, known as Wunekau, and this worship is to be found not only along the coast, but also, to a great extent, in the interior. Wunekau is the sun, or better, the spirit of the sun. To him is attributed a wife and children, and the possession of superior power. From his celestial realm he can perceive the conduct of all mortals. Every language comes from him, and he is the ultimate end of all growth in nature.

These powerful manifestations of the god (the sun, and all developments of nature) serve to fill the minds of the people with fear, rather than love. The elements of true Christian charity being unknown to them, religion is merely a means of preventing the vengeance of an angry god from falling upon his mortal subjects.

Thus, when some poor fellow has committed an offence against Wunekau, the latter will send epidemics, coughs, eye diseases, small-pox, and like ailments. Sacrifices are offered, in order that the god may withdraw his hand and that a reconciliation may be affected before his majesty recedes beyond the western hills. In the morning he rises in the east, gloriously bedecked in glittering armor, and decorated, according to the conception of the people, after the fashion of a powerful chieftain. Thus arrayed, he undertakes his journey across the wide ethereal expanse of blue, amid flashes of glory and splendor, until he has reached the middle of the course, at midday.. At sunset he bids adieu to his subjects on earth, and proceeds to the underworld to pay a visit to the souls of the departed. In this fashion, Wunekau makes his encircling trip.

This god is regarded with much awe, as may be seen from the fact his name is seldom mentioned, and then with intense reverence. Furthermore, when the name is spoken, it is done only in a whisper while pointing heavenward with the finger, or by simply mentioning: "He, up *there,* who goes westward."

In each tribe there are men who profess to be priests of Wunekau. These priests have great power and are, in many respects, the most feared of the whole sorcerer class. They claim to be in touch with Wunekau, to see him, and to take upon themselves the fulfilment of his wishes and

The Primitive Mission Chapel of Ulau

'The Big Wooden Drum': It Sends Out Its TELEGRAMS from Almost Every Village. It Is Most Highly Prized and Is Richly Ornamented By Carved Work in Designs Taken Principally From Nature

commands. The dignity of this priesthood is handed down by inheritance.

The following is an actual experience of one of our missionaries in this section.

Upon entering a large village he found a crowd of men gathered about the sorcerer's dwelling. Inquiry disclosed the fact that each person had come to make an offering to Wunekau, for some particular intention. Many dogs had been butchered, and cooked in earthen vessels. The meat lay in piles on the floor, the best pieces having been selected and placed on a special pile in the corner of the sorcerer's room. To each of these piles a certain amount of cooked sago was also added, together with ripe cocoanuts, while to the more choice meat a special addition of fine large sago cakes was made. When everything was in readiness, the elders of the village went from one pile to another, singing and invoking the spirit. A prayer followed. While saying this prayer, all pointed with the finger to the pile of meat then being offered.

This action finished, the officiating Wunekau priest stood up and left the circle, accompanied by a certain number of youngsters who carried the sago cakes, choicest meats, and the cocoanuts. The procession first took an eastward direction, and then went out of the village, not stopping until it arrived at the foot of a large tree standing close beside the sea. At the foot of this tree there was a beautifully decorated platform which served as an altar. Upon this the sacrifices were deposited. This done, the procession moved westward, taking a route which circled the village. They stopped once more, at another large tree where another altar had been erected, and the same offering of food was made.

very old. Each of these faces has a special name. Another peculiar thing about these images is that they are absolutely unknown to the women and children. Besides these, human skulls are also to be seen, in almost any known shape, form, or color. These are generally the heads of Telap people — that is of ancestral Telap priests. Other things which in any way pertain to this cult's worship, such as bamboo flutes, wooden drums, and the rest, are to be found there.

On one occasion, a few years ago, the missionary who gave me these particulars passed through Ulau at the time of the blessing of a Telap temple. The crowd was noticeably large, owing to a generous attendance of men from Swein, Yakamul, and also from the smaller bush villages. As the feast was about to begin, a few melodious trills from the bamboo flutes sent the children and womenfolk scurrying away. Since the occasion called for every mark of solemnity, the men painted their faces red or black and decorated themselves, the head-dress being especially distinguishable on account of its many varieties of beautifully colored feathers.

It was a scene in which great "man-power" was displayed. Thick tree stumps were taken up and carried along, like mere poles, amid the deafening cries of many voices. The Telap temple itself was enclosed by a high fence. This enclosing of the building of the god is intended to prevent the children and women from seeing it during the long course of its construction, for they are taught to believe that it is the Telap spirits who do the building, and not the men. After the edifice has been completed, the high barrier surmounting it is demolished, and the new temple stands free, in all its beauty, to be gazed upon by every one.

Such a Net-bag, Ingeniously Hung from the Forehead, Is Used by the Women of New Guinea as a General Utility Bag; It is Equally Available for Vegetables, Fish, or — for Babies!

Climbing the Trees for Betel Nuts

But, to come back to the blessing of the temple. The ceremony is accompanied by another which implies the initiation of youths to the service of the god in his newly constructed sanctuary. Such an initiation cannot be imposed upon the young man until he has reached a certain age. The greatest sins, in the eyes of the Telap worshippers, are offences against the god Telap. In former times, if a woman or child disregarded the obligation imparted by the flute, or gazed upon the ancestral figures, or anything pertaining to Telap worship, such a one was immediately punished with death. The same punishment was meted out to the man who voluntarily revealed to women or children anything pertaining to the cult.

The carrying out of this penalty was observed very strictly. If any tribe failed to punish such a man, and the fact became known, neighboring tribes would immediately take the matter in hand. A bloody war would then ensue, which could end only with the death of the offender, as well as of all the men of his village.

Another interesting consideration of the two religious cults already described is the comparison of the two gods. Wunekau and Telap. All offences against Telap will be punished by Wunekau. Floods are generally looked upon as the severest of all evils inflicted by Wunekau for any Telap offence. Besides this, it is a current belief among the natives of these islands that many of the reefs protruding above the water's surface were once inhabited, but that, on account of some Telap offence, the angry Wunekau caused the waters to rise above them and thus destroy all life. Also, the demolition of the Warapu tribe, some twenty-five years ago, is seriously regarded as a punishment sent by Wunekau for some sin against Telap.

CHAPTER IX

Boikin, Wewak, and Monumbo

A model station — A splendid butterfly collection from Father Hesse — Sister Aloysiana's story — The struggles of pagan girls — Going up the Sepik, the Mississippi of New Guinea — Floating driftwood — Marienberg the "mosquito island" — The volcanic Manam — At Monumbo, one of our largest stations — Trials of the Sisters — How the Fathers reach out into the bush — A missionary's story.

At half past one in the morning, on May 7, we left the calm seas outside Ulau for Boikin, where we arrived at six. Father Loerks and Brother Ferdinand were at the landing-place to receive us. We immediately repaired to the church to say Mass; and later, when Father Loerks' hour for offering the Holy Sacrifice approached (at 7.30), it was a pretty sight to see the dozens of canoes filled with natives nearing the shore, all coming from the islands opposite Boikin, particularly Yuo. Yuo is Father Erdweg's station; but he had been ill, and was, at this time, convalescing in our resting-house at Epping, near Sydney.

The Catholic people here interested me greatly as they thronged into the Church. The middle aisle is of brick; and the men sat or squatted on one side, and the women on the other, the women holding the children on their backs, or across their shoulders. As elsewhere in the missions of the tropics, the little ones laughed, played, or cried, as fancy took them, their antics or grievances having

The Boikin Mission Church

A Kanaka Home in the Hinterland of Wewak

no effect on the adults present. I myself had become quite accustomed to these performances by this time, and the frantic yelling of a youngster behind me — or even a dozen of youngsters — no longer acted as a distraction. It was another case of acting in Rome as the Romans do. This station at Boikin seemed to me a perfect model of all that a station among uncivilized people should be. Cocoanut groves abounded, and there were sheep, geese, ducks, chickens, etc. Everything that would conserve life and assure a future supply of food was set out here in orderly and well-planned fashion.

We left Boikin at four in the afternoon, and touched at Wewak, two hours later, pasing, to the left of us, the group of little islets that face Boikin — Unei, Karsau, Yuo, Mushu, Raboin, and (behind Yuo) the biggest of them all, Kairiru. Fathers Hesse and Averberg, with Brothers Bartholomew and Elredus, awaited us at the landing-place in Wewak; and after a walk of about fifteen minutes through the cocoanut plantations, we were again at home in one of our mission stations. The place is wonderful, set in the midst of another plantation which yields some eighty tons of copra a year, with a prospect of eighty more tons, two or three years hence. It is an ideal missionary settlement, indeed. On Monday, May 8, when Father Hesse and I made an inspection ,it seemed even more efficient than Boikin. In addition to domestic stock of all kinds, there are many European vegetables. Father Hesse gave me a wonderful butterfly collection — over fifteen hundred specimens — for our museum.[1] He had collected every one of these himself, thus becoming a veritable "butterfly missionary."

[1] This collection is now on display at Techny, and any of my readers may see it by paying a visit to St. Mary's Mission House.

I had the pleasant experience, a little later, of going for a swim in New Guinea waters. The bathing-place is about five minutes' walk from the station. This climate had been very hard on our clothing for we had had to change very frequently; and before we got through with all, there was much to be done in the way of patching and darning and sewing on buttons.

I had many a chat with our good Sister Aloysiana, S.Sp.S., who related incidents that had come to her notice illustrative of the unhappy fate of pagan girls in New Guinea. I little thought, when we walked together at that time, that before one of these tales should appear within these pages she would have gone to her eternal home. She was called away quite suddenly during the summer following our tour; and I was glad that I had had the privilege of knowing so sweet and simple a character. Sister Aloysiana's work among the girls made her very dear to them, and with the fervor of children they tried to show their appreciation. I noticed this, even during my short stay. All who were under the care of the Sisters seemed very much more alert and much more intelligent than their pagan kindred. I told myself that I would naturally look for some change in young folks who were being taught and educated according to Catholic principles, but I found it to a remarkable degree. The untrained girls themselves, lost in heathenism, are anxious to find a way out. There were tears in Sister Aloysiana's eyes, when she told me of Sangai, a little maid who had never lost a single hour from school. She was so bright that the Sisters desired to complete the work their teaching had initiated; and so, when she was old enough, they asked her father to allow her to remain with them another year. He gave his consent willingly enough, and Sangai

The Father's Residence at Monumbo Station

Wash-day in the Sisters' Compound of Monumbo

became a member of the household. Three days later the father came back, with a Kanaka, a real savage, and said that he had changed his mind. He wanted his daughter.

"She has to cook sago for me. Besides, I did not understand that she was to live here," he said.

This was only an excuse; yet the Sisters could do nothing, and the girl was carried off while they stood by, helpless. One has to know the Kanaka character to understand what this poor child endured before she finally married the young savage of her father's choice. At the first opportunity, she ran away and back to the station; but the Sisters could not keep her, for her husband could invoke the aid of the government. Deeply as they pitied her, they had to send her home.

Pentjamain, the *Agnes* I have mentioned above, was more fortunate. She was bright and diligent; and on the day after her baptism she said, earnestly, "I am never going away from here!"

Sister Aloysiana paid no attention to this; for, when the time came for the girls of the mission station to return to their several island homes, they were generally only too anxious to set out. Agnes, however, made no efforts in this direction; but a week or so after vacation had started, all the people of her village swarmed into the station — father, mother, brothers, the chief, old women, and young men and boys. They rushed into the kitchen, seized Agnes, and were bearing her away down the hill, when, fortunately, Father Averberg met them. He compelled them to release the girl, reminding them that they had agreed to allow her to remain, and that now her wishes must be consulted. The gist of the matter was that some wild fellow of the bush had decided to marry her, and her people had consented to the union.

Agnes remained firm. She refused to go home, and refused to marry. Later, the matter was brought before the government official, and in his presence Agnes declared that she would not marry anybody, but desired to remain with the Sisters. The parents, seeing the uselessness of their efforts, then permitted her to stay for two years more. She has made her First Communion and is enjoying the fruits of her victory. Agnes was markedly attached to the Sisters, and most of all to Sister Aloysiana.

We said Mass early on May 9, and at seven o'clock set off, eastward, arriving at noon at Murik, where Father Schmidt is stationed. A Papuan came out in his canoe, with a note, informing us that Father Schmidt had left the preceding day for Marienberg, which was to be our next stop up the Sepik river. This station of Murik had been started some nine years before. It is a poor place, though it boasts of a large plantation. We went on, with still more islands to the left of us, until directly facing us was the Manam, or Volcano Island. The Manam volcano is almost four thousand feet high; it is still active, and in one place the lava stream finds its way down through the woodlands or forest and extends along the lowlands. It is said that when in action the volcano serves as a lighthouse to seafarers. At one time it happened, during an eruption, that at the next station they were able to butcher a pig by the light coming from it! Manam — volcano and settlement — is a large island, and the natives are very poor. Scarcity of food, especially when the activity of the volcano causes ruin, is the cause of their lowly condition, and all look frail and sickly. One missionary goes to Manam from Monumbo, to instruct and baptize the people. At present he is erecting a church and school; but work is accomplished under great

Father Hoelken on a Missionary Tour of Inspection

Missionary Sisters on a Catechetical Round-trip in the New Guinea Jungle

difficulties, since everything necessary must be brought by boat from other stations. Holy Mass has to be celebrated in the school. Several hundred have been baptized and many more are anxiously waiting for the same grace.

The ocean water about us now began to change into a dirty, yellowish hue, which was a sign, Brother Canisius informed us, that we were nearing the mouth of the greatest river of New Guinea — the Sepik, formerly the Kaiserin Augusta. The mouth of the river is about one mile wide, and it is five or six fathoms in depth. It conveys such an immense volume of water to the sea as to color it a dirty yellow twenty miles away from the shore. It is navigable for large ocean steamers for sixty miles, and for smaller craft up to four hundred miles. It was discovered in 1885, by Dr. Finsch, and in the following year two ships made exploring trips; but from 1887 to 1908 this river was forgotten. From 1908 to 1921 some twelve vessels ascended the river as far as it was possible to go. Aside from these, only a few small recruiting boats have ventured a comparatively short distance upstream. With ideal weather conditions, our boat swung easily into the broad waters and carried us the forty miles to the mission of Marienberg. This station was in charge of Father Kirschbaum, whose description of his visit among the head-hunters you have already read.

The trip up the river was not without its romantic touch, with the moon and stars shining brightly above us, although we failed to observe much of interest along the shores; bushes, trees, river weeds, and the sago palm, — all were passed in seemingly unending procession. A curious thing was the amount of driftwood seen floating along, which, together with small patches of grass and earth, was eventually carried to shore; thus the strong

current both washes away and builds up, destroying in one place and creating in another. Occasionally, these patches of grass are large enough to be called little islands, and carry along with them pigs, dogs, trees, birds, and all the accompaniments of nature's habitation. Heavy rains coming down from the mountains wash them far into the current at this time of year; and we found that a steamer must be ever on the lookout for them, in order to forestall serious trouble, for they clog the screws. We had to stop once for this very reason. We met very few native canoes, and saw but one native hut close to the river, or, rather, *in* it (close to shore), built on posts.

As we went on, the air became very cool, and I found shelter on the floor, next the commander's bridge, and covered myself with my raincoat. All the cabins were occupied, and the lack of accommodation was making itself felt. In the morning, at half past four o'clock, we reached Marienberg; and Father Kirschbaum, who had heard the whistle, came down from the station to meet us. Father General was still asleep, so I went with Father Kirschbaum to the chapel, and began Mass. Father Schmidt was there also, saying Mass. After I had greeted him, I met Brother Arbogastus — the only Brother in the place, but withal a good tailor.

This mission station is fully worthy of the title, "terrible." There is a real plague of mosquitoes; at times I was in actual clouds of them, and I put in some awful moments, for they were thirsty for my blood and, as is the way with mosquitoes all over the world, they made themselves especially obnoxious to a newcomer. Father Kirschbaum is wonderful — a man of great strength and endurance, and a real scientist. He is known for his ethnological and linguistic attainments, and has made trip

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after trip up the river, as far as the Dutch boundary — five hundred miles away. The Sepik has its source in Australian territory, then goes straight through the Dutch possessions and back upon Australian grounds. The natives along the river know Father Kirschbaum very well.

I was not sorry to turn my back on Marienberg, nor shall I ever forget the warm attentions of this mosquito island. Down the river we went, back to its mouth, in order to arrive next morning at Monumbo, forty miles east. As we sailed we again slowly approached the big Manam, the volcanic island at the mouth. It is opposite the mission station of Monumbo, at which we arrived at six o'clock. We said our Masses, and after breakfast went on with our inspection. In the cemetery here, two of our Fathers and a Brother are buried: Fathers Padberg and Winter, and Brother Xaverius.

Monumbo is beautiful and splendidly located, with mountains everywhere. With Fathers Wiesenthal and Winzenhoerlein I visited the three Monumbo villages toward the northwest. Most of the people, especially the women, know something of the German language. I found this the case in many of the stations, for there was and is such a maze of dialects that one has to have a common language, and under the circumstances this was naturally German; but English is now being taught. Father Ricken is the pastor of Monumbo, and there are three Sisters engaged in the work. In Monumbo the Sisters have encountered great difficulties, because of the considerable distance of the villages from the mission station, some of these being fifteen and even more miles away. The roads lead through the bush, over hills and valleys, and across babbling streams. All the traveling is done on horseback, for it would be impossible to go on foot. It is really a

great sacrifice for the children to make their way to school daily over these roads; but in spite of these difficulties school has been established and is well attended. And many, many children in this section of the country, where child murder is of daily occurrence, have been baptized by the Sisters and sent to heaven. It is easier for the Sisters than for the missionaries to gain access to the women and to baptize the little ones, for the women hide from all strangers, — from the nuns, also, at first.

Father Ricken told me that, shortly after he had begun his mission work and had gained the confidence of the natives, he had a novel experience, being invited to the funeral of a native pagan chief here.

Accompanied by some of his "boys," he climbed the little forest *paths* — tracks only about twelve inches wide at the most, but quite sufficient for the natives, who always walk in Indian file, even on the broadest roads. The steep slopes were covered with luxuriant tropical growth — palms, ferns, creepers, and trees with beautifully shaped leaves. Here and there, even in this precipitous ground, were native gardens, although the women tending them could barely maintain an upright position, and seemed to cling like flies to the soil.

After half an hour's climbing, sounds of wailing were heard; and soon, on a high bluff right above him, he saw a cluster of native huts. Another steep climb, and he was there. The little dwellings stood on leveled ground, among the cocoanut palms. In the center was the corpse, wrapped in white calico and covered with mats. Around this were palm-leaves and big coils of native money or *tambu*. There were some hundreds of natives present. The daughters and granddaughters of the old chief were crowded together, wailing loudly and incessantly.

This little village was some distance from the sea, so that daily baths were impossible, and many of the mourners had come from still farther inland. It was appalling to see the ravages of disease. Some of the faces were partly eaten away; others had huge swollen lips. some men had feet so deformed by old sores that they walked on their heels, and the soles of their feet were twisted round and upward toward the front of their legs. One man had elephantiasis in one leg and one arm, and it was pitiable to see the look of suffering on his face. Some of the children from distant villages had ringworms all over them, which formed curious spiral patterns on their bodies. Others had white, scale-like skins. Even tiny babies were hopelessly diseased. Sadly, indeed, did they require all the attention and kindness of our angels of mercy — the Sisters.

The chief had been dead about twenty-four hours, and during the time intervening the female relatives and friends had wailed continuously. Frequently the professional wailing-women took their places near the corpse, and, squatting on the ground in two rows, howled loudly and conscientiously; for the loudest and longest wailer received the highest pay.

The children were wonderfully quiet; groups of boys sat under the trees and looked on seriously. Little girls sat apart near the women. Strings of men and women carrying baskets of food wound in from different parts of the forest; but no one ate, with the exception of the babies.

At frequent intervals a fantastic and terrifying figure dashed from behind the trees and danced round the corpse.

This was the *duk-duk*,[2] a survival from old and forbidden dances. A dense globular mass of leaves, a yard or more in diameter, covered the figure from neck to knee. Below appeared two energetic black legs; above was a conical green mask with white marks, and above that again was a long spike, terminating in a bunch of white feathers. These dances have all sorts of horrible meanings, and the women are terrified at them. The *duk-duk* of today is a very mild representation of what he was twenty years ago. The *duk-duk* danced in a whirl of leaves in the shallow grave which was dug close to the huts, and even struck the corpse. When the corpse was lowered into the grave and the grave filled, men went round giving one a portion of betel-nut, pepper, and lime. Soon all were chewing hard. They must have needed *some* stimulant after all the wailing.

When death visits any family in this particular tribe, the survivors, especially the mothers, mourn for some time, and blacken their faces with roasted galip nuts, which give a fine oily black. The mourners literally "sleep on the dead," lying on top of the shallow grave to prevent the spirit rising, which would do them harm in various ways. Ten days after death there is no longer any danger, and then the funeral feast takes place.

The spirits of slaves are particularly feared, for, famished and tortured as the poor wretches were in life, their ghosts are bound to be most malignant. Formerly, when

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[2] The *duk-duks* formed a secret society, and their aim seems to have been to keep up old customs, to indicate which people were to be eaten, to dance at funerals, and to punish parents who struck their children. The women were very much afraid of the *duk-duks*. Once a year there was a grand *ceremony*, when the *duk-duks* landed in a double-ended canoe, and all the natives would assemble on the beach to meet them.

a man was slow in dying and his relatives grew impatient, they did not hesitate to sit on him and thus hasten his end.

Once the mission stations are established and work begun, both Sisters and priests reach out for these bush tribes in order to enlarge their circle of Christians. This enlargement of boundaries of their work is often fraught with danger, both from the exigencies of travel and from ignorance of the type of tribe to be visited.

The following story shows how one day one of our missionaries at Monumbo announced to a dozen of his boys that he intended to make a four or five days' trip into the bush, "to the second range of mountains." All were deeply embarassed; and that evening Joe, perhaps the bravest of the lot, plucked up his courage and entered the Father's room.

"Patere, we sick," he announced, tersely.

"Sick?"

"Yes, sick here," touching his head, "and here," touching his breast, "and here," touching his stomach. "All sick — everybody!"

"Um! You, too, Joe?"

"Me, too!"

Um! All right. You run away and tell those boys to be ready. I'll take care of them. Children and girls are afraid, but not brave young men."

That practically settled it. Fear is a dreadful imputation, but to be likened to children or girls is worse! On the morning chosen all were ready, and in a few minutes they were advancing through the virgin forest. The path was almost obliterated, in some places concealed by the roots of trees and layers of leaves, while in others

it formed a channel for the passage of mountain streams. Screeching parrots and glistening birds-of-paradise resented the intrusion. After resting at noon and having the midday meal, they continued onward through the bed of a brook. The stones in the water grew so large that they had to jump from stone to stone, with falls and duckings following as a matter of course. The size of the brook rapidly lessened, and at sunset they turned aside and made a fire, and prepared to camp for the night. Supper was eaten and stories told, and then all slept soundly until the shrill voice of the brush hen announced the approach of dawn. In single file the march was resumed, the path rising gradually; and soon a halt was called once more for breakfast. By this time there was not a breath of wind, while the loud chirping of the crickets was almost unbearable, and their clothes were soaked with perspiration. Dozens of invisible insects attacked feet and legs, making the skin itch intolerably. Leeches clung to shoes and limbs — little blood suckers that lodge on the heels or between the toes of the traveler: their bite is very troublesome, and the wound bleeds and itches violently for a few minutes after the animal, when it has had its fill, has dropped to the ground. The natives, however, are not as a rule greatly troubled about these pests. Only now and then they pause to remove a leech, which they throw into the bush. It never occurs to them to kill it. It will not trouble them any more that day; and of the morrow, and of other people, they take no heed. Wild pigs ran grunting through the thick underwood, and although the missionary and his boys had been on the road a day and a half, they had not yet reached a town. At last they struck a little brook; and, guided by instinct, the boys chose this stream as the path to fol-

low. Hitherto they had been laughing and singing, but as they came nearer to "the second range of mountains" and the wild tribes they were sure inhabited it, they grew quieter and quieter, standing stock still when two tame pigs ran in front of them.

"Patere, . . . you go ahead . . ." said the boys. "You . . . know the way!" After a few steps, a level place was reached. On this stood huts, constructed of boughs and leaves, and almost resting against the mountain side. To the left opened a flat valley, well wooded and broad. The missionary advanced with a determined air to the center of the open space, and called out again and again. Finally, a form crept from a hut, — a full-grown man, armed with a spear. He advanced slowly until he was about ten paces away.

"Missionary!" said the priest. The chap repeated the word with some difficulty, but as if it were not strange to him. One of the boys, who knew a little of the local dialect, made it clear that they had come with peaceful intentions, and wished merely to visit the tribe and return again. The native thereupon turned toward the huts and called to his tribesmen. These gradually issued forth from their dwellings — first the men, then some boys, and finally the women and maidens. The natives were, for the most part, big and strong, and furnished no evidence that tailoring and sewing were among the arts cultivated by the tribe. Undoubtedly, they had never before seen a European, and the priest must have appeared to them like a being from another world. Their shy and timid demeanor was, threfore, very intelligible.

Little by little, their confidence increased. As soon as the chief was fully convinced that no sinister purpose was entertained, he lost his embarrassment and became quite

bold. The people could not tell which to wonder at the more, the white stranger with clothes, or the beautiful things he had brought with him. All had to feel the one gun carried by Joe; none knew what it was, but they surmised its purpose when Joe lowered it and took aim. Questions were showered upon him. The missionary was asked whether he were a man or not, and whether or not he had a father and mother; then, whether his parents were still living. Then again: "Do you eat? Have you bones and blood, as we have? Are there many yams and taro in your native town? Can you see without light? Were you once small like our children?" All these questions being answered in the affirmative, they proceeded to shake their heads as at something extraordinary. It was now plain to them that there was also a tribe of white people, and that this man was one of them. Boys of the neighboring tribes had told them that they had eaten much rice with the white men, and worked for them, and that whites were missionaries who did not fear the devil and who wished to help the Kanakas also to overcome this fear of the devil.

A young man was sent to fetch something, and he returned with a long funnel of some sort of woven material. Father thought it better not to touch it or go too close to examine it, as they probably associated some magical powers with it. A powerful man stepped forward, raised his arms aloft, and, while the speaking-tube was held before him, shouted across the valley to the mountain beyond. His voice was echoed from the other side, and shortly afterward an answering voice was distinctly heard. Information was being transmitted to the friendly tribe that a missionary had arrived; that he was a white man with many beautiful things; that he was a man like

themselves, was small like the Kanakas; and other particulars of a similar nature. Every call was followed by the question whether the message was fully understood, and then the information was sent on to other towns. The neighboring towns asked at once whether the missionary would also visit them. He promised to visit these on the next occasion.

Meanwhile, a good hut was being cleaned, put in order, and placed at the Father's disposal. The women fetched yams and firewood, cleaned fruits, and roasted them on the embers. All could now eat without fear, and they did so to the great delight of the onlookers. The boys had lost all their anxiety, and had become quite gay.

At daybreak the women again appeared, and seating themselves on the ground, cleaned and roasted some yams. With Joe acting as interpreter, the missionary asked some of the men:

"Do you invoke the Great Spirit?"

They looked wonderingly at one another, laughed, and were silent. One sly fellow put the question whether the priest could speak with the Great Spirit, and an old patriarch asked Joe if the Great Spirit would tell them where they could find the pig they had lost some little time before, but whose whereabouts they could not discover. Did not the Great Spirit know this?

"Certainly," the missionary said, "the Great Spirit knows."

They clapped their hands joyfully, believing that the Great Spirit was to be questioned immediately. They were to be disappointed.

"The Great Spirit is too wonderful a being for me to bother Him with such unworthy trifles," said the Father.

At this answer they opened their mouths wide with astonishment, but nodded their heads in agreement, and admitted that that was true.

The boys had a private interest in showing the natives what the gun was for. They hunted all over the place, seeking some occasion for demonstrating its use. One of them said that there was a big cockatoo on a tree behind the huts, and might they shoot it? A score of voices answered in the affirmative. A second later there was a report and the cockatoo fell. Wild excitement and delight seized the natives. They began investigating immediately, to find where the bird was hit. When they found only very small traces of a wound, they commented upon the great superiority of this weapon over their arrows and spears.

The Father then presented the chief and his counselors with some small gifts — a kitchen knife, a comb, some rings, a small mirror, and a few matches. There was great joy and jubilation! The women who had prepared the yams were rewarded with glass beads. Then a man armed with spears showed the way down the mountain. In the town, drums were beaten to express the joy of the natives; and one could still clearly hear the beating, two hours later, far down the mountain path.[3]

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[3] In February, 1925, the Father and Sisters gave up Monumbo as a central station, and instead, have settled on the volcanic island of Manam, which faces Monumbo. Monumbo has, in consequence, now become an out-station of Bogia.

People Dispersing after Church Services at Bogia

A Popular Missionary CLOVER LEAF at the Bogia Station

Native Girls Carrying Water in Bamboo Sticks

CHAPTER X

Bogia, Mugil, and St. Michael's in Doilon

At Bogia, the beautiful — Mugil — Alexishafen harbor — The end of the world — St. Michael's, the marvelous — Our wonderful reception — The retreat begins — The various names of this mission — Early history — School — The catechists' school — The central hospital.

At ten o'clock in the morning, on May 11, we set out in the *Gabriel* for Bogia, about ten miles away. The trip by land would have taken two hours on horseback. This town is wonderfully situated on the mountain side, but the great plantation connected with it spreads down the valley and all along the coast. The boys' buildings, also, are near the harbor. About twelve hundred acres of cocoanuts are under cultivation, yielding at present more than two hundred tons of copra annually. Upon leaving the *Gabriel* we found our mounts awaiting us; and the higher we went, the more beautiful became the panorama spread out on all sides whenever we turned the horses' heads. At the top we passed a little group of buildings belonging to the Sisters, noticing the mountainous region on the left, which is inhabited by a number of tribes, but principally by that called the Tsepa. To our right, below us, was the wide bay (formerly called Prinz Albert-hafen), with islands dotted here and there on its broad surface. Father Schebesta (who, like Father Kirschbaum, is known as an ethnologist and linguist), Brother Priscillianus, and three Sisters of the Missionary Servants of

the Holy Ghost reside at this place. Our dear Father Koesters and Brother Gallus rest in the local cemetery plot. Later on, during our stay in New Guinea, I was privileged to spend a week or more with Father Schebesta at Bogia. But I shall have more to say of this later. Friday (May 12), after Mass, we set off for Mugil, Father Wiesenthal's station, seventy miles to the east. The weather was almost too warm. We arrived at five o'clock in the afternoon and climbed up the hill to the residence. "Come in and stay for supper," was the invitation extended to us; and we accepted! Father Puff, temporary administrator of the New Guinea mission was there and old Brother Protase. At nine o'clock Father Winzenhoerlein, Father Becker, and I went back to the *Gabriel*, and on the following morning sailed away for our central station, St. Michael's in Doilon, known and famous as Alexishafen. As we passed around the last of a series of promontories and capes, Sek Island appeared in the distance. Between this island and the mainland is the great harbor of Alexishafen. We swung into our landing-place, and as we came closer and closer to what was our ultimate destination in the New Guinea mission, we were greatly satisfied. Directly in front of us were the Finisterre[1] Mountains: there seemed to be no doubt about it; we had reached the end of the world.

Shortly before nine o'clock in the morning we laid anchor before St. Michael's, gazing at it with eyes that *tried to see through* it! *There* was the station compound, and *there* the Sisters' houses, situated on a little peninsula; and as we passed the famous sawmill, *there* was Brother Godfried and a few natives, busy with firecrackers and

[1] *Finis terrae* — end of the earth.

Two Views of the Residence of Fathers and Brothers, S.V.D.,
at St. Michael's, Alexishafen

Our Arrival at Alexishafen

bombs. A true military reception was being prepared for us as the *Gabriel* approached the landing-place. We were surrounded at once — Fathers, Brothers, husky natives on all sides, with exchanges of salutations, greetings, questions, all literally hurled at us! The Sisters were awaiting us at the church, with their pupils, and we priests proceeded at once to the main altar and knelt. The *Veni Creator* was intoned, and Father General gave all his blessing.

At the churchdoor I met Sister Clara, one of four American Sisters who had left our country shortly before, to win souls in this remote portion of our globe. We were escorted to our rooms by the Fathers and Brothers, who could not tear themselves away. The younger members of the crowd formed a circle about me, especially Fathers Schebesta and Nowak, and a number of Brothers whom I had met in our mother house at Steyl. All day long we talked, until some of us were hoarse. We had observations to make, experiences to relate, and news to tell from all over the world. We talked while going to table, at table, and away from it. It was a great occasion, in very truth, for it was the first time that a Superior General of the Society of the Divine Word had ever made his appearance in New Guinea; and I could see that he was particularly welcome here at this particular time, because of the precarious conditions in which the mission was found as a consequence of political changes which the Great War had made. The Australian government had given notice that in 1923 all German priests and Sisters and Brothers would have to leave the mission field. During the entire war period not one of these missionaries had had a vacation. No new priests, Brothers, or Sisters had come to them during the conflict, and those in the field had now

been working from fifteen to twenty years without interruption. Great problems were before Father General. Among others was the definite appointment of a new superior. In passing it may be interesting to mention that this very day of our arrival was the day on which we were supposed to have arrived on the *Houtman* at Sydney, Australia; and here we were in New Guinea, having inspected not fewer than ten stations on our way to this, our final goal! Kind Providence had been more than good to us.

On the fourteenth (Sunday), we said Mass at St. Joseph's altar. The people from the mission station were all — boys and girls, Brothers and Sisters — present. Even the natives of neighboring islands, dressed in their simple attire, put in an appearance. At half past two o'clock that afternoon there was a celebration of welcome, held at the Sisters' station, at which about two dozen half-caste children under training of the Sisters participated. They had sweet faces: some of them were really beautiful; but we were told that, later on in life, they would be likely to fall far short of being exemplary Christians, in spite of this early training. Generally, half-castes inherit all the bad qualities of both parents, and none of the good. At five in the afternoon the retreat for the first section of Fathers and Brothers began, under the direction of Father General. I took part in this retreat, in order to be able to take down our Superior's sermons and conferences. But at the same time I utilized every spare moment at my disposal to study St. Michael's and its environments.

Now an explanation and a description of this great mission station — one of the most wonderful I have ever

seen — may not be out of place. At the beginning of the *eighteen-eighties,* a Russian ship surveyed the coast of New Guinea for the first time., and named one of the harbors Alexishafen, after a Russian grand-duke. By this name the mission is still known to the outside world, but within the community itself it is usually called St. Michael's, after its patron. The original and native name of the harbor is Doilon, which name was also given to the post office established at the station in 1914, as the government gives preference to native names.

The missionary work of the Society of the Divine Word in New Guinea (in what was formerly *Kaiser Wilhelmsland*) began in 1896, with the foundation of the station of Tumleo. The stations of Ali, Walman, and St. Anne were added in the following years. With the purchase of a small sailing vessel, the missionaries were able to go farther afield and establish the stations of Boikin and Yuo. Bogia and Monumbo were added in 1901. All these stations naturally remained dependent in every respect on the mother station, Tumleo; and this was visited regularly by the steamships of the North German Lloyd Singapore-Sydney Line, until October, 1904. Then this line suddenly altered its route, and no further steamers touched at Tumleo, while the nearest port, Friedrich Wilhelmshafen, was visited only by ships of the Hongkong-Sydney Line. The mission was thus placed in a critical position: all the goods intended for it — mostly provisions, which had then to be almost exclusively imported — were landed and stored in Friedrich Wilhelmshafen, until, possibly months later, a vessel could be found to take them to Tumleo. This resulted in much loss, as well as in heavy freight and storage charges. So Father Limbrock, who was then superior of

the mission, decided to make an attempt to establish a station in Friedrich Wilhelmshafen or its immediate vicinity.

In May he went to Friedrich Wilhelmshafen, with Brothers Canisius and Sylvester and some black workers of the mission. After a week's search, he found what he regarded as a suitable place in Alexishafen, which lies about eight nautical miles to the north of Friedrich Wilhelmshafen, and was at the time surrounded by still undisturbed virginal woods. A week or two of strenuous activity followed, during which the heavily timbered land was investigated in every direction. In June a contract of sale was closed with the owners of the property, who were the inhabitants of Sek, an island which lies opposite the entrance of the harbor. The mission thus entered into legal possession of a large tract of land: about a thousand acres in area, completely flat, and covered with serviceable timber. The first task was to clear a site for a residence. All the trees of a level space of about an acre were first felled. The timber found suitable was used for the residence, and the rest was burned. By June 28, the residence was completed. It was a two-storied building, sixty-five feet long and twenty-one feet wide, covered with corrugated iron but otherwise constructed entirely from the roughly prepared timber. The ground floor contained a chapel, store-room, and a carpenter's shop, while the upper floor consisted of a refectory and five other rooms with a veranda. Such was the first house in Alexishafen. While the roof was temporarily water-tight, the walls had the good quality of always admitting plenty of fresh air without the necessity of opening doors or windows.

From the foundation of the mission (1896) until 1906, the building timber for all the stations then estab-

The Sisters' Residence at Alexishafen

The Catholic School at Alexishafen

lished had had to be imported from abroad principally from Singapore. Meanwhile, vast quantities of valuable timber at home were burned because there were no facilities whereby the trees that were felled to make the clearings for the mission stations could be made of further use. A small sawmill had long been planned by the superiors of the mission, and now Alexishafen seemed the proper site for such a venture. The ground was covered with good timber, and there was also a convenient place for the erection of a landing-stage at the water. The machinery that was most needed at first was immediately ordered from Europe: a steam locomotive, sawing machinery, etc. Meanwhile, new auxiliaries from Europe arrived — Father Buschhoff, as Superior of the station, Brother Pontianus (master carpenter), and Brother Baldomar (master locksmith and machinist). The mission itself supplied Brother Wunibald, to take charge of the concrete work, and Brother Eustochius as general superintendent of the sawmill. The last named religious was also a general factotum, and in a truly heroic spirit performed the most varied tasks. Shortly after the institution of the sawmill, ill-health forced him to take a trip, to recuperate; but he died in Hongkong.

The steamer with the ordered machinery arrived in October, and landed its cargo at Friedrich Wilhelmshafen. The question now was to transport the machines to Alexishafen. The locomotive caused the greatest worry, since it was enclosed in a case twenty-eight cubic yards in capacity and weighing four and a half tons. God, however, seemed to favor the work, for several calm days ensued, with a perfectly smooth sea. Two large lighters (pontoons) were borrowed from the New Guinea Company and lashed together: the huge case was then laid on

this substructure and towed to Alexishafen by the steam pinnace *Anna*. The *Anna* had been originally purchased in Sydney, and had arrived in Alexishafen a short time, before. When it reached its destination with its transport, the tide was at its highest, so that the case was found to lie at the same level as the improvised landing-stage. The unloading thus proceeded smoothly. In November the machines were mounted in the temporary shops and sheds, and on December 4, 1905, Father Buschhoff was able to give them the solemn blessing.

They were set in motion the following day, and the utmost excitement prevailed among the black helpers, who had rendered faithful assistance throughout the work, although they had no idea what the 'strange objects' were for. They were specially bewildered as to what the "great pot" — as they called the locomotive — would do. All were gathered about this enigma, when suddenly the whistle sounded for the first time. At first they opened their mouths and eyes to their utmost, holding their ears, while some ran away in terror. The astonishment, however, reached its height when the locomotive was set in motion, and all the other machines were likewise started. The natives regarded it as a great honor to be assigned to assist at a machine, and made it their ambition to learn everything necessary about it as quickly as possible. As a matter of fact, they rapidly became familiar with the workings of all the machinery in sight. On this same day (December 5, 1905) the first plank was sawed, during the course of the afternoon. This was a highly important event, for it symbolized the future independence of the mission of New Guinea, as far as building material was concerned.

With what fiery zeal the sawmill was operated is shown by the fact that, four days later, when a vessel happened to call at Alexishafen on its way to Tumleo, the first load of planks was ready to be dispatched to this station: and within eighteen days it was possible to begin the erection of a two-storied residence for the workers. By the end of 1906, after the sawmill had been one year in operation, the following buildings had been erected (besides the residence of brushwood mentioned above, and a kitchen constructed of Australian timber): a residence for native and Chinese workers, a machine-room, a sawmill, two timber sheds (in which the cut timber was stored), a carpenter's shop, a locksmith's shop, and the chapel. Some of the other stations had also been supplied with building material and furniture. In the course of the year a vertical frame-saw had been installed. Other wood-working machines followed in 1907, — planing and boring machines, circular and ribbon saws, — as necessity demanded, and means allowed. The installment and repair of these machines required also a well-equipped machinist's shop, for the one was the complement of the other. While the cost of procuring all this equipment was very great, it was nothing in comparison with what had been an annually increasing outlay for imported building timber.

From six o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening the sawmill hummed, and the parrots and rhinoceros-birds and crested pigeons, startled from their quiet retreats, flew croaking or shrieking above it. But how were the logs brought to the mill? At first the virginal forest was cut over an area of only about five acres, to clear a site for the various buildings of the station. These trunks which lay in the immediate vicinity were

cut on the spot into the desired lengths and then rolled to the mill on props. As the distance increased, a peculiar conveyance was pressed into service. This was a wagon with two large and broad wheels: the axle was strongly reinforced and inclined upwards in the middle to such a height that the average log could be suspended midway between the wheels. The vehicle was propelled by the strength of — and to the shouts of — one or two dozen native workers. However, "Marianne", as the vehicle was named, was very speedily superceded (in 1907), when the first consignment of rails appeared on the scene, by several wagons adapted for the transportation of wood.

In so far as it was not to be occupied by buildings, the cleared ground was planted with cocoanut trees, at intervals of about thirty feet. Less than two hundred were planted during the first year, but hundreds and thousands were added as the clearing and the preparation of the land proceeded. Yams, taros, and batatas (a sort of sweet potato) were planted as intermediate crops: these gave a rich yield in the still fertile soil and were a very welcome contribution toward the support of the workers.

Thus, everything proceeded peacefully, with an occasional visit from one of the minor or higher officials at Friedrich Wilhelmshafen, to investigate the progress of affairs. Still further buildings were added. In 1907 the central warehouse (a capacious two-story building) was erected, to receive goods imported from abroad, such as provisions, household articles, commodities for barter, etc. Such a warehouse had existed, earlier, at Tumleo, during the period when steamers still called at that point; but it was now transferred to Alexishafen. The erection of the most necessary buildings for a nuns' convent was the next

task; and then the building of the central school was begun.

As has been shown, one of the disagreeable peculiarities of this mission territory is the great divergence of the languages of the people. Along a stretch of coast about three hundred and tweny miles in extent, between twenty-five and thirty more or less widely divergent languages and dialects are spoken. Each new station, therefore, necessitated the acquisition of a new language; and because of this divergence of speech, no missionary could relieve his brother at a neighboring station without some impairment to the ministry. This was naturally a serious handicap to missionary work, and especially to the training of native catechists. It was thus found necessary to introduce a common language. The easy coast Malay dialect, which is used in the adjoining Dutch New Guinea and throughout the Dutch East Indies, would not, perhaps, have proved a difficult task. There was, however, a danger that Mohammedanism might be thereby promoted. Consequently, German was decided on, inasmuch as the colony was German. In the schools of the different stations, instruction was naturally given at first in the vernacular. Wherever circumstances allowed, the children then began to read, write, and sing in German. The more talented children were transferred to the central school, where all the subjects were taught in German. The central school, which had been situated at Tumleo for several years, was transferred to Alexishafen in 1909.

One afternoon, toward the end of that January, the familiar sailing cutter, the *Arnold,* returned from her usual missionary rounds. On the deck one could perceive only Father Prefect, Brother Clarence, and the regular crew. Then suddenly the hatches were opened and one

black lad after another sprang out with a loud hurrah: these were the seventy pupils of the central school, who were to bring more life to the station! Thirty stragglers followed in the next few months, so that instruction began in Alexishafen with about one hundred pupils. The manager of the school was Father Hesse. His chief assistant, especially in superintending the boys outside of classes, was Brother Clarence, who also taught singing and gymnastics. The other subjects — religion, Bible history, reading, writing, arithmatic, geography, and drawing — were taught by Father Hesse and two or three school Sisters. The whole instruction was given in German, and a five years' course was projected. As new pupils were constantly arriving, the two existing schoolrooms soon became insufficient, and a new school of modest dimensions had to be built. Even then, one class was occasionally required to use the dormitory as a classroom. The classes lasted from eight till eleven in the forenoon, with only one hour's instruction in the afternoon. The pupils then worked in the school gardens, which were divided among the tribes, according to their languages. The planting of this land was compulsory, but each pupil was free to plant what he wished. One consequently found a variegated mixture of taros, yams, batatas, manhots, sugar-cane, tobacco, vegetables, etc.

The examinations and promotions to higher classes took place in July, which was the end of the school year. Thus, in 1911, the first twenty pupils, who had already attended the school in Tumleo, completed successfully their five-year course. Of these, nine took up handicrafts — the locksmith's trade, carpentry, house-building; the other eleven decided to take a further three years' course, to qualify to help the missionaries as teachers (catechists).

These pupils now came under the direction of Father Wiesenthal, and occupied the catechists' school, in the building in whose construction they had previously co-operated in their spare time.

In the further education of these *embryo* catechists, special attention was paid (1) to the deepening of the knowledge they had already acquired, especially of the truths of religion; (2) to the development and strengthening of their characters; and (3) to initiating the lower grades in the central school. Those gifted with musical voices were also trained in the Church Plain Chant, and showed their progress in this branch of instruction during Solemn Mass and Vespers on feastdays. They were soon able to sing four-part compositions by arranging for some of the Brothers to supply the tenor and bass, while the soprano and alto parts were taken by the pupils. Naturally, it cost the painstaking choirmaster and organist, Brother Clarence, infinite trouble before everything went well. But patience had become Brother Clarence's long suit, for he had been called to be, besides choirmaster and organist, physician, apothecary, and dentist for the community. As a matter of truth, it must be said that these were his chief offices only. After a good training and practice in Europe, he was stationed first at Tumleo; and when he was transferred to Alexishafen, the dispensary and the central hospital of the mission were transferred at the same time.

The dispensary contains all the medicines and supplies that are necessary for the tropics, and also provides the different stations with all their requirements for the charitable side of their work. In the central hospital the native sick are given professional treatment and nursing. In 1909 two small rooms were erected for the dispensary

and operation hall, and their very smallness had the advantage of affording no room for onlookers. The hospital was built in 1907, but had at first only a few beds. A large hospital was built in 1910, with about twenty beds. This building continued to serve its purpose until 1912, when the present well-equipped hospital was erected. Meanwhile, the personnel of the station had so greatly increased (especially as the result of the rice plantation, which is described in the next chapter) that the expansion of its accommodations to one hundred beds was none too great. Besides the large general ward, the hospital contains a special ward for the seriously ill, a room for the attendant, a bathroom, the dispensary with operating-hall, and the dental department and X-Ray studio. As there was no other dentist in New Guinea (Kaiser Wilhelmsland), many private planters and their employees came to Alexishafen to avail themselves of Brother Clarence's services. In 1909—1910 he treated more than fifty such cases; and Alexishafen thus became more and more widely known.

The Famous Sawmill at the Central Station

The Catholic Hospital at Aexishafen

Sister Clara, S.Sp.S., one of the Seven American Sisters in New Guinea,
With Her Pupils at Alexishafen

CHAPTER XI

Unique Characteristics of the New Guinea Missions

Industrial and economic problems — A magnificent beginning — Approved by the Roman authorities — The relation which the plantation enterprises bear to the actual mission work — The travail of the work and the lessons gained — The achieved results, both spiritual and material.

Every observer will find in the New Guinea Missions one typical feature which distinguishes it from most of the other mission fields of the world; from the very start efforts have been made to put this mission, economically, on a solid basis so that it will gradually become self-supporting — that is, independent of alms.

The mission possesses, in the various districts, an area of real estate, all virgin soil, of which about 4,000 acres are now cleared and under cultivation. In six mission stations along the coast, part of this huge estate has been changed into fertile cocoanut plantations, with a total of 135,000 trees. Over six hundred native laborers, recruited from various sections of the territory and the neighboring islands, are steadily employed on these plantations under the supervision of our Brothers, their main task being to prepare the copra for shipment to Australia. The annual net profit from the sale of copra now amounts to approximately $10,000. The proceeds, it is true, do not suffice to cover the expenses of the missions; but with

the full development of the trees now planted, and especially when, in the course of time, the rest of the property is cleared and cultivated, it is hoped that the yearly crop will yield an income which will suffice for the complete maintenance of the mision and the extension of its influence. This hope will be particularly justifiable if other economical resources established by the mission develop equally well. The most dependable of these other resources is the stock of cattle and domestic animals. The mission owns, at present, 1,374 head of cattle, 170 carabaos, 80 pigs, 116 horses, 19 donkeys (or mules), 817 sheep, 365 goats, and 1,117 chickens.

The description above may be apt to arouse in the minds of some readers the idea that the New Guinea mission must be rich and wealthy. Any one, however, familiar with the management of large institutions, or of a vast mission field, will readily concede that even with all the progress made, the New Guinea Mission is still, economically and financially, far from its ideal, and that for some years to come it will be obliged, at least partly, to depend an American alms. Not only is a European (and American) missionary personnel of seventy-eight priests, Brothers, and Sisters to be maintained in this wilderness, far from all the conveniences of a civilized country, but the whole burden of supporting the native catechists and teachers — of establishing the new mission stations, of building and keeping up schools, churches, various boarding institutions and the like — devolves on the mission. But an excellent start has been made, and present conditions promise a bright future. Coming generations of missionaries and their superiors will be indebted to their pioneer confrères who, with innumerable sacrifices, began this hard work; for they will be relieved from

many cares and anxieties so familiar to those of other mission fields, concerning material support.

The merit of having established the mission on such a solid foundation is due to its founder and its first prefect apostolic, the Very Rev. Eberhard Limbrock. After his ordination, he was sent to China; and he remained a missionary there for thirteen years. In 1896 he was charged to organize the new prefecture apostolic of the then German territory of New Guinea. After heading this new mission field for twenty-three years, he resigned his office and is still active at the central station, revered and esteemed by all missionaries, who call him 'the man of Providence.' Without his experience, skill, and foresight, the mission could never have attained its present standard. Immense difficulties confronted him in carrying out his plans. The very principle underlying his scheme was attacked by a number of his own missionaries, who disliked the idea of devoting their precious time to farming, planting palms, and raising cattle, instead of giving themselves to mission work proper — to the saving of immortal souls. But all have now changed their minds; they see that the creation of natural financial resources in a mission field is mission work *par excellence;* experience has taught them the lesson that, in mission lands as everywhere else, *means whereby* is a *conditio sine qua non.* The World War, especially, has indicated plainly what Father Limbrock had emphasized time and again, — that, in the long run there is no reliance to be placed on mission alms, and that, therefore, the mission itself must look for and open up certain sources of income, in order to be independent and self-supporting. If, during the war, there had not been a well-arranged farming system, the mission would have gone into bank-

ruptcy, and all the missionaries would have been compelled, through lack of provisions, to leave the field. Shut off from the world as they were, it was only through the sale of copra, the products of their farms and plantations, as well as the wholesale raising of domestic animals, that their souls and bodies were kept together, and that they were enabled to continue mission work during this troubled period.

Now that the hard work is done, and all the forms and plantations are in running condition, not one fourth of the labor is required that was necessary when the foundation was laid. The missionaries are reaping the fruit and gathering the harvest of their toil and labor. They can now devote nearly all of their time to the conversion of the pagans and the spiritual care of their flocks.

How well the Roman authorities thought of Father Limbrock's enterprise may best be seen from a letter which Cardinal Ledóchowski, the Prefect of the Propaganda, addressed to him on November 13, 1899: *Peculiari etiam commendatione dignum est vestrum consilium acquirendi pro missione fundos et agros, qui deinde exculto ejus stabile patrimonium constituant*" ("It is also particularly worthy of commendation that your judgment has provided for your mission funds and lands which shall henceforth secure for those following after you a stable patrimony").

However, it was not only the self-support of the mission that had prompted the prefect apostolic to establish the above-mentioned resources. The plantations were considered as practical training-schools where the indolent Kanakas were to learn the necessity and the blessings of regular work. After twenty to twenty-six years, it can be said that the results achieved in this regard are not

Brother Godfrey, S.V.D., and His Crew of Native Workers Husking Cocoanuts

Brother Jaron, S.V.D., the Boss of the Danip Farm, On a Tour of Inspection

far from marvelous. The natives who have come in contact with the missionaries have slowly but surely learned to appreciate their benevolent intentions. Even when these recruited laborers have not become converts, they have been more or less noticeably influenced by the Christian life of those who were converted, and by the religious services they have witnessed; and thus, when returning to their homes, they frequently become the forerunners of the missionary, relating to their people the experiences which came to them when they stayed with the messengers of the Faith on the mission station. When the missionary has, later on, made his appearance in their villages, he has found most of the pagans friendly; thus the greatest obstacle to intercourse is found to be removed, and the ground prepared, for future spiritual work.

Here it should be stated that the sparse and widely scattered population is a great drawback to the pursuance of missionary work in this country. For hours, which sometimes lengthen into days, the missionary is obliged to travel — in the heat of the day, or, more often than not, in the downpouring of a tropical rain, — without any beaten path to guide him, and, times without number, through head-high alang-alang grass or through formidable streams, over mountain heights, into suffocating valleys, until at last, well-nigh exhausted, he comes, perhaps, upon a Kanaka village which may boast *from ten to twenty habitations.* It is just this great drawback of isolation which has been greatly lessened by calling in workers to the plantations. Thus the Gospel is often preached, as it were, by proxy, long before the missionaries are able to get into the more remote regions for personal work. Proportionately remote from one another lie the mission stations; so that it is seldom that the missionaries are able

to come together for a friendly conference. And this consciousness of remoteness, of solitude, of standing quite by oneself in the midst of the low cultural state of the heathen, of being severed from every good influence which serves to uplift and to elevate — this consciousness, I say, tends in the long run to weaken the missionary, both in spirituality and humaneness. "In the midst of the wilds and surrounded by the wild," declared a missionary priest, "one runs into danger of becoming more or less wild and lawless."

Inspecting New Guinea's vast mission plantations of the present day, we can hardly form an idea of the enormous toil and worry entailed in such an enterprise. The project itself presupposed considerable study, and journeying all over the South Seas, for the purpose of learning what experiments had been made by others in regard to planting coco-palms, coffee, rice, and various fruit-trees; also concerning the right breed of cattle, horses, and other domestic animals. A number of specimens of plants as well as of animals were imported from Australia, China, and the Dutch East Indies; while many costly trials had to be made before the specimens that would thrive in New Guinea's peculiarly tropical climate were found. A vast rice plantation, as we shall see in the chapter to follow, had to be given up; it proved a failure. But the lessons learned in the undertaking were worth the loss and expense.

Many a missionary priest or bishop may rightly envy our *S.V.D.* Mission of New Guinea for its well arranged system of financial and economic resources. All in all, the results achieved thus far by the Society of the Divine Word in New Guinea surpass the most optimistic expectations of any unbiased student of these matters, whether

Catholic or Protestant. If there had been no World War, the mission would now be in a flourishing condition. The wonder is how, under the strain of continuous political difficulties ever since the year 1914 and up to the present day, conditions have been maintained at their present high standard. In spite of the fact that, since 1914, it has not been permitted that any recruits of priests and Brothers from Germany or Austria should join the ranks of their pioneer confrères in New Guinea, and in spite of the Australian government's rigid regulation that even after the declaration of peace, no German priests, Brothers, and Sisters were to be granted permission to enter the mission field to bring relief to those exhausted from overwork and from the trying climate, the mission shows a remarkable growth. It numbers, at present, over eleven thousand native Catholics — not a big number to boast of, perhaps, and yet representative of a splendid success. As mentioned above, a mission's accomplishments cannot be measured solely by the number of Christians, and certainly not in its first period of development.

CHAPTER XII

Alexishafen and Rice Culture

Introduction of rice culture — Difficulties — Indian and American methods — Further developments — Missionary work in the adjacent islands.

Alexishafen came into particular prominence at one time, because of the attempted establishment of a rice plantation there. As mentioned in the preceding chapter, steamships from Europe discontinued their ports of call along this part of the New Guinea coast after 1904, and it was not until in 1909 that the old schedule was resumed and they began to stop at the three harbors as formerly. From 1910 Alexishafen was added as a fourth port of call. Thereafter, at intervals of eight weeks the S.S. *Manila* was regularly welcomed by the youths of the station with joyful shouts of "sail-oh!" their joy being mainly inspired by the fact that the ship brought fresh rice. Later, during the World War, when one of our young black workers shouted "sail-oh!" at sight of a vessel, the others reproved him, saying: "You stupid fellow, do you think it is bringing rice?" The *Manila* was the rice ship for the whole colony. Coming from Singapore, it carried rice as its chief cargo; for thousands of tons of rice had to be imported for the workers of the plantations. Our mission needed from one hundred and fifty to two hundred tons, annually, for our laborers and the resident pupils. Such a dependence of one land on another

A Basket of Taros Gathered for a Coming 'Sing-Sing.'

Natives of Wewak Carrying Home 'Washed' Sago

for the necessities of life is not a desirable condition of affairs, and may have serious consequences in the future.

The natives of New Guinea do not plant rice, nor do they know how to cultivate it. Nevertheless, they eat it very gladly when they have once become accustomed to it. "Belly belong me cry along rice," is one of the reasons why discharged workers depart again from their native villages after a short visit, and allow themselves to be recruited for a new plantation. Thus our Fathers came to feel that *rice* plantations ought to be started and developed at home. Another incentive to the introduction of rice culture was the fact that the native articles of food — taros, yams, batatas, sago, etc. — have but small nutritive value, and the famines caused by crop failures are in many places the cause of failure in the increase of the population.

After ripe consideration and searching study, the mission superiors decided to make an attempt to introduce rice growing. Father v. d. Hemel was sent to the Dutch East Indies (where rice was cultivated both on large and small scales) to study and acquire a practical knowledge of the methods of culture. On his return a satisfactory experiment was made in 1909, at St. Anne, with the help of some Indian workers. Suitable ground was then sought for a larger plantation, and this was found in the vicinity of the station at Alexishafen. The administration very willingly gave its consent to the acquisition of the first thousand acres of level ground for the rice field proper, and to that of another thousand acres of hilly land which, because it was crossed by a river, seemed suitable for the construction of the reservoir necessary for the watering of the fields.

Work was immediately begun at Alexishafen, and within a short time Father v. d. Hemel, with the aid of his ten Indian and two hundred native workers, had prepared a rice field of about forty acres. The method employed was naturally that of the Indians (Hindus). From a reservoir or river, the water is connected first with the field on the highest level. As the water must not be more than two or three inches in depth, all the fields must be well leveled, and thus the difficulty of their preparation varies with the nature of the land. The earthen walls enclosing the fields have one or more removable outlets, by means of which the water can be regulated and conducted to the fields at the lower levels.

In the first instance the rice is sown very closely in one field. When the plants are a few inches high, they are transplanted to the fields covered with water, and set about eighteen inches apart; the plants spread rapidly, and a tuft of branches soon appears. The inflow of water must be regulated throughout the growing season of approximately four months. After five months the rice is ripe and the harvesting begins. Every panicle must be separately cut from the stalk with a suitable knife: the straw is left standing on the field, and is set aside after the harvest. The panicles containing the grain are tied together in bundles weighing thirty to forty pounds: these are at first stacked together in the fields for further drying, and are then gathered into an enormous barn until the grains are fully hardened. Then follows the threshing, cleaning, unhusking, and polishing by various machines. In the case of the new plantation of our Fathers, this work was followed out by the black workers with great interest: naturally the happiest among their number were those who had to sew up the full sacks and carry them

away. The yield was very satisfactory, and at every new sowing (that is, approximately, twice a year) some acres of additional ground were put under cultivation.

Here, however, as in every new venture, difficulties were encountered. Most of the native workers could not stand the work in the continuously wet ground, and became ill. Furthermore, the natives were very inferior to the Malay workers in planting and harvesting, while, in the intervals between, there was not sufficient work to keep them employed. But the greatest difficulty of all was to prevent the blooming and ripening stage from occuring when the *falangsanggit* (a flying insect) appears, since this coincidence may easily imperil the whole harvest.

With a view to overcoming the difficulties just referred to, the advisability of abandoning the East Indian method (hand labor) and introducing the American method (machinery) was taken into consideration. Fathers Loerks, S.V.D., and Averberg, S.V.D., who were then recuperating in Europe, were sent to the United States to obtain an insight into the American system of rice culture as employed in Louisiana. As is known, the transplanting of the shoots is there omitted, the rice being sown by machinery directly in the fields where it is to ripen. The dykes enclosing the fields are thrown up by large plows, and the ripe crop is harvested by reaping and binding machines, oil-burning tractors supplying the power. Many workers are thus saved; the operations of sowing and harvesting are uniform; the larger areas can be sown at the same time.

Despite the heavy initial cost of the machinery, the heads of the mission decided to introduce the American method, and imported some of the machines which could

be temporarily operated by a team of well-broken water buffaloes.

After the outbreak of the World War it was impossible to procure the other necessary machines, and the question of rice culture receded to the background. In 1915 a small area was again planted with rice. When, however, the reservoir became damaged and required extensive repairs, and an end of the war seemed nowhere in sight, all the level ground which was being left idle for the rice plantation was planted with cocoanut trees. Thus ended for the moment rice culture in Alexishafen. The machines are now housed in sheds, awaiting the time when they can be again set in motion, either at this station or elsewhere.

When the mission obtained its new steamer, the *Gabriel*, in 1909, it was stationed at Alexishafen, and thence made a monthly round of the stations. To avoid the necessity of sending the *Gabriel* to foreign and distant dry-docks for the repairs which became necessary from time to time, it was decided to reconstruct a little slip which had been built earlier at Alexishafen, and to adapt it for this vessel. The extensive earthworks for this purpose had been almost completed when this project was also interrupted by the war, and could not be finished. This naturally entailed heavy losses for the mission, and these losses were aggravated by the sinking of a lighter with about ten thousand feet of rails, and the shattering of a motor pinnace in 1913. In the former case, however, the missionaries succeeded in saving the steam pinnace which had the lighter in tow, by promptly cutting the tow lines which bound it to the sinking vessel; in the latter case, after two months' labor, they raised

the shattered pinnace, thus securing its motor, which was worth $2,500.

Among the buildings which were erected during the years 1910—1914, the residence of the missionaries deserves first mention. The residence, erected in 1905, had as early as 1908 been made uninhabitable by the storms and rains. After contenting themselves for two years with a temporary residence, they moved to their new house, which also offered sufficient room for any Fathers from the other stations who might pay a brief visit to Alexishafen. In 1911, when the Father Prefect returned from his European trip, Alexishafen became the residence of the mission superior, as well as the principal and central station.

The Fathers assigned to the station have pastoral charge of the Catholics of the community, and also carry on missionary work in the pagan towns of the neighborhood. Immediately after the foundation of Alexishafen, Father Buschhoff began missionary work on the islands of Sek and Malmal. After 1910, the tribes of Rempi-Bomase and Mabonup-Mibat, situated toward the north and west, were brought within the scope of the mission, the acquisition of a new language being necessary in each case. In so far as it was feasible or possible, these natives came to the Sunday services at Alexishafen, and were fully represented on the high feasts. The Corpus Christi procession, which was held with great pomp, attracted the whole community.

Visits from outside were always welcome to the school children, since they were very apt to result in the intermission of classes. Regularly, every eight weeks, the *Manila* brought some variety into their lives, while in the intervals between possibly one of the government ves-

sels — the *Dolphin* or *Comet* — or some vessel of the Imperial marine — the *Planet, Condor,* or *Cormoran* — would visit these waters.

In August, 1910, the survey ship, The *Planet,* spent a week in Alexishafen, sounding the harbor and the passage through the shoals to Friedrich Wilhelmshafen, and revising the marine charts. As soon as a copy of this chart was received, the *Gabriel* was able to use a much shorter course to Friedrich Wilhelmshafen than before, without danger of running on a reef. Since this survey it is also known exactly what point on God's earth the station occupies — 145° 49′ 30″ east longitude, and 5° 5′ 24″ south latitude! The two points of observation are indicated by a cement block.

CHAPTER XIII

Hard Times

During the war — The question of food a serious problem — Alexishafen quiet and lonely — New discoveries of great value — The most urgent question that of personnel.

On August 5, 1914, the steamer *Gabriel* returned from its usual round of the stations. It had many passengers on this trip, as a large number of the Fathers and Brothers were assembling for the annual retreat. All were standing, chatting, immediately after dinner, when the government pinnace arrived with a full boatload of military police. Everyone exclaimed at once that something serious was the matter. Almost immediately the *news* came like a thunderclap from a clear sky: Germany is at war with France, Russia, and England! It was only by a fortunate accident that news of the outbreak come so soon, as there were then no radio stations in New Guinea. It happened, however, that the government steamer *Comet* was near the coast of New Guinea, and, on hearing the news, brought it to Friedrich Wilhelmshafen.

The solution of the question of food now became an urgent problem for the whole mission and especially for Alexishafen. Since it was clear that the importation of provisions — particularly the rice from Singapore — must cease, it was a question of eking out the existing

supplies as far as possible, and developing native products. However, the administration issued instructions that no new workers were to be hired, and that leave of absence or dismissal should be given to all who were not indispensable. The order also came to begin immediately to plant ample crops for the rest.

Thus at the conclusion of the spiritual exercises, the *Gabriel* was called upon to carry away (besides the returning missionaries) a whole load of workers and pupils who were being sent back to their homes. Under these circumstances, the central school, with its roll of one hundred pupils, had to suspend at once. The pupils in the catechetical school (about twenty-five in number) and some of the girls being trained by the Sisters followed later. Alexishafen then became quiet and lonely: the schoolrooms were empty; the playgrounds were devoid of life, and even the hum and drum of the sawmill seemed more deliberate.

Many interesting incidents might be related regarding the first months of the war in Alexishafen. That period, however, is now twelve years past, and the conditions which then prevailed have scarcely intelligible interest today. A few matters only may justifiably be mentioned. On October 10, 1914, the Australian government officials from Friedrich Wilhelmshafen (which was thenceforth always called by the native name of *Madang*) paid a visit and imposed the oath of neutrality. At the beginning of November the Australian steamship, *Matunga*, arrived at Alexishafen, bringing one hundred tons of coal which had been ordered from Australia for the *Gabriel* prior to the war. In December the commander of the Australian fleet visited New Guinea with some destroyers, and declared that the *Gabriel* might continue its mis-

Native Girls and Boys of the Magiar District, in Festival Attire

Ready for the Defensive (In the Hinterland of Bogia)

sionary trips exactly as before, but that there must also be undertaken upon occasion the transportation of persons and goods for the government, and that the ship must henceforth carry an Australian non-commissioned officer on board. These stipulations seemed eminently fair, and were immediately accepted. Indeed, at this time the Australian administration of New Guinea treated the missionaries very nobly on the whole, for the few passing difficulties which were experienced were mostly of an entirely personal nature.

As already remarked, all the pupils and part of the workers were dismissed at the beginning of the war. When the warships appeared on September 24, there was naturally great excitement in Madang. The workers on the surrounding plantations could no longer be restrained, and sought to depart to their homes. They passed through Alexishafen in hundreds, with the result that a number of our workers joined them. Many of the latter displayed noble traits under the circumstnaces, reporting first to their superintendent and saying: "Time no good now. By and by me come back." Only one fourth of the workers remained, and these scarcely sufficed for the indispensable machine work of the sawmill and the planting of food crops. All the rest of the program of cultivation had to be completely subordinated to this one pressing task.

The production of the necessities of life proved difficult at first. The dry season of 1914 was the most excessive that had visited New Guinea in many years. From the middle of May to December there was no rain: not a blade of green grass was visible, and a small fire broke out in the plantation almost daily. However, when the rain fell again in December, everything throve wonder-

fully, and there were rich harvests. The empty dormitories of the school children and the catechists were converted into storerooms for vegetables and maize. Consequently, the workers who had departed in terror, and who were now gradually returning after some months' absence, could be made welcome. The conditions were the same in other stations. Through lack of provisions, the boarding pupils could no longer be kept in as large numbers as before, but more attention was given to the village schools of the out-stations. Furthermore, when the plantations attached to some of these stations could be better, although still insufficiently, manned, and the output of copra gradually increased, the mission was placed in the position of procuring from Australia what could not be obtained at home — flour, sugar, salt, petroleum, clothing materials, etc.

The war taught the missions, like the rest of the world, that they must help themselves. This was especially true in Alexishafen. Whereas, before the war, much meat had been imported, especially for the support of the workers, they now fell back on the herds of draught animals used on the plantations. The cost of footwear mounted very high, and permission to import leather and hides from Australia was almost impossible to obtain. Unfortunately, there was no trained tanner in the community; but Brother Clement, the cabinet-maker, began to experiment with lime and mangrove bark, and finally manufactured a fairly good leather from the hides supplied by the stations. He then proceeded to the manufacture of shoes (even if not the finest), traveling, and other bags, saddles, riding-harness, and even the smaller transmission belts for the machine.

Through lack of hardware, wooden bolts had to be substituted for nails and screws in the smaller buildings. In earlier days much cement had been used in the foundation of the homes. Now, however, cement (even when procurable) had advanced so greatly in price, on account of the enormous freight charges, that some substitute had to be sought. Thus originated the first lime-kilns, and these were soon followed by brick-kilns. Even though things went wrong at first, Brother Hyginus got them into full swing later.

There were similar developments in other directions. Before the war, the oars for all the numerous rowboats of the mission came, very naturally, from Australia. Those manufactured now at Alexishafen were not quite so good, but were very much cheaper. From the manufacture of oars, the station advanced to boat-building, and a large percentage of the boats of today are the product of the dockyard at Alexishafen. Finally, in 1918, the first motor pinnace was launched, and was followed later by three others.

We may mention here another noteworthy item, which will also give an insight into the activity of the machine-shop. Never before had ships entered so frequently as during the years of the war. It was not the large steamships, but the well-known New Guinea motor-boats (known as the Mosquito Fleet of the South Seas) which came to the workshop of Alexishafen as their only resort for motor repairs. The mission records of the ship traffic enumerate twenty-one different vessels which put in here more or less frequently during the war, so that the average number of vessels was from fifty to sixty per annum. Many an old piece of iron had to be requisitioned to make piston-rings. And how many mountings had to be recast and turned, — how many shafts and propellors

repaired! One of the smaller pinnaces ran for months with a wooden propellor supplied by the mission boat-works.

This spirit prevailed in every department, since every one was scheming to provide for his own requirements. Those in charge of the hospital discovered that bandages made from banana bark were much cheaper than muslin bandages from Australia. They were also easy to obtain in sufficient quantity at all times, and served their purpose perfectly. Again, an oil obtained from a tree on the Sepik river became known as an indispensable remedy for various wounds and skin diseases. To relinquish such discoveries would be to retreat along the road of economic independence. So, one of the consequences of the war was to make known many articles which need no longer to be imported.

But these material worries by no means represented the most serious aftermath of the war. The most pressing care now became the question of personnel. After 1913 had brought its new quota of reinforcements, the mission consisted of ninety-three missionaries and Sisters. Of this number, a total of twenty-four were lost prior to the beginning of 1924. Between 1913 and 1922, on the other hand, no recruits arrived. Finally, in 1922, four American Sisters formed the first addition, and they have since been followed by four priests, two Brothers, and seven Sisters — seventeen in all. But the personnel has not yet reached the 1913 figure, although the field of activity has at least doubled since that time. As some of the missionaries have had to be sent away from their posts in recent years, to recuperate, it can easily be understood that every missionary has to fill two or three positions. For example — whereas, before the war, *twelve* Brothers had plenty to do here in Alexishafen, *six* have now to cope with the work as best they can.

CHAPTER XIV

Pidgin English

On the island of Sek — Dangerous wading — The unnecessary jacket! — The war and the missionaries — Rogation Days — On a dumping-car — A visit to a Christian planter — The story of the 'hereafter' — The story of Adam and Eve — A missionary's trials with the language — Seed necklaces.

The retreat given by Father General lasted from May 14 to May 21 — from Sunday to Sunday. On Thursday, Father Weyer, who was not on retreat and who was rector of the station, invited me to go with him to the island of Sek. Three Kanakas carried us across in a little boat; it meant a ride of about half an hour over a stretch of coral reefs. The lagoons here swarm with strange forms of life unknown in northern waters; and until one learns one's way about, there is a certain amount of danger in wading through the shallows along the reef. A sea scorpion is, for instance, a wicked looking thing, all feelers and enormous fins; and a touch of his spines would give one a nasty leg. And an even more poisonous fish is found in this vicinity, though, fortunately, not often: I refer to the *noo*, which lies buried in patches of coral sand. I saw one during my stay in New Guinea, and I do not even know its proper name in English; but I am told that the spines of its dorsal fin are hollow, like the fangs of a rattlesnake, and that they are capable of injecting a poison, when stepped on,

that is apt to kill or cripple one for life. The totara, or sea porcupine, is another odd creature, but is not at all feared; at the approach of danger he blows himself up like a football, and once inflated, is proof against almost anything. The conger eels are nearly as hard to kill, particularly the larger ones.

There are about ninety people on Sek island, and nearly all of them are Catholics: it was from these people that our Fathers bought the now valuable property of Alexishafen. It is indeed a sight most pleasing to the Catholic heart to see this little community coming to the station in their canoes, on Saturday afternoons to confession, and on Sunday mornings to Mass.

On Sunday, May 21, in the afternoon, the *Pax*, our mission motor-boat, or pinnace, made a trip about the picturesque indented harbor of Alexishafen — an excursion which Father General, Father Limbrock (the founder of the New Guinea mission), Father Hoersch (the procurator), Father Wiesenthal (the regional superior), Father Kirschbaum, and myself thoroughly enjoyed. Reminiscences of the late war were in order, and we were shown the spot where the German ship *Cormoran* hid from the Australians. When it escaped, the latter took possession of Madang and Alexishafen. Naturally, the change of government meant considerable worry for our missionaries. There is no way of convincing any prejudiced mind that the priest of God has come to these isolated spots to save souls, and not to engage in politics. True, he will civilize his new people if he can; he will try to make them self-supporting; he will endeavor to teach them sanitation and the laws that govern health. Education, too, he will give, in so far as they are capable of assimilating it; but the rule of a monarch means little to

Along the Shore on the Islet of Sek

With the Natives on Sek Island. Their Huts Are of the Most Primitive Description. Note the Pet Cassowary Begging for a Morsel of Food

him save as it bears on his work for the greatest *Monarch* of all. He does not question the government; he has no real interest in politics. He has given up all such things to become all things in the spiritual field. Doubly, trebly, therefore, does the widespread havoc of war affect him, who asks nothing for himself, who is willing, nay, anxious to conform to any government lawfully set over him. Souls, whether ruled by America, France, England, Germany, or any other power, are souls ruled first by God, and it is the missionary's task to teach them allegiance to that Saviour who has said: "Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and to God the things that are God's."

May 22, 23, and 24, were Rogation Days, and after Mass a procession of priests, Brothers, Sisters, and parishioners, with all the children as well, marched from the church and through the cocoanut plantations while the Litany of the Saints was chanted. On these three days, also, certain very instructive missionary conferences were held, twice a day, each lasting two hours. All the Fathers participated.

On Ascension Day Father General, Father Puff, and I went in a *dumping-car* to visit the station named Danip, which was located a half-hour's ride toward the mountains. Danip is the farm station of Doilon, where the experiments in rice planting were made. On the way there, one of the missionaries told me that the greater part of the illnesses of the natives who worked the rice fields at the time they were under cultivation was simply due to superstitious fear. I was glad to know this, for it presented the project of future experiments in a far brighter light. The next three days were largely taken up with personal conversations of inquiry with the

mission Fathers. On Sunday, May 28, after Mass, Father Wortel and Kirschbaum and I took a number of photographs at Doilon, particularly of the Sek people. A Mr. O'Brien, who is manager of the old Penn Plantation in the neighborhood (named after a Hollander who established it and then returned to Europe), invited us to visit him: this we were very glad to do.

His place was a twenty-minute ride in our *Pax*, eastward toward Madang; and the O'Brien family — they had been to church — accompanied us. We stayed the whole day at their home, and the visit gave us a glimpse of the simple life of a good Christian planter, which is different in the extreme from the lives led by some of the adventerous men I had previously met on my missionary jaunt thus far. The family hailed from Australia, not far from Brisbane. Mrs. O'Brien, our hostess, was not well, having had black-water fever for about two months. Her younger sister was visiting them.

Several times in this narrative I have had occasion to use the expression "pidgin English." As we have seen, New Guinea is a land of a thousand languages. In Papua the need for a common speech is largely met by the Motu tongue, a smattering of which has become general, so that in almost every village one may get along with a native interpreter. But this need of a common tongue is met in New Guinea by pidgin or "business' English.

The greatest handicap from which a man can suffer in learning pidgin English is said to be a knowledge of English itself. Those who speak pidgin English are foreigners. It is a compound of the English of the early white trader and blackbirder (which contained plenty of "cuss' words and a Chaucerian frankness of expression), some

native words, and a Spanish word or so, all modified in a measure by the omnipresent Chinese. It has a grammar of its own; its pronouns have their own declensions; and the verbs have their own voice, mood, and tense.

As examples of that jargon, I shall here give two tales as pidgin English transliterates them. One is a tale of the *hereafter,* and the other the Story of Adam and Eve. Of course the tales are never accurate, and are almost always overladen with exaggerations and additions; but they have a flavor of vital originality and the human element to a pronounced degree.

Natives all believe in a future existence. They are true spiritualists. In sleep, the soul leaves the body, and roams the world at will. One missionary illustrates this universal belief of the natives by an experience of his own.

He had two boys with him for months — Labim and Angai. They came from Madang and went up the Sepik with him. After two weeks or more of the trip, Labim came to him one evening, quite excited, and showed him a flying-fox which was different from the ordinary one, — larger and with peculiar hairs just back of the head. He told how he had secured this flying-fox, which belonged, he said, to the big Evil Spirit. He was going to make magic by burning the hairs and painting the ashes on his eyes, and then visit his mother in "Karanouri," the abode of the dead. The next morning the boy came back and continued his tale. An attempt to reproduce his story in the original pidgin English follows:

"Oh, Master! 'esterday night me make 'em big fella talk along tambaran (Evil Spirit). Me fass 'em head belong Mumbuon (flying-fox) close under head belong

me, then me rub 'em eye belong me along Kie (ashes) belong grass (hair) and make 'em fass eye belong me and then me tink (think), and tink, and tink, then me like sleep. Me stop lik-lik (short while or little) and then close up head me belong go 'round, he go 'round too much. He all a same me walk about on top. Me all a same pigeon. Then behind one big fella Mombuon — big fella too much — he come. He 'nother kind true. Hand (wing) belong 'em he go long way — he go, he go, he go too far. He catch me all a same piccaninny. Me get long a back belong him; me hang on fass too much. He all a same big fella pigeon. He good fella too much. He fass all a same nothing.

"Bye-n-bye we come long a place where mumma belong me he stop, name belong 'em 'Karan-ouri' this one place belong altogether people he die finish. Master, this place he good too much plenty, plenty people one blood belong me. This place 'nother kind. All man he got good fella garden. He got good fella house and plenty pig and plenty dog. He no work plenty. Mumma belong me he wait. She come she kiss me and me go inside along house belong her. She got good fella house too much. She no can cold. She no can hot. Taro, Oh! he big one too much, and yam he big one all a same diwai (tree). Suppose altogether people along 'Karan-ouri' — he like kai-kai (eat) fish, he tink, das all, and good fella fish he must come along saucepan. Suppose some he like kai-kai pig, pig too he must come, das all. Man dis place he no can work. Suppose he like 'em something he tink, das all, and altogether something he tink he must come nothing."

The story of Adam and Eve will serve to show exactly how some Christian teachings are first received, and with what naïvete and mismanagement they are reproduced for the delectation of others. While visiting Mr. O'Brien on this occasion, he told me one version; and later, when sailing from New Guinea to Australia, Captain Hillman, of the S.S. *Mataram*, gave me a slightly different wording. I have drawn from both versions in presenting the following narrative:

Before, long before time altogether, in place he (white man) stop. God, big fella Master belong white man; he make'm big fella garden. He good fella too much. Along garden, plenty yam he stop — plenty cocoanut, plenty taro, plenty kumara (sweet potatoes); altogether he (God) good fella — kai-kai (eat) too much bimeby (by and by). God, big fella Master, belong white man: he (God) make big fella MAN, and put'm along garden belong him. He call'm, this fella man, ADAM. Adam, he name belong him. He put'm this fella man, Adam, along garden, and he speak, "This fella garden, he belong you." God he look'm, this fella Adam; he (Adam) walk about too much. Him fell Adam all'a same sick; heno savee kai-kai —he walk about all the time.

God say, What name? Me no savee what name this fella Adam want." Bimeby God, he scratch'm his head belong him too much, and he speak, "Me fella, me savee him fella Adam; he want'm Mary (woman). So he made Adam go 'sleep. He take one fella bone belong him and he make one fella Mary along bone. He call this fella Mary, Eve. He give'm this fella Eve along Adam, and he speak along him fella Adam, "Close up altogether this fella garden . . . belong you two fella. One fella

tree, Te tambo (taboo) along you altogether. This fella tree belong apple!"

"So Adam, Eve — two fella stop along garden, and they two fella have'm good time too much. Bimeby, one day, Eve she came along Adam, and she speak.

"More good you, we two fella we eat'm this fella apple."

Adam, he speak:

"No."

And Eve, she speak:

"What name you no like'm me?"

And Adam, he speak:

"Me like'm you plenty too much; but me fright along God."

And Eve, she speak:

"Gammon! What name? God no savee look along'm two fella all'm time. God, he big fella Master. He gammon (tell lies) along you."

But Adam, he speak:

"No."

Eve, she talk, talk, talk . . . talk alle time . . . alle same Mary she talk along boy, along all place, and make'm trouble along boy. And bimeby . . . bimeby, oh, he Adam tired too much; and he speak:

"All right!"

So these two fella, they go eat'm. When the finish eat'm — my word! They big fella fright; they go hide along the bush.

God, he come walk about, along garden; and he sing out,

"Adam!"

And Adam, he speak:

"You call'm me?"

God, he speak:
"Me call'm you too much."
Adam, he speak:
"Me sleep — strong fella, too much."
And God, he speak:
"You been eat'm this fella apple."
Adam, he speak:
"What name you gammon along me?"
And God, he speak:
"You been eat'm."
Then Adam, he speak:
"Yes, me been eat'm."

And God, big fella Master, He cross along Adam, Eve, two fella, too much — and he speak:

"You two fella finish along me altogether. You go catch'm bokkis (box) belong you, and get to hell along bush."

So Adam, Eve — these two fella — go along bush. And God he make'm one big fella bannis (fence) all round garden, and he put'm one fella master belong God along bannis. And he give this fella master belong God one big fella musket, and he (God) speak:

"S'pose you look'm these two fella — Adam, Eve, you shoot'm plenty too much!"

The missionaries themselves make frequent use of pidgin English, for no one man can master the hundreds of languages in use. The result is often amusing. To illustrate, one of our Fathers told me that when he is really angry with a boy (a boy here may be fifty years old), he calls him a "bushman." That is sure to go *home*, as the bush-tribes are greatly despised by the coast-tribes, and it is not wise to make too frequent use of this insult. On

a mission boat, recently, a boy did something in a back-handed manner, and Father told him to go back to his bush-tribe. He resented it, and answered, "If me belong bush, in what name you make me big fella boat's crew?" meaning: "If I have no more sense than a bush-man, why do you choose me to run your boat?"

A portable organ is called: "Big fella box, suppose you fight him, he cry too much."

Once the natives were given a football, and the way they used it indicated that something was sure to happen. It did. The native brought it to the missionary with the remark: "Patere, piccaninny belong ball he go ont top." (The bladder had burst!)

All the children here are piccaninnies, and a mother will refer to her children as, "Piccaninny belong me." Strong medicine is styled "Big fella he fight too much." Baptism is requested thus: "Me like go along Big Fella Master. Me no like big fella Fire." Stomach-ache is indicated in this way: "This fella (indicating) belong me, him no good."

Pidgin English, even to those accustomed to hear it, can be very confusing. Once a cook-boy announced: "No got piccaninny belong *di-wai.*" Sister knew piccaninny meant child, and *di-wai* tree. Of course, he wanted *currants!* for they are the seeds or children of the vine. If you ask a native what a piano is, he will say, "Him one big fella box. Him savvy plenty teeth. Suppose Patere fight him plenty, him sing out." If he is asked to describe a saw: "Pull him, he come; push him, he go; him savvy plenty teeth. Bimeby he kai-kai all *di-wai*" (he eats all the wood).

I had noticed from time to time the various colored necklaces which the natives wore. Mrs. O'Brien showed me some, on this visit. They are made of pear-shaped seeds in jet-black and chocolate-brown, and of distinctive round scarlet seeds with a black blot; and there is also a duller red seed, disc-shaped and as large as a quarter of a dollar. They also have the queer gray seeds called Job's Tears. To gather these seeds they must exercise great patience, for some of them are very tiny, and in arranging them they show considerable taste. They make armlets by grinding down the trochus and other shells

CHAPTER XV

Island Visitors and Matchmaking

The arrival of the Mataram *— Government inspection — I have a Nuptial Mass and five marriages — Some marriage customs of pagan New Guinea.*

On the evening of our return from the O'Brien plantation, the Sisters' retreat began. It was to last eight days and was, of course, to be conducted by Father General. On the day following, a wireless arrived, stating that the S.S.*Mataram,* plying between Sydney and New Guinea, would arrive at Alexishafen that afternoon at three o'clock. This was a great event at any time for Alexishafen, but was especially so now, as some government officials were on board and were coming on an inspection tour. It was half past three o'clock when the *Mataram* pulled in and anchored at our landing-bridge. Father Puff, Father Wiesenthal, and I received the gentlemen: there was Mr. Marx, the minister of the Territory of New Guinea; Mr. Maken, a member of the Parliament (Labor Party); and a Mr. Lucas, formerly connected with the Burns Philp Company, but now acting as official advisor of the government on all matters concerning New Guinea. We could see that they were surprised by the fine arrangements and the good order which was to be observed everywhere.

But we speedily found ourselves with many visitors besides the officers; for Australians frequently make the voyage for the sake of seeing what the islands are really like. The trip also affords a splendid opportunity

for a honeymoon tour, whether actual or deferred. Moreover, the steamship brought with it a Jesuit Father from Spain — a newcomer who was to take possession of the Gayaba station, which adjoined our grounds. This is a cocoanut plantation, and the money from the sale of the copra is intended to be used for the support of the Jesuits who labor in the Caroline and Marianne Islands. These island groups, as well as the Gayaba station, were formerly in charge of the German Capuchins, but had recently been given over to the Spanish Jesuits.

I was rather anxious to go on board the *Mataram,* for I knew that we were, when the time came, to embark on this steamship for Sydney; however, Brother Canisius went first, and then Father Kirschbaum, to the Captain's cabin (Capt. Hillman was in command); but afterwards we all had a long talk together. The captain, who was most agreeable, showed me some splendid photographs, and I immediately sent in an order for a number of them for use in our magazines. He gave us a cold drink and a delicious treat in the way of Australian apples, for we had had no apples in over four months, although we had become acquainted with many hitherto unknown tropical fruits. At half past seven I had May devotions in the chapel — all in English, because many of the visitors from the *Mataram* were present: many of them, too, were non-Catholics and they looked amazed and seemed quite impressed with what was going on.

The *Mataram* set out, at five o'clock on the morning of the thirteenth, for Madang, taking officers, visitors, and couples along with it. I have mentioned honeymoons, but I assure you that, about this time my attention was rather turned to the then more interesting subject of marriage *a la mode* among the New Guinea natives. June being

the 'marriage month,' I inaugurated the first day splendidly by making five Ali couples happy. I considered this quite a privilege — that is, to celebrate the Nuptial Mass for them. The names of the couples were Christian Baggaro and Agatha Amutj; Vitalis Tawell and Veronica Meinavum; Michael Parei and Gudula Akome; Quintus Ramajung and Katharina Kai; Winfred Manae and Theresia Tjalapeo.

On the second day after my arrival in our central station, when making the rounds of Doilon, I happened to walk into the big kitchen in the Sisters' compound. There was Father Wortel, surrounded by some twenty girls, all from his mission on Ali island. Eight of these girls were to go back home when the *Gabriel* went westward. The Fathers are generally pleased when, after these girls finish their course of from one to three years (they learn cooking, sewing, etc.), they find them ready to receive the Sacrament of Matrimony, having picked out their husbands from some of the boys working in the Fathers' compound, mainly on the cocoanut plantations. It has been found that when these boys and girls return home unwedded, they are exposed to the lax influence of paganism and many moral dangers: they intermarry with pagans, and so are lost to the Church; and therefore, it is usually a blessing when it becomes known that they are ready to make their matrimonial venture before leaving.

As I arrived in the kitchen, Father Wortel was assuring the young girls of his approval of their chosen life partners. "You Agatha, have Christian: that is splendid! You, Theresia, are blessed with Winfred"; and so on he went down the line. Judging from their expressions, every one was well satisfied; for indeed the missionary knew the

Father Wiesenthal's Promising Class of Native Catechists-to-be

A Group of First Communicants at the Central Station

characters of his flock of boys and girls and was well aware that each couple had chosen wisely and well.

However, when I came to assist at the several marriages, I discovered that it is certainly a difficult task to get the bashful brides to say *Yes* in this country. The young couples approached the altar (there were no wreaths nor veils for the brides, nor fancy dress suits for the grooms), and the ceremony began. When the questions were put to the "bride," in each instance she turned away, as if to say, "I will not"; but she did not mean it. It appears that they are ashamed before a crowd, and tend to become dramatic for the occasion. When the time came for the joining of hands, the bride was indeed recalcitrant; and it was only after a hard struggle that I succeeded in "tying the knot." There was the same difficulty with the ring; but with the help of the bridegroom, who made no fuss at all, I succeeded. The rest of the ceremony passed off all right. They did not leave the church together in public; each went his or her own way, for that day only. What about the wedding-breakfast? Well, that comes later — about five o'clock in the evening.

The pagan fashion of arranging marriages was explained to me by Father Wortel, who told me that the Christian boys and girls were much better satisfied with the newer method of arranging for themselves. In many places the two pagan fathers settle the affair before speaking of it to any other member of the family; and the decision thus arrived at is never questioned. Again, the girl is not even told the day of her marriage; in fact, it is carefully concealed from her. The only hint of it she gets is from observing special activities in preparing food and gay clothes. As has been said, there are hundreds of tribes; and naturally each has its own exclusive customs. In

one part, when a boy decides that he wants a girl, he paints his face with red and yellow pigment which he obtains from different clays in the mountains; and his chin, for some peculiar reason, he daubs with black. When he goes courting he wears stripes of beaten fiber back and front and around his waist, with two long tails hanging to the ground. Then he polishes his naked body by rubbing it with cocoanut oil until it glistens. At dawn the women and girls go to their garden, a short way from the village, where the taro and yams grow (women do all the labor). The would-be lover, having adorned himself, and wearing a wonderful head-dress of waving featherrs consisting of half a dozen birds of paradise, wends his way to the taro patch, and looks at his particular "fancy" for some time in silence.

After a while, he advances until about ten yards from the girl, and then cracks his fingers. She pauses in her work, and looks up at him. She appears frightened and timid, glancing shyly, and walks a little farther away. He follows her, continuing to snap his fingers. Now if the girl dislikes him, she will run as fast as she can, back to her village, crying. A great panic is caused when this girl, screaming, rushes into her father's *dubu*. Then all the unmarried girls of the village hurry out of their *dubus*, and beat the fellow with big sticks, ridiculing him unmercifully. He has a bad time of it.

If, on the contrary, the girl favors her suitor, she looks at him and smiles. They come closer together, talk, and then wander away to the bush together. Afterwards they go back to the village, and have a palaver with her father. The parent will object, and will inquire: "Have you any riches — paint, beads, mats, pigs, shells?" The fellow will announce how much he has; whereupon the girl's fa-

ther will say, "It's not enough. Can you not give more? Will your relatives give something? I want many pigs; I want big arm-shells and leg-shells, to dance in; and I want mats and ramies. You must bring more presents." The lover either says that he will give more, or that he can't.

The next development of the marriage procedure is for both families to sit for days outside their huts, while the girl's father continually demands more and more presents from the boy and his relatives: the intention seems to be to impoverish the suitor as much as possible. The girl, usually dirty, ugly, with close-clipped hair, sits opposite the boy's parents. Sometimes this bargaining goes on for a week or two, until they have got the last mite that the boy or his relatives can scrape together. The presents are heaped on the mat, in view of both families and all the villagers. When nothing more can possibly be obtained, the bride's father gives the feast. Many pigs are slaughtered, and roasted in their stone ovens: a pile of stones is made red-hot, then banana or ti leaves are laid in, and also *piggie*, with mounds of taro, yams, and bread-fruit. The entire deposit is covered with more leaves, and then the whole mass is baked.

Particularly favored eatables for these wedding-feasts are the wild sugar-cane and the heart of the young palm-trees. Rice, sweet potatoes, and sago are eaten in large quantities. With the feast ready, the party begins; they eat gluttonously, until they can hold no more. All the guests are dressed in their best, the males wearing their gorgeous head-dresses of paradise plumes and cassowary feathers. Now dancing begins, and this lasts all night. The older people like better to sit down and chew the betel-nut and lime, which, they believe, invigorates them.

Sometimes these wedding ceremonies last for days — that is, until the guests have eaten everything.

Our Catholic boys and girls, when married, have no dealings with pagans in their future life together, and one finds a genuine attachment to the Faith in them, and in their little ones as well. Then, too, there is no race suicide among the Christians, although it is quite prevalent in the pagan tribes, it being a common thing for the woman to refuse to bear children. On this subject, however, they will not speak to the white people; but the missionaries continually preach against every method of race suicide, and Christian communities show that their words are effectual.

Opening the Gates of Heaven to a Papuan Infant of Bogia

This Is the Way Some Enemy Tribes Bind Their Prisoners and Carry Them to the Place Designated for the Final 'Execution'.

CHAPTER XVI

Papuan Life

A bush mission — Three hours on horseback — The forest primeval — A slippery situation — Father Ladener describes the life of the native — Daily routine — What constitutes his idea of earthly bliss

After my Mass this morning I went with Father Becker, Father Winzenhoerlein, Father Schmitt, and Father Schaefer on horseback to visit Father Ladener in his bush mission station, Halopa, a three hours' ride by the way of Danip. A primitive trail led up and on into Halopa, through a wild forest of huge trees and all kinds of tropical plants which bent and twisted fascinatingly all about us, forming in many places a natural roof above our heads. So thick is the foliage that the sun's rays cannot pierce through. There were numbers of birds in the green foliage, eating nuts and fruits, — green parrots, red parrots, gray pigeons, huge hornbills, and lovely blue and yellow Gilliaus. In spite of the burning sun, it was like twilight. I never saw such wonderful trees, with creepers and star-like orchids growing on their trunks, and masses of brilliantly-colored fungi on the fallen timber.

One of the creepers, called *aipa,* has very curious, 'winged' seeds, like silken butterflies, measuring up to six inches across. When thrown into the air, they fly with a queer dipping motion; sometimes they descend in spirals like an aeroplane, or, if there is a slight breeze, they mount forty or fifty feet. Thousands of them are enclosed in a

globular seed-vessel larger than a man's head, and it is a wonderful sight when it opens and the seeds disperse. They are packed as perfectly as though the most precise scientific methods had ben employed, and it is almost incredible how many the capsule contains.

Great flocks of yellow-crested cockatoos were shrieking noisily, and the racuous cry of the ill-omened horn-bill reminded one of the superstition prevailing in Papua, that, when one of these birds flies over a village, the inhabitants must go and kill some one; for, 'perhaps, it is the unquiet spirit of a forefather that only blood can appease!' They usually take the life of the first person they meet; and having done their duty, according to the traditions of the tribe, they wonder why they are sent to jail.

Finally, after passing through a little village of natives, we arrived at the station, which is situated about 1300 feet above sea level. Father Ladener was surprised to see us, but he made us heartily welcome. We were objects of curiosity to the natives, for they came from all directions to have a look at the visitors.

The station is placed on a kind of artificial plateau — a very advantageous position in itself. But soon after we arrived, a heavy tropical rain came down — a veritable deluge that lasted for half an hour. It was then that we began to look at one another, thinking what it would mean, after this drenching, to attempt to descend through the 'deep tangled wildwood,' since we should have a thousand feet and more to go down on our return journey!

"That will be some descent," said Father Schmitt.

"What can't be helped must be borne," said Father Schaefer.

I, not being a missionary philosopher, said nothing: I had a vision of a certain strait in Flores, and another of a place in the Philippines where narrow trails and mud caused one to have the heart in the mouth. Nevertheless, we enjoyed a good dinner, and even composed ourselves for our usual, necessary midday nap, letting the clouds weep their weepiest. When, after a little, the storm cleared, as all such storms do, we went over the station. We found the atmosphere quite chilly, with a dampness that, we thought, would bode ill for good Father Ladener, unless he had already outgrown all tendencies to fever and rheumatism. But we continued our inspection, and after going pretty thoroughly over the whole ground, we bade farewell, saddled our horses, and began the trip downwards. We were not disappointed in our expectations, for we had to get off our horses at the steepest and slipperiest places, and frequently found ourselves in mud above our knees. The beauty of our white clothes was soon destroyed; but we stopped, mud and all, at Gayaba, to see the Jesuit Father, and did not reach St. Michael's again until after six o'clock. Truly, I felt that I had had quite enough of missionary bush life. I declined going up to Nake, which is far in the interior, — five hours' trip at least from Halopa, — where Brother Bonfilius is stationed; or to Saruga, two hours farther still, where Father Nowak was to be found.

But the Father had given me a description of the Kanaka life, and I hastened to jot it down when I reached St. Michael's, before my memory should fail me. Unlike our aboriginal tribes, the New Guinea native does not know how to divide the day into regular hours, neither has he any conception of work days and days of rest. He is swayed by his own inclinations; he does not

bestir himself unless his bodily needs or the necessities of life require it, some opportunity presents itself, or an advantage lures him. If he has made a beginning, his liking, his convenience, or in rare cases, his fatigue, dictates whether he shall go on, shall cease from work, or give up the pastime altogether. Our Fathers found, and still find, this natural trait hard to overcome.

The Papuan rises at dawn, rubs his half opened eyes with his fists, gets up, yawns, and stretches himself to drive the numbness from his limbs. He sleeps from nine or ten o'clock in the evening until about six o'clock in the morning. And there are many hours of the day during which he is accustomed to take naps. His first waking action is to reach for a leaf of tobacco, dry it at the fire until it is brittle, and rub it into a powder between his hands. A dried banana-leaf, about five inches in length and of equal breadth, supplies the wrapper. He lights the cigarrette from his fire, supremely content as he allows the smoke to escape from his mouth in fanciful circles or with a whistling sound through his nostrils. The wife and children soon follow his example. On the mainland the children begin to smoke at about ten years of age. The children of the islands do not begin quite so young, owing to the fact that there are no tobacco plantations near: the tobacco must be transported.

When the sun's rays become too warm, the native takes refuge in the shade of the cocoa tree, and begins to chew the betel-nut. These nuts he chews almost constantly during the day; he offers them to his visiting friends, and receives them as gifts. Besides the betel-nuts, the pouch about his neck contains, probably, a supply of tobacco and banana-leaves, some pepper-stalks, a ham bone to eat, a shell to scrape out the cocoanut, a sharp

bone to open the nut, several rings to adorn his body, an American knife, a mirror, a box of matches, and, perhaps, also, several bones of deceased ancestors, if it suits his fancy. But the things he considers most necessary are the betel-nuts and pepper-stalks.

The swarms of flies that light upon his naked body, not excepting his face, would be unendurable to an American, but here the people are accustomed to them and do not disturb these bloodthirsty visitors unless they become too frisky; then they rub their hands over face or limbs, crushing the unwelcome visitors.

Every Papuan is an expert swimmer. The mothers very soon accustom their children to the water by bathing them in the sea and drying them in the sand on the shore, a few days after birth. As soon as the children are able to walk, the seashore is their favorite haunt, They play in the sand and in the sea, chasing the fish or other sea animals that happen along. The mothers are not at all concerned, and everywhere it is taken as a matter of fact that a native cannot drown.

Owing to the fondness of the natives for swimming the missionaries arrange swimming-matches. Fear of the ocean depths, sharks, crocodiles, or other dangerous animals, is unknown. They swim out impetuously, and return with shouts of laughter.

The first meal of the day follows the bath; it is breakfast and principal meal at one and the same time. The next and last meal is taken at five or six o'slock in the evening. Between times the Papuan eats the ripe bananas from his plantation. The cooking, preparation, and serving of meals is the duty of the wife. The principal constituent, which is served at nearly every meal, is sago — the soft inner portion, miscalled pith, of the trunk

of the dwarf palmetto. Eaten alone, sago is insipid; therefore the cook adds cat- or dog-meat, pork, birds, or fish, to sharpen the appetite, and also perhaps, crawfish, lizards, bees, wasps, maggots, worms, grasshoppers, frogs, turtles and their eggs, as seasoning. As a second dish, the wife cooks something which looks and tastes very much like our cabbage, although the islanders have nothing but the tough leaves of certain trees to utilize for this purpose, as they do not cultivate cabbage.

When the sago has been cooked sufficiently, the wife, by means of two sticks, takes a spoonful of it out of the pot, and lays it on two crossed banana-leaves. She continues this operation until she has enough for a share about the size of a dumpling. Then she very deftly folds the leaves over the whole portion. Afterwards, she makes enough of these shares to serve the family.

Occasionally, instead of sago, "potj" is served. This is a mixture of sweet potatoes and yams, or taro; these are boiled well, mashed, and put into cocoanut shells, or on a single large plate. This completes the dinner. Since there are no tables or chairs, all the members of the family squat on the floor, and at once the sago dumplings in their banana coverings are passed around. Each one lays down his portion, unwraps the leaves, and with his left hand seizes a mouthful. With the right hand he helps himself to the vegetable, and eats greedily and hastily, without the aid of a fork. At the end of the meal he rubs his hands in the sand by way of ablution. The banana peelings and scraps are carefully gathered, not from cleanliness, but through fear of witchcraft. Especially after a meal does the Papuan like sweet idleness; so he seeks a cool spot near the sea, where he may enjoy a chat and chew the betel-nut. The subjects of conversation are always the same —

sago, tobacco, betel-nuts, wives and children, witchcraft or sorcery; nor is the smoking and chewing allowed to cease. Finally, the monotony of the prattle lulls them to sleep. After about two hours they awake, yawn and stretch, stir the fire, make and smoke their cigarettes, and then — chew betel-nut again! As long as the sago cask is full and other provisions are at hand, they do not leave their dwelling. Sometimes they make arrows, or engage in wood-carving or in basket-making.

Meanwhile, the women sit apart from the men, and entertain themeselves in much the same manner. About five o'clock the mother puts on the cooking pot, and begins to prepare the same menu as that of the morning. This meal over, the family assemble for another smoke and chat, chew a few betel-nuts, and stretch out on the ground to sleep.

As may be seen in this brief description, there is little to rouse the ambitious — that is to say, if any Papuan ever had ambition capable of being aroused. The majority ask for nothing but just this life as described, from day to day. It is their idea of earthly bliss.

CHAPTER XVII

Superstition and Witchcraft

The missionaries leave for their stations — Father Wortel unhappy — At Mount Holy Ghost — Visitation of stations — The sorcerer and his charms — The tapel — Its legend — My beautiful Pollux — A difficult trail — The wild-pig trap — The cockatoos — Beautiful Pollux runs away! — Consolation.

June 4 was Pentecost Sunday. All during the first week of our stay at St. Michael's I had said my Mass on the main altar; and so, on this great feast day of the Church, the privilege came to me of saying the High Mass also on the main altar of this our central station. The choir, under the direction of Father Noersch, sang the Plain Chant, and did it very well indeed. I offered my Mass in thanksgiving for the final approval by the Holy See of a changed Rule and Constitution for the Society of the Divine Word, which had been submitted sometime previously. Father General had just received word that the Rule had been definitely confirmed at Rome.

The Sisters' retreat had come to an end, and on the morrow they were to leave for their respective stations, with the Fathers who had made their retreat before them. I decided to accompany Father Schebesta to Bogia, and to remain with him for eight days, coming back with the *Gabriel* when it made its return trip. Thus I hoped to gain a fairly good impression of missionary life and conditions as they are experienced in the solitary mission

stations, and at the same time get some true idea of the ways of the Kanaka tribes that lived in and around Bogia and Monumbo.

On Pentecost Monday, June 5, at seven o'clock in the morning, the *Gabriel* left St. Michael's. There were on board many "graduates," or, to translate the native word, "finish-timers," — native boys and girls who had completed their course at the central station, all now going home to their respective territories. Included among them were the couples I had made happy. There were also fourteen Missionary Sisters with us, and with them Sister Dolorosia, who had been assigned to the Wewak station for the coming months. She is one of the four American Sisters in New Guinea, and she felt rather proud to be the first one of the group to be called to take up *real* mission work, as she termed it, whereas the other three were still required to remain at the central station.

We had splendid weather. Everybody on board was in the best of humor, singing and playing; for it seldom happens that so many missionaries are together, even for a few days. There was only one of the entire company who did not share in the general enjoyment: this was our Father Wortel, who had received an appointment to leave for Europe. He was called to return to Holland for work of propaganda, and he was considerably depressed, though our good Father General tried to cheer him up. This again brought home to me how deeply attached these missionaries become to the work and surroundings by which their activities are defined. Sacrifices comes as the natural thing: there is always for them a "doing without," in one way or another; and just because of this they acquire a serenity that is simply marvelous in its God-given hope and trust in Divine Providence. Nothing hurts but

incapacity, or a delay in doing something for 'their people.' Father Wortel's station at Ali was getting along splendidly; and as he had given his heart to it, the wrench of leaving it now was severe. It was no use trying to console him with thoughts of what he might accomplish *at home*. His *home* was Ali; and at any rate, such consolations would have to come decidedly later. Just now he was leaving "Joseph" and "Thomas" and "Marie," and countless other Christians in the making who needed his advice and counsel. That is the way with the missionary; and it is a real gratification for me to be able to say, at this point, that Father Wortel has since been ordered to return to New Guinea, and is now laboring again among his beloved *own*.

In two and a half hours we were at Mugil. Father Wiesenthal, disembarking here, was kind enough to grant my request that Brother Symphorian should remain with me until we reached Bogia, to take pictures for our magazines. We took six dozen plates with us, and after an hour's stop, sped onward. Some of the Sisters were a little seasick; but Brother Symphorian and I were lost in a discussion of photography and the action of the atmosphere on the plates, etc., almost until we sighted the mountains of Bogia.

Brother Canisius asserted that we would be in the harbor by six o'clock.

"Can't be done," said Father Schebesta.

"It can," observed Brother Canisius.

I'll say a rosary for your intention, if we do," said Father Schebesta.

"And I'll say ten for you, if we don't," replied the Brother.

Even the Sisters rallied a little over the fun that ensued, some taking Father Schebesta's part and others Brother Canisius'; and when, at six o'clock sharp the anchor fell in the harbor, one would imagine that there was an hilarious group of schoolboys and girls on board; such was the commotion when all began to *jolly* Father Schebesta because he had lost his bet. Since the *Gabriel* had to procure firewood at this landing, it was not to leave Bogia harbor until the morning; so all the Sisters, with the exception of two, went up to Bogia Convent to spend the night.

In the Fathers' residence were Fathers Becker, Wortel, Schmitt, and Brother Sylvester, besides Father Schebesta, Brother Priscillianus, and myself. Upon our arrival at Mount Holy Ghost, — it is an elevation of about 400 feet, — we had a little celebration, for this was Brother Sylvester's forty-eighth birthday. We had made the trip from Alexishafen to Bogia in the *Gabriel* in ten hours: the same journey by land takes at least five days, on account of the irregular coast-line and consequent circuitous road. This shows how practical and valuable our steamer is for the mission.

The air at Mount Holy Ghost was fresh and cool and there was a continual breeze, quite unlike the atmosphere of St. Michael's, and with about half the rain. It was a treat to spend Pentecost Week in a station dedicated to the Holy Spirit, and to offer devotions in His honor in a spot completely His own.

I went down to the harbor shortly after eleven o'clock, next morning, to see the *Gabriel* off. All the Sisters and priests who were leaving for their final destinations promised to co-operate with me in my missionary magazine work, by sending me articles, pictures, curi-

osities, etc. Then Father Schebesta, Brother Symphorian, and I went back on horseback to the Mount, and laid our plans for excursions during the next few days. We planned for that day (Tuesday) to visit the Onam people. On the morrow we decided that we would give the whole day to the villages of the Anniam tribe; Thursday, to the Tsepa; Friday, to the Dagoi. On Saturday we would rest and take photographs in Bogia. On Trinity Sunday, after Mass, we would continue our picture-taking in Bogia, going in the afternoon to Monumbo; and on Monday, in Monumbo again, we proposed to still be hunting with the camera, with return calls to Bogia if, perchance, the *Gabriel* hadn't yet returned.

According to schedule, we three started in the afternoon to the next village toward the South, that of the Onams, about fifteen miles' ride on horseback. There we found a "big fella kai-kai" going on. The reason for the feast was truly *Kanakian* — a woman had died suddenly, and the husband had fled (she had probably been killed by him). So the "kai-kai" was being given by the relatives of the husband, to placate the local relatives of the dead wife, and all those living in other villages. A "big fella pig" had been secured, and this with plenty of taros formed the meal. We arrived just as it was ready to serve, and we were quite busy for a while, taking photographs. The Onam people, about sixty of them in all, owe their chief renown to three principal members of their tribe: one is a "sun-maker," and the other two are "rain-makers." These people are now Christians; but before they were converted, the natives from all over the country used to go to them, to secure the aid of their witch-craft for the bringing about of either fair weather or rain, as circumstances might require. The men

Father Schebesta and the Writer in the Dagoï Village

Monumbo Men Taking Their 'Kai-kai'

made an excellent living at their 'profession'; but I have been given to wondering what happened when one worked against the other! Then there is another arrangement concerning such affairs which is not quite so pleasant: there is a tendency to kill a sorcerer if he chances to fail to make good. 'Why should he fail, unless some evil spirit is against him?' That, quite naturally, becomes the thought of those who employ such people. And the sequence of the thought demands the conclusion that, if possessed or controlled by evil spirits, the quicker he is put out of the way, the better for the comfort and future safety of all.

For, though the Papuan leads a care-free existence, he is subject to fears of evil spirits and their harmful influences, at all times. He knows not but that his next neighbor or even his best friend may be secretly employing charms or spells to prepare troubles for him, or to cause sickness and death. No matter how often he is told that the evil spirits and magic have nothing to do with physical conditions, — for instance, his own health or sickness, — and that these are but natural effects of natural causes, the Kanaka will not believe it, but will reply simply: "Idle talk; I know better."

When things go well with the pagan, he ascribes all to the oversight of a good spirit: reverses and failures — as, for instance, the failure of the yams or other crops, perhaps — are attributed to some occult power, be it of spirit or of man. How readily he sees witchcraft as the cause of failure is seen in the statement of a young archer named Kamok, who said that he had lately been missing almost every shot because he and the chief of Kremendi were at outs with each other, the chief having bewitched the betel-trees in which the pigeons and horn-bills usually

collected — and all because some school children had stolen some of the nuts.

When the Papuan stubs his toe against a stone in the road, it happens because some one has bewitched the place for him. When, by a slip of the knife, he suffers a cut or a stab, it happens because some one bewitched the knife or the wood on which he was working. Rain, sunshine, and wind storms are made by the natives. Whenever, in any one locality, the rains are untimely for the yam plants, the natives will soon be heard to say: "The people of such and such a place make rain, because they don't want us to have good yams."

Charms are employed for various purposes. There are love charms, and rain and sunshine charms. That there should be much profiteering in these matters is natural, just as there is a business of making counter-magic to counteract the evil effects of spells. The love charms which are so extensively used can probably be accounted for by the fact that there are many more men than women in New Guinea.

As a rule, the efficacy of a charm depends upon its intimate relation to the person to be bewitched. Some object that was a part of, or that was used by, the person — as hair, clothing, remains of food, spittle, or even footprints — is employed to make a charm. The Papuan therefore, removes all traces of such things. The noted cleanliness of these people is occasioned less by love of order than through fear of the making of charms by evil persons. The native takes pains to burn or bury his hair, after shaving or cutting. That which is left over of food is cast into the fire. Expectorations, connected necessarily with the chewing of the betel-nuts, are wiped up most carefully. In earlier times, when children first came to the

Sisters' Convent at Bogia Station

Men (With Spears) and Women (Carrying Fruits and Vegetables) Exchanging Merchandise in Dagoi. Some Belong to Dagoi Village, and Others Are of the Naimbom Tribe

keeping up an incomprehensible mumbling, lest harm should befall their little ones.

In times of great stress, of epidemics, or death, it is a common practice for old and young to go about on an evening, carrying firebrands of cocos or dry wood, howling through village or hut, believing that, in this manner, they will drive away evil spirits. Often, in the night, the missionary is awakened by an unearthly pounding on a drum, only to recollect that somebody imagines he has seen the Evil One. The cause of the disturbance may have been nothing more than the movement of the tall grass or of a shrub in the night breeze.

Of all dreaded evil charms, nothing is more horrifying to the native of New Guinea than the so-called *Tapel*, a sort of charm or curse which bears in its train sickness and death. Whence does this black art come, and how did it originate? I am sure that the description of this evil practice and the story of its origin will be of interest.

Many, many years ago, say the Tumleo people, there were two men who lived in the same hut on the island of Ali. They were related, and called themselves cousins: but they were really enemies, because the wife of one loved the other.

On a certain day, Moh, the embittered cousin, saw a big tree afloat in the ocean and surrounded by a large number of fish. He thereupon hastened home and invited Aliman (the other one) to go a-fishing with him. Both entered a canoe, and rowed out into the sea, close up to what proved to be a large bread-fruit tree.

"Cousin," said Moh, I will land you here, in order that you may climb the tree and look for fish."

Aliman agreed, and climbed the tree; the other rowed away. He had gone quite a distance, when Aliman called out to him to return and take him in.

But Moh replied, "Stay where you are. We are enemies. By now all is well." Then he returned to the island. Upon being asked by his friends about his cousin Aliman, he replied, "He desired to remain in the tree."

After this desertion, Aliman wept, for the current began to carry the tree, and him with it, far out into the sea; and he found himself compelled to spend the night in this eerie retreat. Thus he was driven along for many days, and no opportunity was afforded him to land. At last all the fruit of the tree had been consumed, and he was now forced to eat the leaves and even the bark. Then came a night when he heard a noise that came ever nearer and nearer. Lo, a coral reef was passing by!

"What or who may you be?" Aliman cried out to the reef. "Are you human or some evil thing from the spirit-world?"

The reef made reply, "I am Ataleo; I am nothing that is dangerous: but what or who may *you* be, — some evil thing? or are you a man?"

Then Aliman complained, "I am a poor man, and and I have been shamefully deserted by my cousin, who left me in this tree to die."

"Come down, and we will travel together; do not fear," Ataleo invited.

The poor man came down from the tree and squatted upon the back of the reef, and on they floated together. Toward the morn they sighted Tumleo. Then the reef conjured Aliman to strike out for shore; but the man hesitated, waiting for the reef to veer a little closer to the island. At last, when the reef had approached very mission school, parents would cleanse the places first, while

close indeed to the shore, Aliman leaped to land. Now as he leaped he pulled a part of the reef with him; and, as the tide had begun to set in, this half of the reef remained attached to the island shore, while only a portion of the reef regained the sea.

Then Ataleo of the reef cried out to Aliman: "See what you have wrought upon me. You have returned to me evil for good. Hasten into the huts of the Tumleo people, and collect all kinds of rubbish. Bring this to me. Then I will proceed to show you something."

So Aliman went, stealing rubbish out of the huts of the people, as Ataleo had told him. Then he brought all to Ataleo — hair, small pieces of cord, chips of fingernails, a dirty muffler, and this and that. And Ataleo forthwith proceeded to make *Tapel*. And when the Tapel was made, behold, all the inmates of those huts which Aliman had visited, and from which he had fetched the rubbish — all died on the selfsame day.

Now, when Aliman saw this, he said, "Ah, this is bad; show me something else."

This Ataleo did; and Aliman watched him and was greatly satisfied.

Then Aliman proceeded straight to the island of Ali; and there he put on an apron, and awaited the coming of the morning of the next day. As the sun's beams arose, he went directly to the hut of the cousin who was also his enemy. After the recovery from the surprise of meeting, food being required, the cousin went out and climbed a breadfruit-tree, Aliman following. At once Aliman began to make his *Tapel*, and the trunk of the breadfruit- tree suddenly grew to such dimensions that it was impossible for Moh to come down. While casting about him to know what he should do, he heard the

voice of Aliman, coming up to him from below: "As you have done unto me, so now have I to you." And Aliman went his way.

Presently a leguan (a large lizard) climbed the tree.

"My friend," Moh addressed the lizard, "whither are you going? Pray, stay with me."

"I have come on purpose to visit you." the lizard replied.

"Shall I fall, if we descend the tree together?" Moh asked.

"You will not fall," the lizard assured him; "but if you are afraid, just remain where you are."

Then Moh hastened to place his arm about the creature, and the lizard at once began to cry out, "Close your eyes, for our descent will be rapid." When they had reached the bottom, the lizard again cried, "Open your eyes," and at once disappeared.

Happy, now that he was released, Moh went back to his hut; and there he and Aliman were reconciled. But the people had learned that it was possible to avenge an evil deed by having recourse to *Tapel*.

This is the story of Tapel; and this tradition passes from one generation to another. All know how to relate it; but not all know how to make Tapel. Let us pry a little into the secret, by observing one of the sorcerers at work.

A few days before the accomplishment of the act, the sorcerer prepares for the ceremony. He drinks cocoa water, eats fried potatoes, and chews ginger instead of the customary betel-nuts. Thus occupied, we meet him preparing his magic package. A small wooden figure, painted red, representing a human body — sometimes with a

long face — stands before him. Wherever this figure is venerated, it is also feared; however, not alone is the figure dreaded, but also the owner of it. Now the sorcerer takes a large leaf and places it upon a bamboo shoot, a nettle, short ends of red cord, and, as the most efficacious and dangerous of all, scraped parts of the cassowary, and human bones and parts of the little wooden figure. To all this he adds rubbish of the kind mentioned above. After this has been made into a package, he takes it in his hands, breathes over it, and repeats an invocation which, translated, reads about like this: "May he grow thin and die; may his head be cut off; may his heart break; may his head and side ache."

Then he places the package under the ashes of his enemy's hearth. A fire is kindled over it, and the enchanted one becomes sick. If it is desired that he shall die, it becomes necessary to go out into the woods and call out the soul of the sick person. The Tapel is then beaten with a stick and thrown into the fire to burn. The sick person will now surely die, if the following formula is spoken: "May his soul come into these woods; may his heart break. Drink his blood; break his neck; break all his bones."

I have described the much-dreaded Tapel. It is impossible to describe the sad results of this superstition, for the Tapel is implicitly believed in by the pagan, and generations will come and go before the last traces of it will have vanished.

A slight illness is not much heeded, but every serious illness is believed to be the work of incantation. One of the men then undertakes to discover the culprit. He takes a few manup-leaves and rubs the body of the sick person

with them, after which the patient falls asleep, and in a dream sees the man who made the Tapel. After this person has been found, he is asked to give up the charm. If he agrees to this, it is thrown into the sea and the sick person will recover. But if, after all, the man dies, it is judged that the Tapel maker did not give up the *entire* Tapel. Sometimes all the men of a village go to the neighboring tribe and, through their relatives and friends, try to discover the culprit. Having found him, they try to induce him, by good words and presents, to completely give up the charm. If, in spite of all this, several relatives die, they take up bow and arrow and put a bloody end to the making of Tapel. Only recently one of the men expressed his regret at not being able to go into battle after a few of their number had died. "But now," he said, "that the government and you missionaries are here, we cannot do as we did formerly." If it is not possible to gratify vengeance by war, they have recourse to Tapel. If it has the desired effect, peace is restored. As a sign, a palm is planted, which is followed by a peace celebration with a sumptuous feast.

Father Schebesta had had the forethought to send word in advance to those villages that we were to visit on Wednesday, a few native boys having acted as runners for us. So, a little after six o'clock in the morning, we set out, westward, on horseback. I had a fine, white mount: Pollux they called him; and though there was not much opportunity for him to shine brightly as his namesake in the heavens, I nevertheless found him the more satisfactory. We passed through meadows and over hills, through high alang-alang grass, and into primeval forests. Our goal was Masavora, among the Anniam tribes, and we rode over an hour to get there.

Christianity began in this place in 1912. Three young men who had been studying the Christian doctrines died very suddenly, without Baptism; and this accident had such an effect on the rest of the villagers that they approached the priest, saying, "These young men delayed the *pouring of the water* too long. God knows where they are now. Take us and teach us your way, and give us your Baptism." There are about sixty people in the place.

A farther ride to the northwest, which lasted about twenty minutes, brought us to Oneputa, which has seventy inhabitants. To reach it we passed through a river filled with rocks and stones, so treacherous that we had to be on guard constantly, for a fall might mean a dangerous breakage of bones. At times we alighted and led our horses. The village, which we reached presently, is exceptionally beautiful. All the houses are in one group, not scattered over a number of plantations as is generally the case. Mission work was begun in 1913; and while the older people have not yet been won over altogether, the younger generation is Catholic.

Now we rode forward again, still to the northwest. As the sun mounted higher and higher, the air grew intensely warm; but there was a beautiful view which largely compensated for our discomfiture. Particularly toward the north the prospect was grand; there, in the far distance, one could see the volcano of Manam, *smoking leisurely!* Father Schebesta complained, occasionally, because he had not the wherewithal to secure a like satisfaction. The alang-alang grass became more and more of a nuisance, and as we, on horseback, rode through it, it was so high that it reached to our hips. We could not see the trail, but the horses knew it well. Up and down

they went, then up again. Here we passed the river Aruomo. On the opposite bank we saw a well-laid-out line of bamboo traps, set for bush rats, the latter being quite a delicacy with the natives. Farther on we passed a big trap set for wild pigs. These were round holes in which spears were set, with points upward, the holes being otherwise covered with dry leaves. A pig, failing to notice the trap, would plunge through and be impaled. We went past without quite realizing that the trap could easily have caught our horses, or even one of us, as we had come along.

Suddenly we approached an abandoned village in the bush. A number of cocoanut-palms were still standing, filled with white cockatoos who screamed and screached noisily. Father Schebesta remarked that the cockatoo is typically a product of the country, and resembles the Papuan himself: first, it is impertinent; second, it is a coward; and third, it is voracious, having an appetite that is never sated. A little hamlet consisting of a few solitary houses appeared next in our line of travel; and soon we rode into a Kanaka garden. It was unusually fine and orderly, surrounded by a fence of sticks to protect the taros, yams, sugar-cane, and other vegetables against the wild pigs. Within this garden every family in the hamlet had a certain section for itself.

Almost immediately after passing the plantation, we found ourselves at the Catholic school of Orakotsa — a very primitive structure of bushwood, the walls being of bamboo and the roof of sago-leaves. The few benches were made of tree trunks and branches of bushwood; there was a table of three pieces of wood, and in one corner was a room for the priest (or Sisters, as regulation might have it) who visited there to give catechetical instruction

to the natives. Directly before the school there was a great drum, which consisted of a big piece of tree, hollowed, and a huge stick. Presently Kanakas appeared, young and old, coming from all directions to greet us.

In the meantime we had our "luncheon" — a piece of bread and a cocoanut, the last yielding us a delicious drink. After we had thus refreshed ourselves, the lesson began. All the children are catechumens, and mission work had been begun among them only the year before. As Father Schebesta gave the instructions, a pagan woman brought her baby for Baptism; and I had the privilege of conferring the sacrament upon it. This was the first time for me to baptize in New Guinea. I called the child *Rose*, in honor of Miss Rose Dicks, who was the founder of one of our most efficient mission clubs in Chicago.

Finishing here, we went to the village proper of Orakotsa, which extended over the summit of the hill. After taking a few pictures, we turned our faces, this time southwest, toward Arimesi. We could see it almost at once, and it appeared to be very near, but we had a number of harrowing experiences to go through before we reached it.

It was close upon noon. All about us was the tall alang-alang grass, and we rode up and down hills seemingly without number. The soil was rather hard. Finally we came to a little brook, the descent to it being quite steep; and when we got down, we had to cross and go up again. Our thirsty horses drank deeply of the water, and then Father Schebesta and Brother Symphorian started on. I set my horse to the steep incline, but his feet struck loose soil, and he went back into the water. I jumped down, to give him a chance to regain solid ground without my weight, when he broke away from me and started

off into the forest, on a wild gallop. I ran after him; but I might as well have tried to capture the wind. But I knew better than to follow too far; for it would be the easiest thing in the world to get lost, and there was no chance of overtaking the beast. But as it was I found myself alone, with my two fellows a half-mile ahead of me, and my horse on his way back, evidently, to his own ground at Bogia. Then I became aware of the three boys who were following us on foot. I set them to catch my miserable Pollux, and retraced my own steps to the brook, then on foot up its steep side, shouting loudly at intervals, not knowing which direction to take. Finally, my confrères came back, and they had a hearty laugh; and you can imagine that I was the butt of some good-natured jibes for the next few hours! We lost no time, however, I trotted alongside for a while; then Father Schebesta walked, and I rode. We agreed to this arrangement, changing every half-hour or so, until we returned to Bogia in the evening.

In this manner we reached another hamlet, called Sissick. Here I found consolation for all my distress. A mother sat in the doorway of an open hut, with an emaciated, feverish, suffering child in her arms. Several men called to us, drawing our attention to the little one, and asking us to baptize it (though I found out afterwards that these men were not Christians). I noticed a terrible wound in the baby's little foot; and while baptizing it, another child was brought by another woman. It had the same disease, and presented a frightful appearance, while the dreadful stench which came from these wounds was so offensive that I had to turn away my head. Poor little children! They received Baptism; and I called one *Joseph*, and the other, *Bruno*. They would soon leave this earth, I knew, and enter paradise.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Heart of the People

The tambaran — Potpouri soup — Birth-control among the Tsepa people — The activities of the Papuan woman — The Dagoi tribe — I sample roast taro, but suddenly lose my appetite — Evening reminiscences — The legend of Meulilave.

We mounted our horses again and went off — that is, two of us mounted and one walked. Following this procedure we reached the village of Sangen at half past twelve o'clock. As we entered the village, Father Schebesta called my attention to a certain hut, more prominently situated than the rest. Strips of leaves hung down over the two doors. Inviting me to follow him, he entered abruptly, explaining as he did so that this was a *tambaran* or ju-ju, or spirit-house, in which the pagan boys and girls are 'initiated.' In the room we found the large bamboo flutes which are blown at certain intervals as a warning to the women not to approach the hut. There were two boards, placed in a sloping position against the wall; and on these boards the young people are obliged to remain until, after circumcision, their wounds are healed. There was plenty of food in the hut, and evidently a "big fella kai-kai," as they call their feast, was to take place.

Just as we were about to leave, I was glad to welcome Thomas, one of our three boys, who came toward us, leading my pony Pollux!

In a half-hour we were at Aramesi. Ten or fifteen minutes' ride before we reached this village we came upon a wide, open plateau that had been the site of one of Father Schebesta's former mission stations — a spot which he was forced to abandon because of the terrific thunderstorms of the locality. The view was particularly beautiful; from the high ground one could see the entire surrounding country, especially toward the sea and the Manam. Even the *Bem,* another volcanic island, and the Schouten Islands were visible.

Arrived at Aramesi we went at once to the mission station, where the teacher and catechist, Bernard, and his wife, Nothburga, awaited us. The latter had a good meal ready: potpourri soup (take notice, house mothers!), beans, peas, cabbage, and canned sausage — this last sent up by Father Schebesta. I could not begin to give a list of the rest of the ingredients, but they reminded me of the colored soldier who called his dish of hash "accumulations, sah!" Frankly, I had my doubts about the cleanliness of the culinary product, after seeing Nothburga. She was less than scantily dressed, and carried her baby in a net on her back, while little Buca, her first-born, played about the room; and when she paused, as she often did, to wipe the perspiration from her forehead and cheeks, I don't think she was careful where that perspiration went! However, if you had ridden hours over a hard road, crossed rivers, and climbed mountains, and if hunger were gnawing at you, you would probably do as we did, sit down and eat the soup!

There had been a good start made in Aramesi for a fine mission station: there was a temporary chapel, a small schoolhouse, and a missionary's house then in course of construction, with all the people engaged in helping with

the work. They felt much honored, apparently, because of our visit to them. We stayed until the middle of the afternoon, when we felt obliged to turn eastward toward Bogia. We arrived at our morning's starting point at half past five o'clock.

During the entire morning, next day (Thursday June 8), we rested, but went in the afternoon to see the Tsepa people, who lived about a half-hour's horseback ride distant, down into the valley. All the people there are Christians, and all well remembered our Father Neuhaus, now 'farm boss' at Techny, who was transferred from the New Guinea mission, some years ago. They were pleased when I told them that he spoke of them often, and that they were regularly remembered in his prayers. They asked me whether I intended to go back to America; and when I answered in the affirmative, they said, "Do not forget, Father, to tell our Father Neuhaus that the Tsepa people now have many children." It was not always so, for the pagans here have their own methods of birth-control, and the missionary is obliged to warn them, again and again, against this evil. That Father Neuhaus' former admonitions had borne fruit was shown in the crowd of healthy, happy children that filled the village.

We took a number of photographs and were about to go when we were asked to visit a sick woman, whom Father Schebesta had seen the previous day in the best of health. We found her lying outside the hut, and her husband was engaged in burning some firewood near her, to warm her. No one knew the real nature of her illness, but she was evidently in terrible pain. Another woman came, lifted her on her back and carried her into the hut. Father Schebesta heard her confession, and we went on again.

There are some one hundred and fifty Catholics among the Tsepa people, and they gave every evidence of living wholesome Catholic lives. Holy pictures and crucifixes were in every hut into which I peered, and everywhere I found the women busy, contented, and happy. The Papuan wife always has her definite duties to perform. It devolves upon her to manage the household affairs, to attend to the cooking, and to take care of the children. Under existing conditions, naturally, the little ones do not get the training necessary for them, and even many of the Christian mothers are more interested in the preparation of the meals than in keeping their children clean. Moreover, as family washing is unknown in these regions, it is not difficult to picture to oneself the, to us, very unsatisfactory conditions of the home life. But Rome was not built in a day, and patience with these people inevitably brings its own reward.

The native wife builds her own cooking stove. Three stones of equal height are placed together in such a position that a pot may rest above on the triangular opening thus formed. After kindling a fire and placing a pot of water on the stove to boil, she sits down on the floor to smoke a cigarette, or to chew betel-nut. When the water begins to boil, she strides over to the sago-vat which stands on one side of the room, loosens with a stick or a knife sufficient of the sago for a mess, and crushes it into meal between her hands. Taking a dipper made from a cocoanut shell, she fills it with the boiling water, and pours this over the sago. The liquid mass is now passed through a sieve-like texture, thus freeing it from dirt and other foreign particles.

After the cleaning-process, the cook adds more boiling water, until the sago has absorbed the required amount

and has the appearance and consistency of paste. This soon becomes stiff, and the wife apportions the shares for the family, as has already been described. To us, this may seem a very simple process, but it occasions her considerable exertion; for, during the cooking-procedure, her face is always adorned with heavy beads of perspiration.

The prudent housewife also sees to it that there is always an abundant supply of shell-lime on hand, for the betel-chewing. The shell fish lie in the bed of the streams, where the current is gentle, and the women secure them by diving. When cooked, the shells spring open, and the contents are used for food. When she has saved a sufficient number of the shells to justify her labor, she builds a large nest of sago or cocoa leaves at a short distance from the house. The leaves are strung together with strips of fresh bark which are somewhat fire-proof, and a circle on the ground is formed with them. The shells are placed in the center, and a fire lighted. Owing to the disagreeable odor that ensues, the wife leaves the place, returning after several hours to carry home the burned shells, which she crushes into powder. By means of a cocoa leaf, which serves the purpose of a shovel and funnel at the same time, she conveys the lime into the calabash. One of the Fathers told me that he tried to chew betel-nut at one time, with the lime and a piece of pepper-tree by way of seasoning. He said that his mouth soon became full of red-hot juice, which he expelled quickly, and that after the chewing was over, he felt a little dizzy. Evidently betel-nut is not for teetotalers.

The care of the animals also devolves upon the woman. The young of the wild hogs are easily tamed, and become very much attached to their mistresses, following them around the dwelling and accompanying them to

the plantation. The mother, who in most cases troubles herself very little about her children, gives great attention to the young pigs, carrying them in her arms and even chewing their food for them. Should one of these pets be killed accidently, she covers herself with clay, and hides in her dwelling for several days. Since the pigs occupy the family bed (i.e., the floor), it often happens that the mother finds her pet cuddled up by her side on awaking in the morning.

On Friday, June 9, we mounted our horses at seven in the morning, and went down to the plantation, then eastward to the boundary between the mission plantation and that of the New Guinea Company, — partly along the coast, partly through quiet, dense forests, — till, at the end of two hours, we reached the village of the Dagoi tribe. The first thing that impressed us here was the orderly arrangement of the houses. They had been erected in one place, adjoining the seacoast. We were thirsty, and cocoanuts brought down from the high trees by the native boys soon refreshed us. We took a few pictures, finding, a mile or two west of the village, a number of subjects for the camera among some of the Onaw and Dagoi people, who were trading while certain women fished. One native was eating a roasted taro; and when I signified my desire to taste it, he held it out to me and I broke off a piece. I found it very good eating. Evidently amused at my curiosity, the chap took off his *nose-bone* (this was one of his facial ornaments) and with it broke off another piece for me, handing it to me with twinkling eyes. I ate that piece, too; but I suppose that our readers will not have to be told why I suddenly lost my relish for roast taro.

Getting Ready to Leave Bogia Harbor

The Mataram Moored to the Bank at Alexishafen While Waiting to Receive a Cargo of Copra for Sydney, N. S. W. The Gallant Captain Hillman of the Steamship Is Extremely Popular All Along the Route of the Burns-Philp Line

On our way back we stopped at the harbor station of Bogia, where we again took a drink of delicious cocoanut milk: there is nothing to drink to equal it anywhere in the United States, I am sure. While we were eating we were surprised by a band of about forty men, women, and children, — some of the women were carrying their babies on their backs, — who arrived to trade taros for a pig or a little tobacco. Brother Priscillianus acted as interlocutor, and I think the proceedings were as amusing as a minstrel show. These people were of the Aniapaki tribe — people specially renowned for their dancing.

In the evening our conversations turned upon the scenes we had witnessed during the day; and finally I reverted to the tambaran house we had come upon, in the morning, at Sangen. The good Father had much of the lore of these people at his finger-tips, and he then and there began to tell me many things I had been anxious to know.

The best local site is always taken for a place of worship, and grouped about this central area are the native houses. All are kept in fine condition, the tambaran (idol) house being built in a straight line with, but some distance apart from, the others, with shrubs and plants growing on either side. In one village there is a spirit house (tambaran) which measures one hundred and twenty feet in length. In another there are two such houses, each one hundred feet long. The clay floors are kept clean (notables are buried beneath), and the whole area is marked out in some design, outlined with small shells. The large spears kept in these places show that human encounters are not infrequent, moreover, the skulls of victims are always hung within. Besides the natives'

drums, and other things, which have already been described, they also have large masks to fit a man — frightful things to look at. The top of these spirit houses is usually decorated with a bird with large beak and wings turned upward, seemingly lifting itself up to higher regions, as if the souls of these stone-age artists had a longing for a higher motive than to be found on this earth. Below the gabled roof is a large face; or, in other instances, two large eyes are seen under the palm roof, which extends like a cap on the head, and below this is a large nose decoration. The tambaran itself is prominently placed, and the image is generally of enormous dimensions. At any rate, its very size and position prove the fact that these uncivilized natives have some conception of, and belief in, a higher being.

The legend of the spirit-house, as often told about the campfires, runs as follows:

A long time ago there lived a man named Meulilave, who was a great chief and the head of a large family. One day he sat alone on the platform of his dwelling-house, and dreamed of the possible future greatness of his tribe; but how to attain to the requirements of his special vision, under the existing social conditions of village life, he was at a loss to know. However, as he dreamed on, he was suddenly made aware of the presence of some one near him. He turned and said, "Who are you?" And a voice replied, "I am Avaralaru." He was greatly alarmed, because he knew his visitor could be no other than the god of the northwest wind; and so he feared greatly.

Avaralaru then said, "O Meulilave, are you not ashamed of your conduct — you, a great chief, the head of a large family? Why do you sit here under the roof that should cover women and children only? Why do you dream of the possible greatness of your posterity, and

do nothing to make your name live among them? You see evils in the social life of your people; up and be doing, to remedy them! Build a large house; let its ridge-pole in front point toward the sky, and its rear-end point toward the earth. Build it on high piles, with a spacious platform in front, that its entrance and front aspect may represent a *semese* (warrior), the edge of the platform to suggest his chin, the whole front, from the platform to the end of the ridge-pole, the upper part of his face, and at the end of the ridge-pole, pointing skyward, fasten a tuft of long grasses like the white feathers worn by warriors.

"Take heed to my words, O Meulilave, for I am the god of the northwest wind. See to it that the house is sacred to the males of your people, and before you drive piles on which you will build it, do not forget to seek the help and protection of the warriors' god.

"When the piles are ready to be put in their places, assemble all the young warriors of your tribe, together with the men of your generation; you shall head the procession and march to the site chosen for the sacred house. Let the young men beat drums, blow conch shells, shout and chant; but you and the old men of your tribe must pray to your warrior god to protect the braves while they build the sacred house to his honor and the welfare of posterity. Do everything as I command you, and when the house is completed see to it that no female, old or young, ever ascends its platform or enters within. Forbid your unmarried men to enter the houses of your women and children, and warn them never to divulge the secrets of warriors to women.

"Thus have I spoken, I, Meulilave! If you fail to obey my words, I will cause the northwest wind to blow;

it shall cause the sacred house to tremble that you may know I am angry. And if you do not cease from wrong-doing, and if you heed not the things I have said to you, I will overthrow the sacred house and bring all manner of ills upon your people."

CHAPTER XIX

Mission Progress

The change wrought in twenty-five years — A man of many tongues — The "wireless" of New Guinea — Mass in a beautiful chapel — A souvenir for our museum — I feel an "earthquake" — The Sisters and the charges — How the children amuse themselves — The fate of twins.

The Saturday that followed was a day of rest. I read Father Limbrock's story of the Bogia mission station — a diary wherein this pioneer missionary describes the first weeks and months of life in New Guinea, twenty-five years earlier. That night I had a new experience. There was a full moon, and about two hundred people, coming from all directions and composed of a number of tribes, appeared in the mission compound and set up temporary headquarters about the mission precincts, building fires, and some even securing for themselves sleeping provisions in the schoolhouse, a building which had formerly been the chapel. There were many children with them, and the whole gathering made a regular bivouac. A number of the newcomers proceeded to go to confession, and they performed many another quiet act, here and there, which brought a comforting conviction to those of us who looked on for the first time, of the actual value and meaning of their religion to them. Twenty-five years before this, paganism and fetichism reigned supreme, but now Christians and Christian descendants of the first converts came from miles away to receive the

sacrament of penance, the word of God, and the Bread of Life. Some of them, I learned, had walked four, some five, hours, over hill and dale, to reach the station from their homes. And I was assured that this sight which I looked upon was no unusual gathering. Father Schebesta told me that numbers thus came at the end of every week. The big wooden drum at the mission station is beaten every Saturday at three o'clock in the afternoon, to remind those living two or three hours' travel distant not to forget that the morrow will be Sunday. What an example for many Catholics at home!

The children had a great time: they played, had games, and performed all sorts of antics; and Brother Priscillianus went around like a good angel among the crowd, distributing bread and bananas. Father Schebesta gave several catechetical instructions, to various groups of the different tribes present. It is necessary for him to have command of five languages or dialects, each differing greatly from the others. But the whole idea of the peoples' coming presents many practical advantages; and besides, Father Schebesta visits the people in their villages every fortnight. By way of aside I want to say that in the morning I baptized a little *Onam* baby, naming it *Peter,* in honor of our Father Provincial at home.

At half past five o'clock, promptly, the next morning (you will remember it was Trinity Sunday and June 11) there was a great beating on the wooden drum, and the church bell rang loudly, — warnings for all in the compound to arise, although for some time before this (as soon as it had grown light, in fact) there had been conversations here and there among the women. When the drum and the bell sounded, however, there was a general yelling, screaming, whistling and jumping; while some among a few groups started fires, for it is always

chilly in the morning. But the nights are chilly as well; and for this reason fires were kept up all night by many of the groups. From time to time they lighted their big "home-made" cigars and cigarettes in the flames, smoking with more zeal than grace. At seven o'clock the four big wooden drums next the station building were beaten; and the noise was certainly terrible, with a queer wildness about it that seemed truly in keeping with the surroundings. I am told that these wooden drums can be heard five miles away — in fact, they are the "wireless" of New Guinea, and messages are sent on and on in this way. The loud beating at the time conveyed word that Mass was to begin in half an hour; and in the meantime many people went to Father Schebesta to confession. This going and coming kept up until half past seven. At that hour I had the privilege of celebrating High Mass in the most beautiful mission chapel in the entire vicariate. The Plain Chant was well sung, and there was a congregation of five hundred. Father Schebesta preached, and at the end of Mass Benediction was given. And from then till ten o'clock the people brought their troubles, requests, etc., to Father Schebesta; and after he had listened and helped and counseled them, they went home. Within half an hour after ten o'clock silence reigned throughout the place, for all were making their way back to their homes, trudging through the dense alang-alang grass.

At three in the afternoon Brother Symphorian and I left to pay a visit to the villages of the Monumbo tribe. First we came upon the habitations of the Boleteke (the name means *pigsty*), then to the Boikulu (meaning *betel and bread-fruit*); then to the Kumana (*middle* or *central group*); and then, successively, to Kamasine, Ambu, and Samu-Samu. In each place we made it a

point to *visit* first; later, we took pictures. I also bought a miniature canoe on this occasion, and we have it now in the museum at Techny; experts who have examined it, consider it a rather valuable piece of craftsmanship. During the same visit I made the acquaintance of one named Gabriel, who had formerly been a catechist. He spoke German fluently: in fact, he spoke the best German I heard from the tongue of any native while in New Guinea. The people in all these villages, especially the women and girls, receive a part of their education and training from the Sisters in the various stations, and thus they also have acquired some knowledge of the language. Indeed, I found that practically all the natives knew enough to carry on a conversation, and we were greeted everywhere at all the stations with the friendly German "Gruess Gott!" (Praise God!) But nevertheless, I found none to speak German like Gabriel!

In Samu-Samu we found the men building a big canoe under a specially built hut: it was here being concealed so that the women should have no access to it until it was entirely finished and solemnly launched, with a great celebration, — "kai-kai" and "sing-sing," as they call it. At the end of the same village we came across a group of twenty men, who sat squatting on the ground, just about to begin a big meal. It was during this trip, too, that I saw an amazing sight — a young woman of about eighteen years, undergoing what must have been great torture. She was lying flat upon the ground, while, at work upon her quivering body was an ancient crone who, with a sharpened piece of shell, cut deep gashes in the flesh of the abdomen. The girl undergoing the operation endured it with stoical courage, though her face twisted and her muscles contracted in a spasmodic tremor each time the woman gashed her. The *artist*

was cutting a "scar pattern," which is the highest type of personal adornment these pagan people know. The cuts were made diagonally underneath the skin, and to the depth of a full quarter of an inch; so that, as each was made, there was a flap of skin turned up which varied from a thin edge to a thickness equal to the full depth of the cut.

The girl looked as though she regretted that she had asked to have the thing done to her, but that having started it, she was afraid of ridicule if she did not go on with it. Eight cuts had been made when the girl decided that she could stand no more; and the old woman desisted, after rubbing dirt into the wounds, then carefully patting the edges and applying broad, fresh leaves to them, as a dressing. The leaves and dirt were held in place by thongs of hide bound around the body. The purpose of the dirt rubbed into the wounds was to make them fester, and thus to raise the great wales that are so admired.

It was but a little after half past five o'clock when we arrived again at the mission station. And it was at this juncture that Father Ricken and Brother Symphorian played a trick on me. I had previously mentioned that I should like to know what an earthquake felt like. So they went under the rectory, which was built on posts; and while I was taking a little rest, they moved the building from side to side — violently enough to make me believe that the Manam was really performing in my honor.

On Monday, June 12, I offered Mass at the main altar of the Sacred Heart; then we started the taking of a few pictures, and later went to three Monumbo villages[1] which

[1] Monumbo means, in all probability, *the village of the Manam.*

are farther west of the station — Kaura, Laluka, and Kosa-Kosa (the last named signifying *a swampy place*). But we returned to the central station early; and I was glad, for I wanted to talk with the Sisters residing there, in order to learn the special significance of their work. They had a dozen girls under training, who were being instructed in all kinds of useful arts. Here as elsewhere the Sisters have many amusing as well as consoling experiences with the children in the schools. One day, in a catechism class, Sister Hermenegild told me that she was explaining the value of a good intention, admonishing her pupils to do everything for the honor and glory of God.

"Whether you are required to work, or to go to school, just say *God taka* — 'for the greater honor of God I am going to school,' or, 'for the love of Jesus I am going to work today.' "

Then, addressing herself to one of the worst truants in the class, she said,

"Now what are you going to say, Henry, when you do not want to go to school?"

And the little fellow answered, entirely unconcerned,

"For the greater honor of God, I am going to stay at home."

But there are extremely consoling happenings, also. These children, as well as the grown folk, suffer from open sores and wounds, and Sister tells them that they must bear these pains for the love of God. On one occasion, while she was dressing a little fellow's foot, the rest gathered round him.

"Just tell Jesus that you are suffering this for Him." they said; and they would not desist until the patient repeated the words with them.

When the school was built, these youngsters helped, carrying wood, sand, and bricks from the coast. It was no easy task; but one day one of the girls came to Sister Hermenegild, and said,

"Sister, the planks *were* heavy! But we said to Jesus: 'Jesus, Your cross was much heavier than our load'; and so we gladly carry this for you!"

And so I thought to myself that I had truly come upon the significance of the Sisters' tasks. Such incidents bring the real consolations for the workers here, who are constantly on the alert lest the children lose any of their acquired Catholic practices. The parents do not insist upon the children's saying their prayers at home; but nevertheless, most of the little ones say their morning and evening prayers quite faithfully, though they complain:

"Whenever we start to pray, the people in our village say,

" 'Don't pray; that hurts our ears.' "

"And when we sing:

" 'Do not sing those Catholic songs; sing our folk-songs.' "

One of the greatest faults of the people is their cruelty to, and lack of consideration for, the sick and needy. They spit upon the ground before a cripple, to show their contempt and disgust at his sad state; and if they do not go so far as that, they scold and ridicule him. One day, when Sister Hermenegild visited a leper who was old and also blind, the Kanakas asked her:

"Why do you visit that old fellow? He is not worth it."

When she explained to them that this poor man, now that he was baptized, would go to heaven with exactly the same certainty that was guaranteed to other good peo-

ple, they began to comprehend her object in visiting the sick man.

If a child who had lost his parents and had had nothing to eat came to school, it would be a remarkable thing, indeed, to find other children sharing their dinner with the unfortunate one.

"You have neither father nor mother," they would be almost certain to say: "You have absolutely nothing at all!"

Which only goes to show how necessary are the Catholic teachings.

When not restrained by school rules and regulations, the children spend the day in "sweet rejoicing," and are generally found catching fish, lizards, ants, or locusts. For the lizard hunt, boys and girls assemble early in the afternoon, armed with bows and arrows. All the children take their turn in climbing the cocoa trees where the lizards are generally found, in order to frighten them and thus chase them down the tree. But when the timid animals see their enemies below them as well as above, they are driven to turn again. Then the boy or girl, whoever it may be, who climbed above in the first place, slides carefully down the trunk and catches the animals, generally with the hand, but sometimes with arrows. The lizards are then strung together, just as fish are strung, a piece of willow-bark being thrust through the mouth.

In gathering ants, the youngsters have very little difficulty. The ants of the country round about have forked antennae which aid them in gathering masses of leaves in which they lay their eggs. After arranging a cluster of sufficient size on the limb of a tree, the tiny creatures weave a close web around the entire mass, leaving one small opening. As soon as the eggs have been hatched, the children cut off these nests and take them home, where

they are put into boiling water until the insects are dead. Then they are separated from the leaves and eaten with sago. Gathering locusts is another sport of the children, and their appetite for these insects is great indeed.

During the vacation period, Sister Hermenegild was sent by her Superiors to Masawora, where twins had just been born to a mother. According to pagan tradition under such circumstances, one child must be put to death. The Sisters meant to baptize the children and to try to save the one that was doomed. The village, when she got there, seemed deserted, as all the people were at work on the plantations: only a few hogs fled into the bush at her approach.

After searching and inquiring a while, she saw the mother sitting under her house, nursing a little boy. She asked her where the other child was, and the mother said that she had given it — it was a girl — into the care of another woman. Sister, after finding an old one-eyed creature with the child in her lap, made the mother take the two children, and told her that the mission would adopt the second child if she did not want it. The woman only laughed, although she permitted both children to be baptized. One was named *Michael*; the girl, *Gabriella*.

One morning, very early, Sister Hermenegild noticed the mother of the twins before the house. She asked her about her babies; and she was shown little Michael, who was the picture of health.

"Where is Gabriella?"

"Dead."

"What caused her death?"

"Awasa (that was the name of the old woman) did not care for the little one. What could we do? We have enough."

This is, indeed, the general state of affairs when twins are born in New Guinea!

The more I have traveled in mission lands, the more have I been vividly impressed with the great importance of our Missionary Sisters in these countries. Indeed, what would the Church, and especially the missions, be without our devoted Sisterhoods? We Catholic Americans know full well how greatly indebted we are to them for their indispensable educational and charitable services in our own country. Without Sisters, all the priests' missionary activities in New Guinea would be likewise incomplete and, in the long run, doomed to failure. Any visitor of the mission will be struck at once with the noticeable difference that exists between those stations where the priest is assisted by a number of Sisters and those where all the work devolves upon the priest alone.

As has been shown, a Sister's missionary activity in New Guinea is, on the whole, the same as that of her Sisters in America; it is mainly educational and charitable. Most of the Sisters are active as teachers and nurses. A number of them do splendid work as catechists; accompanied by one or two native girls, they go out, every week, either on foot or on horseback, to the neighboring villages to instruct the little ones and the adults in the truths of our holy religion. Upon such occasions they go about to the thatched huts of the natives, seeking to help the needy and suffering. Sometimes they prepare the dying; frequently they baptize those in danger of death; and in such cases, upon their return to the station, they report to the misionary observations made which may be useful to the Father on his next visit to the place. Wherever there are Sisters in a station, they as a rule conduct classes in domestic economy, composed of native girls who board

with them and who thereby come speedily to learn the various branches of housekeeping, such as cooking, sewing, mending, and even gardening. With the help of these girls, the Sisters also take care of the church and the sacristy, do the washing, and prepare the meals for the priests and Brothers. What this last service means for every priest and Brother only those will be able to appreciate who, like the majority of our New Guinea missionaries, have to do all the washing and cooking themselves, or are obliged to depend on some native boy who hardly knows the rudiments of the culinary art, and, as for the laundry work, has (that is to say, generally speaking) received a diploma for his cleanliness!

The principal merit, however, of our Missionary Sisters consists in their influence upon the native womanhood. Not until a mission can, through a band of Sisters, exert its influence on the pagan women, will it succeed in attaining to great growth or real, solid development. Without the Sisters, all missionary efforts in pagan lands remain but a haphazard affair.

In the territory of New Guinea there are at present eight of the prinicpal stations in which the priest is assisted by the Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost. Seventeen Sisters are working at the central station, and there are three at each of the following stations: Bogia, Monumbo, Wewak, Boikin, Yakamul, Ali, and Tumleo — a total of thirty-eight Sisters in the whole mission. Four of them must be of especial interest to us. I have mentioned them before: they are the first American Sisters, S.Sp.S., sent out to New Guinea from Techny, Ill., in the year 1921. They are Sisters Clara, Matritia, Frances, and Dolorosia. I found them happy and cheerful, although they had begun to realize, *in concreto*, the sacrifices which New Guinea mission life implies. Repeatedly

I have been assured that they have made a most favorable impression, both upon the natives to whom their services are given, and also upon the older workers in the field. In fact, all the missionaries seemed to express but one desire concerning them, and that was that the good Lord might send them a dozen 'such fine American Sisters, every year.'

At the various mission stations I have had occasion to kneel at the grave of here a missionary priest, there another, or a Brother or Sister, long since gone to their great reward. From the time of the foundation of the mission twenty-six years ago, not fewer than thirteen Fathers, seven Brothers, and twelve Sisters have sacrificed the best part of their lives in the service of the Divine Master. All of them died prematurely, most of them falling victims to exhaustion from over-work, or to various tropical diseases (malarial and black-water fevers, and other illnesses). Nearly all of the priests who had gone to their eternal reward were well known to me in the days of my seminary life. Among others, I stood also at the grave of my own classmate, the Reverend Francis Scherer, S.V.D. We had studied together, and were ordained on the same day: he was but a day younger than I. He had always been a good chap, but had had one fault which made him a "hopeless case": he was too severe with himself, and a year's work in this tropical climate brought his young life to an end. There he rests, with some of his confrères, under the majestic palms of the cemetery of Tumleo, awaiting the day when all shall meet again in the heavenly paradise.

A singular, indefinable thrill came over me when I passed from grave to grave of our deceased missionaries — a thrill of joy and of pride that, as a brother of those messengers of our holy Faith, I had a claim upon a special

share in the fruits of their merit and intercession. But I also experienced a certain realization of my own littleness in the thought of how more *they* were in the sight of God — they, who, abandoning all that was near and dear to them at home, had devoted their young lives to arduous mission service in one of the most distant parts of the world, among an indolent pagan population, bare of every trace of civilization, After "fighting the good fight" with the powers of darkness, they were laid to rest, *"in somno pacis,"* waiting to enjoy forever the reward promised to all apostles.

After our afternoon's nap I enjoyed a dip in the cool Monumbo river; and then we left, returning as we had come, through the six eastern villages, taking some pictures in Samu-Samu. I had an interesting conversation with Gabriel, the catechist, when we met again on the way back; and he told me that there were some fellows left in the Monumbo district who had eaten human flesh, and that *most* of the older ones had at least tasted it in their younger days, — principally the flesh of captives taken in battles with the Nubian and Tsepa tribes. He asked me if there were no cannibals in the United States, and I could truthfully say that I had never seen any. In turn I questioned him concerning the report made by the missionaries and by the editors of certain scientific magazines that the Monumbo do not like children.

"It is true," he answered; "we do not."

But he would give me no reason for this antipathy. As a matter of fact, his own family is not above reproach when it comes to the subject of children.

At six in the evening we returned on horseback to Bogia.

I said my last Mass on Bogia hill next morning. Our mission steamer *Gabriel* was expected back that day from the West, and we did indeed sight it at nine o'clock, as it swung around from Monumbo bay. It was very fine, quiet weather, and our staunch craft looked very stately as it glided in those near-by waters.

During nine days spent with Father Schebesta and Brothers Symphorian and Priscillianus, I had learned much: altogether, I had reviewed about a third of Father Schebesta's "diocese" (it is far too large to be called a parish); I had seen much of the interesting Monumbo tribe; and I had gathered a wonderful collection of ethnological curios for our mission museum at Techny. Father Schebesta had been exceedingly generous in his offerings for this purpose.

To our great delight we saw Fathers Meyer, Hesse, Averberg, and Niedenzu, as well as Brothers Arbogastus, Ferdinand, and Bartholomew coming up the hill. There were seven Sisters also. All had been on board the *Gabriel*, and were on their way to the retreat to be held at the central station. We spent a few happy hours together, and at four o'clock all said farewell and went down to the seashore together, bidding the good religious we left behind us a fervent Godspeed.

CHAPTER XX

Two Notable Feasts

A gale at sea — Making ready for the Corpus Christi procession — How the natives know the feast-days — I hear native confessions — A fishy collection — "Father America" — Saints Peter and Paul, and William — A celebration — Splendid native dances.

The *Gabriel* left at six o'clock, just as the sun was setting, and for the next two or three hours rode on even keel. But very suddenly, at 9.30 p.m., a storm sprang up, and soon developed into a real gale. Brother Canisius, our captain, was at his post, giving quiet commands to his boys, while all the passengers looked for shelter. I found the air so oppressive in the saloon that I deserted it for the dining-room. Here I came upon an old scene, worthy of a camera. On the benches round the table the Brothers had stretched themselves. Beneath the table were two of the Sisters, the center of a group of native women and their babies, with whom they were chatting in kindly fashion. I thought I'd take my place on *top* of the table, but I could not rest. I soon left the cabin, for there was too little fresh air to suit me, and went on deck. It was still blowing; but I liked it, and liked it even better still when, in about half an hour, there was a lull, and I could chat with Brother Canisius, until my eyelids drooped and I found the mattress lying near the commander's bridge a welcome neighbor. I slept until the rain began; but as soon as it came down in earnest, I was forced to

change to a more sheltered corner, where the Kanaka crew lay stretched out. There I slept, off and on, until half past four o'clock, when we reached the harbor of Mugil. Father General kept to his cabin and managed to rest fairly well.

Three Fathers and the Brothers went ashore; but Father Hesse remained to say Mass for the Sisters in the cabin of the *Gabriel*. We said our Masses at the coast chapel, and then went up to the station on the hill for breakfast. At eight o'clock we left again on the *Gabriel* (it was still raining), traveling farther westward. Everyone seemed to be more or less miserable, and, I think I had an extra dose for my portion when we came to round the two capes, which the *Gabriel* always takes in a shaky fashion. Fortunately, the boat carried a good cargo of copra (some forty tons), and there were so many passengers on board that the shaking was not really so bad, and the *Gabriel* held its own.

At 10.40 we landed at St. Michael's (Doilon, or Alexishafen), where every one was busy making ready for the Corpus Christi procession which was to take place on the following day. The Fathers and the Brothers who came on the *Gabriel* brought a number of valuable curios from their respective stations, so that New Guinea began to bid fair to outshine all of our other mission stations in its contributions to our museum at home. To our great regret we found Sister Frances (one of our four American Sisters) quite ill. She had a fever, and could hardly move her limbs: to me it appeared to be an acute attack of rheumatism. Father General was so sorry for her and so anxious to cheer her up that she declared he had made her better simply by *coming*.

The following day (June 15) was Corpus Christi, and we had glorious weather. The High Mass was celebrated by Father General, assisted by Fathers Wiesenthal and Averberg, and the procession began at half past six in the morning. The sun was veiled by a thin, light cloud; and as the procession wended its way through the cocoanut grove, we were not bothered in the least by Old Sol. Father General carried the Blessed Sacrament to the first altar next the school. Father Guimera, S.J., the Spanish Jesuit Father of the Gayaba plantation, carried it to the Sisters' house; from there I conveyed it to the altar near the cemetery; after me came Father Hesse, who bore it to the altar next the hospital, and finally Father Puff (Father Adiminstrator) carried it to the chapel. Naturally, I was very happy over the privilege that had been accorded me. The order maintained throughout was perfectly splendid; the singing of the hymns, the band's playing — all was edifying and dignified, and the native people, including the boys and girls from various tribes, did a great deal to make the procession a unique one. A number of pagans stared at us as we moved on; it was evident that they were greatly amazed and perplexed at what they saw. And well they might be, for I do think that I shall never forget one item of all that went to make this Corpus Christi demonstration memorable. As I have intimated, there had been all sorts of preparations made for it, and everywhere one discovered evidences of them. The long path had been planted with bamboo poles. Ropes were stretched from the top of one pole to another, and from these dangled various streamers and gaudy pennants. Green branches of trees had been stuck into the ground, in a row, between the poles, and the young

men of Monumbo had erected many arches, decorating them ornately and according to their own ideas.

Though these tribes have so many different languages and customs, they have always had one thing in common, and that is a reciprocal distrust of one another. But since the coming of the missionaries those living along the coast have changed a great deal, and it has now come to pass that different tribes are ready to speak of a single missionary as their *priest*. On the great feast days of the Church, entire tribes flock to the central station of the missionary: they feel at home there, and they become acquainted with one another. Thus, their suspicions and hatreds gradually subside, and friendly relations are, in time, established.

So this Corpus Christi celebration is one of those especially adapted to bring about good results. The Papuans delight in elaborate and solemn services, and love to take part in processions. Besides, they never have a chance to see anything that excels our celebrations in splendor. Accordingly, they gladly attend, and indeed request to be reminded of the date in time, so that they may not miss the event. It is because of this attitude of great interest on the part of the natives, that great efforts are put forth to make the day and all its ceremonies appear as solemn and elaborate as possible. Two or three days before that of the feast, invitations are sent to the different tribes. Where there are no schools, or no catechists, a small strand of string serves to announce the important date. This string contains as many knots as there are days before the feast day. Each day, then, they untie a knot. Such a devise regularly serves them as a calendar. That they are not subject to error through this method was thoroughly demonstrated by the throngs that attended; even bushmen, wild and savage in ap-

pearance, came, their women being bowed under the great load of net bags (that contained the food for their families) and their little ones which they carried on their backs as well. Many of them must have traveled thus for three or four hours. Indeed, such a sight serves to thrill the heart of any missionary.

Naturally Father Genral was kept busy for the most of his stay. On this evening (Corpus Christi) he started the second course of the retreat for the Fathers and Brothers; and this, together with another second course for the Sisters (which he conducted from the twenty-first to the twenty-fourth of the month) he brought to completion during the following days. On Saturday, the 17th, I heard native confessions — most of the boys and girls of the boarding-school confessed either in German or pidgin English. Thus I had now administered in New Guinea four of the Sacraments — the first, the third, the fourth, and the seventh. During this month the Sek-Sek tribe regularly has its "sing-sing," and every night at St. Michael's we could plainly hear their drums.

On Sunday (the 18th), I was really at heart in Techny, thinking of the Corpus Christi feast being held there; and the same was the case on the twenty-third of the month, — the feast of the Sacred Heart, — the time when they always have their Thirteen Hours' Devotion. Very soon now, I thought to myself, they would begin their summer vacation.

On the feast of the Sacred Heart there were hours of adoration from three to six o'clock. My special assignment was from five to half past five, after which I was privileged to conduct the devotions for the whole station, with exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. On one afternoon of this "retreat week" I took five black

boys, and with Brother Nyssenus went out in a boat to look for sea curios. Within an hour and a half we had collected wonderful specimens of star fishes, moon fishes, etc., together with twelve different varieties of corals and shells. The odor of many of them was, however, so bad that I didn't want to handle them very long. It took three days of strong sunshine to eradicate the stench, and it was a fortnight before they were dry enough to ship.

One thing that amused me greatly was the interest that the Kanaka boys take in America; as a matter of fact, they constantly spoke of me as "Father America," so long as I remained among them. One day two lads about eighteen and twenty years of age respectively, called and asked for me particularly; and when I went down to see them, they formally made application to go back with me to America. One was a Tumleo boy; the other was from Monumbo. Father Averberg kindly explained to them the impossibility of carrying out such a plan, first, because the northern climate of America would shrivel their lungs; and secondly because *'there were no Kanaka Marys in America, and consequently they never could get married.'* This last difficulty seemed the most impressive, and the boys said no more.

I chose the twenty-fourth as 'packing day.' With the help of some Brothers, Fathers, and even the Sisters, I prepared seven large boxes and cases for shipment to Techny, — all filled with curios I had gathered for our museum. Of course, I had no idea what the customs authorities at Rabaul would do about it, but in true American style I "took a chance"; I determined not to fail to put forth every effort to get such a priceless collection on its way. The news that Brother Canisius was to join us on the *Mataram* and to go home with us to our American province, after a service of twenty-six years

in New Guinea, reached us that morning; and we learned also that Father Loerks was to take Brother Canisius' place as captain of the *Gabriel*. Another report came, to the effect that the *Mataram* had been delayed in leaving Sydney for her regular trip to New Guinea, but that our Father Erdweg was on board as a passenger, returning from a period of rest at our procure in Sydney. He was the only one of our Fathers in New Guinea that we had not yet seen.

June 25 (feast of St. William) was Father General's saint's day, but its special celebration was postponed until the twenty-ninth of the month, because of the retreat. On June 29, the feast of Saints Peter and Paul, we had a double celebration, and St. William was honored in company with the two great apostles. Dinner was taken in the open hall (the place closely resembled a veranda), adjacent to the school. There were two rows of tables. At one were the Fathers and Brothers, and at the other some twenty Sisters, robed in white. Father Nowak and five Brothers constituted a *brass band*, and played a march as an introduction to the entertainment. Poems and songs followed. Father Hesse read an article from the Doilan *Daily Tribune* (!) — of course, both article and paper were misnomers, but the whole presentation was exceedingly well taken off, and was hugely enjoyed. Father Averberg next made a speech, the main purpose of which was, evidently, to set forth *everything* in as idyllic and cheerful a manner as possible: this was also very amusing. But the greatest novelty of the day was the "sing-sing" of the natives. It started on the meadow under the cocoanut palms, and continued during dinner and until late at night. There were six groups of various tribes represented. The Sek and the Mibat (from the bush) were very original. They came in full attire es-

pecially for the occasion. There were groups of our own boys and girls who worked on the plantations; then the Boikin boys, armed with spears doing a war dance; the Ali boys, drumming and playing; and all the time the girls danced and whistled. Finally, the boys from the Kaup and Murik tribes had their faces grotesquely painted, and their voices were raised in an odd chant. It occurred to me that if two such bands as comprised this motley assembly were to be taken through the States from San Francisco to New York, they would prove a drawing attraction in any theater. When I spoke to Father Schebesta on the subject, he told me that all such dance festivals of the Papuans are looked upon as events of great pomp and ceremony. He gave me some idea of the preparation necessary before such a dance is held. Most important among them is the dance in honor of deceased relatives, or that performed when a child receives the breech-belt. The father and the grandfather arrange the program, and instruct and drill the young folks in all the time-honored customs. Every day the natives may be seen going to the forest for sago, and returning heavily laden with this indispensable food. A few days before the dance, the immediate preparations take place. A canoe is brought near the dwelling, and filled with drinking-water. Great pots of sago and vegetables are cooked, and sometimes fish also.

The most important undertaking, the decoration of the body, consumes the entire day previous to the dance; for the Papuan is extremely vain of his personal appearance, and is past-master in the art of adorning himself. The men sit together in groups to do this work, and assist one another. First, a glass bottle is broken, and the pieces are used as razors. The shaving of the face is done skillfully and neatly with these fragments of glass

as though they were steel implements made for the purpose. Having removed all the hair from his client's face, the barber now dissolves a lump of red clay in a pot of water placed near by for the purpose; and with the solution thus formed he begins operations on the hair of his client's head. The condition of the native's pate may well be imagined, as comb and brush are both unknown, and the habit of lying on the ground makes this portion of his body an easy receptacle for leaves, burrs, grass, and bits of sago. After the hair has assumed a bright red color by repeated rubbing with the solution, it is smoothed down by the hands of the attendant and decorated with feathers. The man who has served first now exchanges places with the barber, and the performance is repeated. For the celebrations, the nose is also decorated; and each person vies with his neighbor in making conspicuous this prominent feature of his physiognomy.[1] The forehead is either painted black or is bound with a red cloth, while the lower part of the face is covered with vermillion. At last, after all these preliminaries, the native anoints his body with cocoanut oil, ties round his neck a bunch of fragrant herbs, and fastens upon his breast a shield made of boar's teeth and leaves. Then he dons a clean breech-belt and pocket,

[1] In infancy the nasal wall of each child is pierced by its mother, with a needle, and a thread is drawn through the opening. Despite the shrieks and groans of the child, this thread is pulled back and forth from time to time, to prevent the closing of the puncture. After a few years, the little black citizen knows the *importance* of these holes and endeavors to enlarge them by twisting large sticks into the openings, even though this painful attempt causes the tears to flow. On ordinary days a little twig or a ring is worn as an ornament; but upon festive occasions, wild boar's tusks, rings of turtoise shells, and even pigtails are used; and the ears, which are pierced also, receive similar ornamentations.

these ornaments completing his gala attire. Now and then he views himself in his mirror, and admires his beauty.

The Papuan wife, meanwhile, is busily engaged in painting and decorating her face, after a manner similar to that of her lord and master; except for the fact that she uses blue paint instead of red. In one place, it is the custom for the women to shave the entire head, excepting the crown where the hair is allowed to grow about two inches long, presenting the appearances of a cock's comb. In another place it is customary for the women to let their hair grow long enough to form a fringe of plaits around the crown and over the face. At the end of each plait is hung a lump of red clay or a bead as an ornament. The nose is generally pierced, and pearls or dog's teeth are hung in the opening thus formed. The children are very happy to receive a few daubs of paint on their faces, and a bunch of fragrant herbs tied around their waists.

At sunset all the guests assemble for the evening meal, after which the dancing begins. A fire is lighted, and the persons (or their relatives) in whose honor the dance is given are seated near the fire, smoking cigarettes. Near them are groups of the musicians who keep time for the dances by beating on a kind of drum. The younger men and boys form an entire circle around these groups as a center. The second circle is made up of the girls and the young women two of whom carry torches to give the necessary light. The old men and the old women unite in an outer circle and smoke or chew betel-nuts during the entire dance. The drummers in the center intone the song and beat the time. All the others, taking up the tune, jump and leap about like madmen. At the end of each song there is an interval of rest and an opportunity for taking a little refreshment. At day-

break the dancers return home thoroughly exhausted, and spend the next day in lethargic repose. Thus far Father Schebesta's description.

To me, as I observed them during Father General's saint's-day celebration, these dances appeared far more commendable than the vulgar pirouetting so fashionable at home. Besides, there was no pairing off of men and women: the men dance singly or with one another, and the women with their kind.

To close the celebration the Sek people brought to Father General a great heap of taros and other fruits and vegetables, as a gift. He was much pleased; for, in spite of the odd form of entertainment, he realized to the fullest what excellent faith and gentle courtesy there existed among these poor people living at the end of the world. And he also realized that this faith and courtesy have come to be theirs through the efforts and sacrifices of the missionaries.

CHAPTER XXI

New Britain

Our Fourth of July celebration — The Statue of Liberty demolished! — We say good-by — Sailing toward Rabaul — Dangerous reefs — The volcanoes — At Vunapope — Bishop Couppé's welcome — Three communities of Sisters — Will the native religious survive? — A mission in the bush.

The days between June 30 and July 3 were spent in packing though we were told that the *Mataram* was late, and consequently would not arrive at port before July 6. Nevertheless, I kept on at my task, for previous journeys along the mission trail had impressed one counsel upon me: "Be prepared!"

I was.

July 4, of course, means nothing to New Guineans; but this year we had a wee celebration, for the four American Sisters sent me a little U. S. flag, with a half-dozen packages of firecrackers wrapped in paper, with an inscription in blue and red reading, REMEMBER THE FOURTH OF JULY! A little later, in order to recall the fact to Sister Clara, I threw a lighted cracker into the room where she was teaching school. The scene that ensued when that cracker went off brought me back to Techny directly. But more: a big cake, molded to resemble the Statue of Liberty, graced our dinner table. It was also a contribution from the Sisters, and every one enjoyed it; it tasted as good as it looked.

On July 6, our mission pinnace, the *Pax*, was dispatched to Madang, for the *Mataram* had actually arrived, and our Father Erdweg (of whom mention has been made)[1] with it. Every one was overjoyed to see the Father, and he was just as overjoyed to see every one. He represents the real missionary, and his heart is in his work and in his people. As the *Mataram* was to leave somewhere between four and five o'clock, it was evident that the hour of parting had come for us.

It was sad enough. After dinner I paid a last visit to our Sisters, thanking them for the kindness they had showered upon us. At two in the afternoon, the Fathers, Brothers, and Sisters assembled in the church for the *Magnificat*, to be sung in thanksgiving for all the graces received during Father General's visitation. Then we went to the bridge, and after bidding farewell for the second time to all our confrères, and shaking hands once more with the Sisters (who stood with their native girls in groups about them), we boarded the *Pax*. As the boat started, Brother Godfrey shot off some bombs and firecrackers, while another of the Brothers played a melancholy farewell song. We were silent: both Father General and I were filled to the brim with emotion. We had spent two months among our own spiritual kindred, and now we were going on, leaving them to work out the tasks for which they had been chosen. The one consolation for us was the fact that we were all bound together, after all, and that differences of time and space really interfered little with our spiritual union.

On the *Pax* with Father General and myself were our Fathers Erdweg, Puff, Wiesenthal, also Father Brennan,

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[1] The good Father died, Dec. 15, 1925, in Vunapope. Reports state that his last hours were most edifying.

S.J. (the Australian Jesuit who had been in charge of the Gayaba plantation), with Father Guimera, S.J., who succeeded him. Father Brennan was now returning to Australia. When we arrived in Madang, we were told that the *Mataram* had, that morning at four o'clock, to the great consternation of the passengers, struck a reef. The diver sent down to examine the ship had just made his report. Fortunately no damage was done, aside from the scratching off of a little paint; but I began to trust sincerely that we should have no experiences of this kind on our way to Sydney.

At six p.m. the *Mataram* left; and at nine, when going out on deck, I could see nothing more of New Guinea. We were now sailing east toward Rabaul, the government center in New Britain. On our way there we were to stop at Witu (one of the so-called French Islands), which is famous for its rich soil and beautiful cocoanut plantations, and also rather notorious as a center of high life in the South Seas. Witu was reached on Friday, July 7, some time after we had passed the Rook Islands. It is certainly a beautiful spot with a fine harbor, although entrance into it with a big boat is rather difficult because of the necessity of passing through a narrow channel between two hidden reef ranges. I went ashore with Father Brennan and Brother Canisius. The cocoanut plantation is clean and nicely arranged, and I was informed that a man named Peter Hansen was the original owner. Later on I met the gentleman in Rabaul. He was the typical New Guinea planter, and if half the tales that are told about him are true, he has tasted all the pleasures and indulged in all the extravagances that this world has to offer. There are many such adventurers along these shores; some acquire wealth easily, and dissipate it just as easily. Few live to a ripe old age,

The S.S. Mataram Stopping at the Island of Witu, on the Route from New Guinea to New Britain

The Harbor of Rabaul, Island of New Britain

and fewer still enjoy any of this world's comforts in their later years. Our steamer took on a cargo of a hundred tons, and at 11.30 p.m. we were ready to set out for Rabaul. In order that we might not run on a reef range, two canoes were sent out, and each was stationed above the hidden peril, thus pointing out to us where safety lay. The glowing light of the moon made all as clear as day, as we moved out of the harbor. I thought of the story the Papuans tell of its mountains and valleys:

The moon was said to be a *vaki* (man), and was the special care of his mother. On one occasion she made a feast in his honor, and gave him pig's flesh, and especially prepared white sago. But he, being angry at the time, refused the food. His mother was annoyed because he would not eat; and so she took the sago she had cooked for him, kneaded it into a large hard ball, and threw it at him. It struck him on the cheekbone. Then she scratched his face and beat it with the palms of her hands; and her finger-prints remain on his face for every one to see to this day.

Favored with splendid weather, the best since we had left Madang, we approached Rabaul on Saturday, July 8. First we sighted the southwestern part of New Britain, then we passed by the Baining district where many missionaries of the Sacred Heart were murdered in earlier days. The Baining Mountains rise to an elevation of approximately five thousand feet, and constitute the backbone of the peninsula. This rugged and densely wooded range gives birth to numerous mountain streams and watercourses, through which, especially in the rainy season, huge volumes of water pour into the sea. None of these watercourses are at any time navigable. Finally came the Gazelle Peninsula, after which the ship steamed up

Blanche bay into Simpsonhafen, passing on the right the extinct volcanoes known as the "Mother" and "Daughters." Nestling appropriately at their feet was a young, more or less active, volcano, with innumerable openings that sent out sulphurous fumes. This belt of volcanoes embraces in the interior, much farther south, "The Father," the "North Son," and the "South Son." The "Father," reaching an elevation of about seven thousand five hundred feet, and the slightly lower "South Son," are still active, while the "North Son" is extinct. On the slopes of the "Mother" and "Daughters" were dark masses of trees, rising above long, vividly green expanses of grass which looked from the distance like ideal fodder for cattle; but I learned that it was only *kunai*, which is one of the most pestiferous and hard to be eradicated wild growths of the country. On the left were cocoanut groves, with here and there native villages. The whole harbor was surrounded by a high ridge of mountains, and must have at one time been the crater of a huge volcano. Soon we passed two curious mounds, called the Beehive Rocks, which were thrown up by volcanic agency. They were once joined by a low strip of land, on which a village stood; but they have gradually sunk, and only a few remains of habitation can be seen today. The low island of Matupit, near by, was formerly joined to the mainland, but it is now completely surrounded by water. There are two mission stations on the island of Matupit, — one Catholic and the other Wesleyan. The Catholics number about two hundred and fifty souls.

Opposite Matupit is Vulcan Island, which was thrown up during a tremendous volcanic eruption. Now it is covered with a thick growth of trees. At the time of that particular upheaval the waters of the harbor boiled for days, in spite of the flowing in and out of the tides: the

fish were cooked; and the shells were melted off the turtle's backs. Great fields of pumice, in parts four feet deep, floated away to the Pacific, and impeded navigation.

But the sunset came all too soon. The "Mother" and "Daughters" stood out in royal blues and purples against vivid crimson and golden clouds, and the waters of the bay became shimmering mirrors of pink and lavender; but the glory was only transient. Soon darkness transformed the scene into dim views of foreboding specters only. We anchored at Malakuna, which is a ride of about twenty minutes east of Rabaul, to remain there until Monday and load a cargo. As we set foot on this part of New Britain, we found a real "episcopal" reception awaiting us. Father Bischoff, M.S.C., with his little *phaenomobile* (so it is called), — a German product, being a little motor-car accommodating three persons, — conducted us to the station. There was a rectory and a large church, though the latter was a rather poor affair, with walls built of bamboo. Sister Casimir, who hails from my own home diocese, was working here, and I paid her a little visit. Then we again took our places in the mission car, and went on to Vunapope (*Vuna,* the seat, residence, or home of the Pope). This is the central station of the missionaries of the Sacred Heart in New Britain. The drive along the seashore was perfect, for the road was in splendid condition. Native men, women, and children were everywhere to be seen, — the women invariably carrying on their backs heavy burdens supported by a band or strap around their foreheads. We passed a number of planters' settlements and also a mission of the Methodists (Wesleyans). Leaving what was formerly called Herbertshoehe to our right, we came to Kokopo, and soon passed a number of stores of the so-called Expropriation Board. Finally we sighted the boats

of the Catholic mission — the *Ludwig*, the *Julius*, and others. Swinging to the right up the hill, we at last found ourselves before the cathedral and the other mission buildings, which I had seen from a distance when the Mataram was coming into the harbor of Rabaul. The cathedral is majestic in appearance, but appearing somewhat frail, with walls made of galvanized iron. We were most courteously received by Bishop Couppé (the famous missionary bishop of the Pacific Islands), by Father Lakaff (who was then vicarius delegatus), Father Mertens (the religious superior), and Fathers Felte, Bley, and Boergershausen. There were thirty Brothers assembled there for a retreat which was to close on the morrow. Moreover, a retreat for the Sisters was in progress, so we found that we had arrived at the very best possible time to personally meet a great number of the missionaries. In our drive up to the station we learned that our chauffeur had been baptized by Father Erdweg. He was a half-caste, and was married to a half-caste New Ireland girl.

I said Mass at six o'clock on the main altar in the cathedral. Father General followed me having the Communion Mass for the entire community as well as the retreatants. The singing was wonderful, exquisite — the finest choir singing I have heard in the Pacific Islands. It was performed by the native girls of the school, and directed by one of the Sisters. At eight o'clock there was a Mass for the natives, and here we observed the usual New Guinea custom repeated — that of crowding into the church while carrying big burdens and babies to boot. The people seemed to be a larger and sturdier race than those I had seen in the other islands.

To me the settlement seems splendid, although a bit crowded. There is a house for the Fathers and Brothers; another for the "blue" Sisters, who have charge of the

A Typical Bush Kanaka of New Britain (Gazelle Peninsula)

Spearing Fish in the Harbor of Rabaul

native Sisterhood and native girls; then another for the "white" Sacred Heart Sisters of Hiltrup (Westphalia), who care for the half-castes and for all that appertain to the church itself. Then there is a catechists' school, also; but all seemed cramped into a very small plot of ground; yet that was perhaps to be accounted for by the fact that I had become too much accustomed to the more spacious plans of many of the smaller island missions. I judged, moreover, that the fact that the Protestant (Wesleyans) had established their mission very close to the Catholic sphere of influence must make work in New Britain very hard.

After the Mass for the natives, I was invited to baptize a little New Britain native girl: her name as given in Baptism was *Julianna*. Then Father General and I, under escort of the Bishop and Father Boergershausen, went about, inspecting the whole establishment.

First we visited the three communities of Sisters, who are popularly called, in turn, the *blue*, the *white*, and the *black*. The black Sisters are natives (one played the organ in the cathedral, in the morning while we were saying Mass), and they were of particular interest to me, for I realized the incalculable good that could be done here by tried and true native nuns. There were thirty-one members of the community, and they were Bishop Couppé's pride, for he had established their young congregation. The opinions of the Fathers, however, concerning these native nuns varied considerably; but according to all reports received from the missionaries of late, I learn that they are rendering splendid service, especially in teaching. They are not required to take vows, but only to make promises, — first for one year, then for three years, then forever, — all depending on the qualifications of, and tests undergone by, individual members. In general, they

live the simple life of the natives; they even go barefooted.

Both nationally and politically, we found Bishop Couppé to be a man of the broadest views. He is an intensely interesting personage, and in spite of his old age, his mind appeared to be as clear as a bell. Four times, we learned, he had approached the very doors of death, but each time had recovered, to the great amazement of all. He expressed his sincere regret that the gaps in his ranks could not be filled by recruited missionaries from Germany. In fact, among them all there was the same general feeling of suspense as to the probable disposition of their mission field by the Government, as the result of radical changes in administration which the war had wrought. However, I felt it to be doubtful whether the government would ever carry out its threat of expatriation of all the German Fathers residing in those islands of the Pacific which had been placed under the control of Australia.[1]

In the afternoon the Bishop took us to Taviu, a mission station about twenty-five minutes' distant by *auto*, through palm groves and into the bush. We found Father Ischler, a Silesian, to be the pastor there. Five native Sisters maintained a school in the place, and taught the rudiments of penmanship, reading, writing, and arithmetic.

This mission of the Sacred Heart Fathers is only a part of the former immense Vicariate of Melanesia and

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[1] As matters have turned out, the rigors of the earlier regulations have already been greatly modified. German missionaries living in mission territories of the South Seas are now permitted to remain indefinitely, but no grant has yet been given for missionaries from Central Europe to go to these fields, to sustain and reinforce their brethren.

Micronesia, which was entrusted first, to the Marist missionaries under the leadership of Bishop Epalle who was killed at Isabelle in 1845. Bishop Epalle was succeeded by Bishop Collomb, who died at Rock Island (between New Britain and New Guinea), in 1848. The next missinaries were those of the Milan Society, whose last remaining priest was killed by the Woodlark natives in 1855. The Society of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart took over the work here in 1881. Their first missionaries landed on September 29, 1882, in Matupit, a few miles from Rabaul, under the guidance of the late Archbishop Navarre, first Vicar Apostolic of Papua.

In 1889 the Vicariate of New Pomerania was erected, and Bishop Couppé was appointed to be vicar apostolic. During the years that followed he developed the mission until it has reached its present standard. His successor, Bishop Vesters, was consecrated on August 5, 1923, in Vunapope, by his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate of Australia, Most Rev. Cattaneo, assisted by Bishops Couppé, M.S.C., and Wolf, S.V.D.

At present the Vicariate of Rabaul numbers one hundred and eighty-six main and secondary stations. Besides the vicar apostolic, the mission staff is composed of thirty-five priests, all Missionaries of the Sacred Heart. To help, there are thirty-three Brothers and thirty-nine European Sisters, thirty-seven native Sisters, and one hundred and fifty-seven native male, and seventy-seven native female, teachers. The estimated population of the vicariate, which includes the islands of New Britain, New Ireland, Duke of York, New Hanover, Manus, and others, is about 300,000. Since the year 1892, baptisms to the number of 41,362 have been administered. The number of Catholics is about 23,500, with over 6,000 catechumens.

In one hundred and eighty-one schools there are in all 4,614 pupils. Of these, one hundred and thirty-five boys and three hundred and fifty girls are entirely supported by the mission. Besides schools for pure natives (village orphanage — and catechist schools) there are schools for male and female half-castes, a school for Chinese, an industrial and technical school, a housekeeping school, a certain number of medical dispensaries, a printing-office, and a few other, less important, institutions.

CHAPTER XXII

Rabaul

Sight-seeing — Classes and conditions — We talk of founding a leper asylum — Bad weather — The wireless message — Captain Hillman's belief — We reach Sydney harbor — The stranding of the France.

After Mass on July 10, we left the central station — that is, Father General, Father Lakaff, M.S.C., and myself — for Rabaul. We stopped for a few minutes in Malakuna, then went up to visit Father Heyland, M.S.C., stationed in Rabaul, and practically the procurator of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart. He was the third of the Australian Fathers, M.S.C., to come to New Britain to do mission work. The other two left soon after their arrival, not being able to stand the climate.

Rabaul was the capital of the late German South Sea possessions. It is situated on a fairly open plain, surrounded on three sides by green-clad slopes and mountains, and on the fourth faces the deep, calm waters of Simpsonhafen. This now prosperous little township came into prominence when, in 1910, the seat of the government was transferred from Herbertshoehe to the more suitable Rabaul, which, however, was at that time not much more than a native battleground. Today it consists of three distinct quarters, — the European quarter or Rabaul proper, Chinatown, and the native compound, — each possessing certain peculiarities and exhibiting the mode of living and customs of the totally different races.

Rabaul proper — the *dignified* part — is well laid out with avenues, plenty of open space, and squares, and possesses two jetties. Here all the business offices are situated. Nearly all the officials and traders live in splendidly equipped government-built houses, and are waited on, hand and foot, by colored servants. The business hours are from eight to eleven o'clock in the morning, and from two to four in the afternoon; five hours constitutes the tropical working-day for Europeans. The rest of the time is idled away in one manner or another. In Rabaul, as is the case in other tropical countries, much time is spent on the verandas. For this reason they are spacious, while the number of interior rooms is generally limited to two or three. The houses are built on concrete blocks or piles, partly to procure draught and partly to protect them against white ants and dampness during the wet season. They are light and airy, yet strongly enough constructed to withstand the frequent and often severe earth tremors.

Five minutes' walk from Rabaul brings one to Chinatown, probably the busiest and, in some respects, most interesting place in New Britain. As Rabaul is the seat of administration and the commercial center, so Chinatown is the center for the Chinese population, who number approximately fifteen hundred souls in these islands, and upwards of nine hundred of them have made Rabaul their more or less permanent home. From here the yellow traders sally forth to the native villages on the coast, bartering cheap prints, knives, mirrors, etc., for copra. We find here the joss house, where sacrifices are made to Confucius; and we meet Chinamen in the streets with that peculiar headgear which serves as hat and umbrella at one and the same time. And of course there are the Chinese women, also, wearing pants, carrying babies slung over

their backs, and acting as *beasts of burden* generally. They contrast radically with the dainty Japanese women who, in the fascinating dress of their native land, trip about on their wooden clogs and threaten every moment to topple over; or again, with the half-sitting, half-standing *mamselles* outside some of the restaurants, who fix their slanting seemingly inexpressive eyes on the passers-by. In fact, one sees the East writ large in all the streets and in the houses; and one *hears* it everywhere, and one well *recognizes* it by the smell peculiar to Eastern countries.

The native compound is Rabaul's labor suburb, or the anchorage of the sons of toil brought there from many parts of the Pacific. Here, at the foot of the towering mountain known as the "Mother," dwell the Malays and their kindred from the Marianne, the Caroline, and the Marshall Islands. The Kanakas number approximately one hundred and fifty police boys and two hundred and fifty contract laborers, including some *Marys*. They live for the most part in big barracks; but *boss* boys and their *Marys* are allowed to occupy small wooden huts, one room being allowed to each couple.

I saw all of Rabaul during the few hours we had there; for I had much running around to do, procuring tickets for the *Mataram* from Rabaul to Sydney, buying maps of New Guinea, and trying to reach the secretary of the government administrator, for an interview: the administrator himself had left, the night previous, for an inspection tour to Morobe, Madang, etc. I had also to see the authorities of the Custom house and of the Department of Agriculture, in order to procure free passage to Techny for our curios. All the boxes and cases, I was told, had been held in Rabaul for further inspection; but they were to leave on the next steamer. This was satisfactory, as

Father Heyland was made witness of the inspection, and I knew everything would be safe. I also called on the General Medical Officer concerning a proposed leper asylum to be established on one of the islands directly across from Madang, with our Sisters and one or two of our Fathers to be in charge. Father General was satisfied to start this great work, on condition that some of our German Fathers who had gone home to Europe from New Guinea would be given permission to return and take charge of it.

It was a busy, crowded day, indeed, and I was glad when, at half past four o'clock, we were permitted to go aboard the *Mataram*, where a new cabin had been assigned to us. Government officers and their friends came on at the landing-bridge, and there was so much confusion that there was no chance of getting to sleep until all had settled down. This did not take long, however, and by nine o'clock I found I could no longer keep my eyes open. However, tired as I was, the lively sea we soon encountered woke me from a sound slumber. A heavy southwest monsoon was blowing, and of course it paid particular attention to me. I remained in my berth and tried to rest, nodding off toward morning. When we rose at last, we found gloomy weather and the sea quite heavy. Yet the *Mataram* did not roll as much as the bigger *Shinyo Maru* which, as you will remember, had been our ship out from San Francisco. This was probably due to the fact that the *Mataram* was well loaded with copra.

No work was possible, however, — not even writing; but we were happy at being able to celebrate Mass. July 11, 12, and 13, were also mean and miserable days, as far as weather was concerned. The last day was the worst. It was stormy and rainy, and the sea had increased in

A Group of Native Sisters of Vunapope

Native Boys of New Britain Having a Tug O' War

violence. We had hoped to get a farewell glimpse of New Guinea when passing by Russell Island (at 7 p.m.), but nothing could be seen. Indeed, it was so bad when we passed the southeast corner of this island that Captain Hillman preferred to stay on the bridge rather than come down for supper. It was right before Russell Island that the Japanese boat *Kaisha Maru* ran on a reef. Its ruined masts still protruded above the waters. The storm was terrible. I awoke at midnight, after a troubled doze, and the ship was cracking so that I felt sure it must break asunder. I went above, but here the wind seemed to have been waiting for me, and as soon as I set my foot on deck, I'm sure it blew as it had never blown before. Down I went again, preferring to drown within the ship than to drown *off* ship: I continually breathed an aspiration to Our Lady, the Star of the Sea.

There was no Mass next morning. Just before we went to bed, the night before, there came a wireless message from somewhere around Caledonia, reading: "*France,* S O S, sea reef;" and then the exact place was given by longitude and latitude. But we could be of no help to the poor boat. The message was forwarded; and we were notified, a little later, that a steamer had gone to the rescue. The *France,* Captain Hillman told me, is the largest sailing-ship in the world — of some four thousand tons.

The morning of July 14 found the weather calmer. Captain Hillman had told me, some months before, when he was in Alexishafen, that he never liked to travel with Catholic priests only, or with Protestant ministers only, on board. He said that, with either alone on board, there is always bad weather, but that when both are represented, they preserve the equilibrium! During the past three days he had dwelt on this idea more than once, actually seem-

ing to blame us Catholic missionaries for this state of affairs! But now the good weather was setting in, and he took us again into favor. But the weather was only good in a comparative sense, for the southeaster still blew continuously, though we were able to offer the Holy Sacrifice.

After Mass on Sunday (July 16), I went on deck and gained my first glimpse of Australia. We passed Sandy Cape at seven o'clock, while we sailed not more than five miles away from the shores of the continent. The lighthouse could be seen distinctly. Thank God, we were now going down to Sydney with full steam, a strong current, and a mild northeast wind. At half past six o'clock in the evening we caught sight of two lighthouses before Brisbane, and on Monday, at six o'clock in the morning, the lighthouse of Cape Byron. The weather had been steadily getting colder since we left Rabaul, but on this day (July 17) it seemed *bitterly* cold. Nevertheless, I was not sorry to get away from the mild, soft, tropical, greenhouse climate of the East Indies and New Guinea. I caught myself actually longing to taste a few days of the Australian winter in Sydney.

On July 18, we saw from afar the two Sydney Heads, also the seminary of Manly. I rejoiced that we were to be soon in the big city, especially when I heard that there had been a bad storm during the night from two until five o'clock. I had not awakened; and thereupon I began to consider that if I were to be traveling in this wise for any length of time, I might end by ignoring the weather altogether! — yet I am afraid that this was a wild supposition. But here we were, drawing nearer and nearer to what was to be, for us, Land's End; for we were to turn back after our visit to the procure. This visit to Sydney was, I felt, to be an experience full of interest, especially after I learned from Father Brennan

that there were fully eight hundred thousand people in Sydney.

At ten o'clock (a.m.) we passed between the North and South Heads into the harbor. Sydney was named after Viscount Sydney, a Secretary of State for the Colonies. Nothing in nature's grandest architectural achievements can surpass these great bastions of rock which form a most impressive gateway into the harbor. Of the North Head and the South Head, the former is the more picturesque; the distance across is three-quarters of a mile. Now appeared a series of coves, bays, and beaches. We paused at Watson's bay, which, by the way, is sheltered from the winds; and here the pilot and health officers came aboard. Then we proceeded slowly past Rose bay, Chowder bay, Taylor's bay, Double bay, Garden island, Darling point, Rushcutter's bay, Mosman bay, and numerous points of interest. On either side were magnificent homes with terraced gardens. Bright with flowers, these gardens sloped down to the water's edge. Steamboats, launches, and sailing-craft of every description, from the huge Australian warships to the lightest skiff, were to be seen. Sydney harbor is beautiful, indeed, but I do not quite agree with those who say that it is the most beautiful harbor in the world: I believe I have seen others equally attractive. Moreover, the finest harbor of all, according to the almost unanimous agreement of travelers, is that of Rio de Janeiro. But at least one may say this, in comparing Sydney with, say, San Francisco, Hongkong, Yokohoma, Kobe, Nagasaki, Manila, and other great ports, that its harbor is the most convenient and practical of them all. After the doctor's examination, examinations of passports, and the rest, as usual, we tied up at the wharf of the Burns-Philp Company, at eleven o'clock. Father Klein, our procurator, and Father Hoelken (the

latter was for several years a missionary in New Guinea, and was then helping out in the Wagga-Wagga diocese, south of Sydney) were at the wharf awaiting us. They were surprised to find Brother Canisius with us.

On our arrival in Sydney we found that the papers had reported the stranding and consequent loss of the *France,* the vessel from which we had received the S O S. The picture showing the ship on the reefs near Caledonia appeared, together with the following account:

How the five-masted barque *France,* the largest sailing vessel in the world, was wrecked on the coral reef near Teremba, sixty miles north of Noumea, is told in advices received in Sydney today.

At the time of the wreck the *France* was bound from Thio to Poubmont, on the west coast of New Caledonia, for loading. For a week she battled against high winds and heavy seas. Early in the night of July 12, the pilot on duty noticed a white line ahead of the vessel which was running before a strong breeze with all topsails set. The captain and officers on watch concluded that the line ahead was the light of the rising moon. Visibility was bad, owing to the dark, showery night. The vessel's course was changed a minute later, but not having enough room to turn, she struck with a tremendous impact, grinding across the reef for nearly a hundred yards before coming to a standstill. The crew remained on deck throughout the night, leaving the vessel shortly after daybreak and rowing seven miles to land.

The *France* is stranded within a mile of the old wreck of the sailing vessel *Emmanuel,* which has been lying on the reef for sixteen years. (Townsville Daily Bulletin, Aug. 2, 1922.)

Weather-beaten Cliffs at South-Head and Outlook Southeast from the Harbor Entrance of Sydney, N. S. W.

"Arnoldy", Our Australian Recreation Center (At Epping, near Sydney, N. S. W.)

CHAPTER XXIII

At Our Australian Headquarters

Our recreation center in Epping — A simple place — We have passport trouble — The soap factory — Souvenirs of the Great War — Why we do not establish a mission house in Australia —A talk with other missionaries — A real cyclone — Again farewell!

We had no trouble with the customs officers regarding our packages, and an expressman at once took them out to Epping, where our Procure is situated. Then the five of us (Father Brennan was still of our party) boarded a "tram" for the Central Station. Arrived there, we proceeded to avail ourselves of the earliest railway service to Epping. The trip is but forty miles northwest of Sydney, across the Parramata river, which, in Sydney, widens into the harbor. Epping is a desirable town — in fact, all the suburbs about Sydney made a fine appearance, for the houses were very homelike and each little residence bore its own distinctive name. Moreover, the distinctive characteristics of this temperate atmosphere at once struck us as most agreeable. Brothers Leodegar, Beda, and Alfredus welcomed us at the "Arnoldy" home — so called in memory of our Father and Founder. The property consists of about twenty acres of land, with a building upon it which comprises an original structure and a more recent addition. Besides this, Brother Leodegar — or, for simplicity's sake, merely *Brother Leo* — has a chicken farm with about one hundred and twenty chickens, and a very prosperous and attractive garden and orchard. There is

nothing imposing about the place, but it possesses its own attractiveness and serves its purpose well. The Brothers were untiring in their efforts to make us comfortable, and we found the pretty little chapel very peaceful and quiet.

Our institution at Epping is not a mission training-school, nor a mission college, nor a museum, but rather, as it were, a supply and recuperative station for the New Guinea mission. The distance of New Guinea from all large centers of Western trade makes it imperative that such a supply station and exchange shall be maintained near Sydney, which is, to all practical intents and purposes, the port of entry for New Guinea. Moreover, the malarious tropical climate of New Guinea makes it absolutely necessary for the missionaries to get away, from time to time, in order to secure rest and to recover waning powers, both in mind and body. These circumstances form the real *raison d'être* for the Epping foundation.

We were to remain for ten days (until July 28, in fact), when the S.S. *Tango Maru* of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha would leave Sydney, via Brisbane and Townsville, for Manila, P. I. This was our return route, for, from Manila we meant to take passage in another steamer, via Hongkong, to Shanghai, China. But during these few days of our stay we had the greatest imaginable trouble in getting Father General's passport set in order. There was no Austrian representative in Sydney, and day after day Father Hoelken and I were obliged to go to Sydney, to the American Consul or to the Custom House (passport department), and even twice to the Swedish consul, who represented Austria. It was the worst experience we ever had in regard to passports; but finally, on the last day, all was settled satisfactorily, after Father General had called personally. However, Father Hoelken and I made use of these forced visits, to see something of the city.

First, we found all those things in Sydney which are typical of most capitals. There are, to be sure, its town hall and post office, its houses of parliament, its university, public library, museum, national art gallery, etc. Moreover, much money from municipal funds has been expended on the zoological gardens, and on the perfecting of the flowers and shrubs about the grounds. The situation of the gardens, on a hill three hundred and forty feet high, imparts an added attractiveness to them.

But to come at once from the artistic, instructive, and decorative, to a consideration of the practical, I need but mention the gigantic Lever Brothers' soap plant at Balmain. This represents, in a certain sense, the *objective* of some twenty-five thousand acres of cocoanut palms which wave gracefully, somewhere, in the tropical breeze of the South Sea Islands, yielding a rich harvest for this mighty concern. This establishment covers an area of ten acres The firm owns its own transportation and dockage facilities. The steamers, laden with copra, draw up to Bald Rock Wharf and discharge tons of cargo. Waiting trucks, filled with copra and loaded without human aid, move automatically to the desired spot, then return to be refilled. More than twelve hundred islanders are engaged in the collection and the shipping of the copra, while over eight hundred men find employment at Balmain. The natives know exactly when the cocoanut is ripe, and when the flesh has become hard, ripe, and thick. When matured, the nuts loosen and fall to the ground. They are gathered into heaps, after which the native, with a stroke of the axe, cleverly splits the cocoanut and proceeds, with the aid of a special knife, to separate the "meat" from the shell. These pieces are exposed to the sun, where evaporation takes place. The drying process is sometimes effected by the use of ovens, but care must be taken that the copra

is not overcooked. When this process is completed, the substance (called *copra*) is put into bags and shipped to Sydney. Through a door of a mighty building I was shown tons of the product, piled 'mountain high.' A thousand tons stood ready to supply the insatiable chutes, — to feed the revolving shovels which flung the copra into grinding-machines, chewing it up into particles, and throwing it out like coarse grain. From this stage of the process it is squeezed out by huge hydraulic presses, until they drip with oil. Then the contents of the enormous vats are distributed either to the soap-works or are prepared for exportation. Outside, I saw tanks containing as many as two hundred tons of the liquid.

In the boiling-room, great vats, each with a capacity of forty-five tons are filled with cocoanut and oils, tallow and salt, and other ingredients. At the time of our visit some of these vats — or rather pans — were boiling and seething, their contents suggesting volcanoes in miniature. After the boiling, the mixture is strained and pumped into smaller pans fitted with a stirring apparatus. Thence it passes through a process akin to churning, when perfume and coloring matter are introduced. The mixture is then put in mammoth frames, or iron molds, which hold three quarters of a ton. Into these frames the semi-liquid is placed to cool and harden.

When firm, the sides of the frame are let down, exposing a huge block of desirable soap. A machine cuts it up into horizontal slabs, while another machine cuts it vertically, the block thus being reduced to a series of perfect bars. These are stacked on wooden racks to dry and mature, and when perfect, pass automatically along a chute to be stamped. Numerous girls pack the cakes ready for use.

I think I enjoyed the huge soap factory more than a subsequent boat-ride which we took, although the little water trip is considered to be one of the treats of Sydney. If some of my readers conclude that I lack in esthetic appreciation, I beg of them to remember that I had been spending considerable time on the water, for the past few months, with prospects of just as long a time ahead of me for the enjoyment of the same experience. In consequence, this enterprise of soap-making seemed a mighty fine thing, and at least I felt sure that there was no danger of a *storm* in a soap factory! However, I am anxious to add at this point that, when a Mr. Reed, a broker to whom we were introduced, kindly conducted us to the top of Union House, I was fully able to appreciate the glorious view of the city and environs, tremendously. Viewed from here, Sydney presented a marvelous panorama, with its wide-armed harbors, its beautiful hills and dales, and a thousand and one attractive natural features, all aglow with that peculiar freshening aspect which the southern temperate climate seems to produce.

We paid a visit to St. Patrick's Church, presumably the oldest of Sydney's churches, and to St. Mary's Cathedral, a magnificent building just then being completed. We also went to the museum, which is rich in curios from the Pacific Islands. We looked upon the *Emden* monument, with its sixteen-foot cannon from the German cruiser atop of it. Close by the railroad station we also came upon a little *Bertha* (special type of Krupp gun) in camouflaged attire — a war relic captured by the Australian forces.

Proposals have several times been introduced by members of our Society for the consideration of the establishment of a mission training-school and college in Aus-

tralia, in order to release vocations of Australian boys for the foreign missions; but I felt at the time of our visit that there was reason to be glad that Father General, despite much pressure brought to bear in favor of the plan, had declined to attempt such a foundation. The following facts and figures had done much to settle me in this conclusion.

In all Australia there are hardly five million inhabitants. Of these only one million and a half are Catholics, divided into five archdioceses, thirteen dioceses, one vicariate, one prefecture apostolic, and one *abbatia nullius*. (Just consider, in relation to these fact, that at home the archdiocese of Chicago alone contains a million and a half of Catholics.) There are already, it would appear, too many religious communities in proportion to the Catholic population, each one trying to increase its numbers of Australian candidates — candidates, *O.S.B.*, *O.S.F.*, *O.P.*, *S.J.*, *C.M.*, *C.SS.R.*, *M.S.C.*, and then the Carmelites, the Marists, and it may be, others. Only recently the Irish missionaries (the Mission Society of St. Columban) had established a settlement in the archdiocese of Melbourne, and it was said that they had secured eighteen thousand subscribers for their Australian edition of their magazine, *The Far East*. Finally, I found that there were, besides, a number of teaching Orders — the De La Salle, the Marists, the Christian Brothers, and the Brothers of St. Patrick. On the other hand, there were several communities of Sisters. In the archdiocese of Melbourne alone there are twelve hundred Sisters; and in the archdiocese of Sydney, seventeen hundred. Of course it is not known how many of these are of Australian descent: most of them may be, possibly, from Ireland; but evidently all of them are striving to secure their own Australian candidates.

However, while taking all these facts into consideration, I thought it would be well to address the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, who have a seminary in Kensington (Sydney) and an apostolic school in Douglas Park, on the subject of our proposed settlement. We called first on Father Wemmers, M.S.C., formerly superior of this society in the Lipa fields in the South Sea. (This procure is beautifully situated in the Coogee district. Below is the Coogee beach, and above, their parish Church of St. Bridget.) He was optimistic. He said that their Australian province had twenty-three Australian priests, and that there was no difficulty at all in securing vocations. From the bearing of this report, Father Hoelken and I went to the mission seminary in Kensington, where we saw the Father Provincial and the other Fathers resident there. Upon our putting the question regarding the recruiting of vocations, they said that conditions were marvelous and prospects wonderful! In the seminary, they told us, they had thirty theological students, instructed by four professors; and in Douglas Park (the college) thirty-seven students taught by two professors! But I wondered what our Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word in the United States would think of such modesty in satisfaction over prevailing conditions!

At the time of our visit it was supposed to be winter in Southern Australia, but thus far it had been a very mild one, and we had found it to be truly salubrious. The cold, fresh, bracing air revived one, after the stay in the tropics. There were all kinds of flowers — the winter and spring flowers I used to find, at the end of the season, in Europe: hyacinths, snowdrops, narcissus, etc. Australia's emblem, the yellow wattle, was blooming everywhere. Besides this flower, the country has a bird

and an animal, the emu and the kangaroo (both native to the soil), on her escutcheon. The emu is similar to the cassowary, but has no helmet.

But soon came days to convince us that, after all, winter was an idle word here. From Saturday, July 22, to the following Tuesday, a meteorological disturbance set in, in the southeastern part of Australia, and a real cyclone broke loose, — the worst I have ever experienced, far surpassing in violence that which occured in Chicago on Palm Sunday of 1918. The cyclone was at its height from Sunday to Monday, the wind attaining a velocity of a hundred miles an hour, accompanied by a fierce downpour of rain. All ships were warned not to leave the harbor. Nevertheless, the storm neither prevented Father General from completing his conference instructions as to future procedure in Epping, nor succeeded in hindering my investigations in and about Sydney.

But at last the morning came for our departure. At this juncture we also separated from Father Hoelken and Brother Canisius, for both were to take passage direct to the United States, to take up new work in our American province.

CHAPTER XXIV

Good-by, Australia!

We leave Epping — The gale — Into the steamer slip at Brisbane — Like fairyland — A dangerous channel — The great barrier Reef — Townsville — Captain Kamada discusses the future — Australian English — Thursday Island.

We left Epping at nine o'clock a.m., on Friday, July 28. Father Hoelken and Brother Canisius accompanied us to Sydney, and to the steamer. Our passports and vises were examined and pronounced satisfactory, after which we were called upon to bid our companions farewell, for the weather was so miserable and it was raining so hard that they thought it better not to remain until the departure of the boat. Father General and I were once more alone, bound, this time, for the Celestial Republic. The weather grew worse steadily, and at noon when the *Tango Maru* lifted anchor there was a deluge. Slowly the tiny boats pulled us out to the Heads; and though there had been few friends to say farewell to the outgoing passengers, there were some colored paper strings fluttering bravely, if vainly, before subsiding beneath the rain. A channel pilot remained on board until we got through the Heads; and beyond, a pilot steamer lay anchored. After passing this, we were left to our fate.

I was, of course, prepared for bad weather. I don't want to dwell too much on what now befell us, because I surmise that by this time, whenever I mention boarding a boat, my readers smile in anticipation of what they

surely expect to be forthcoming. But to be quite honest, I must confess that *this* was the worst of all. For hours the *Tango Maru* fought that heavy sea, with storm and waves hailing from a southeastern direction. At times the vessel leaned so that the chairs, tables, crockery, kitchenware, EVERYTHING, went *bang!* and many pieces crashed to atoms. At one moment we felt ourselves to be on the very crest of a terrific wave, but in a second we went down, down into the deepest of valleys. Even all this, however, was not *too* bad; but just as we reached what could be called a bottomless pit, another high wave would approach and smash into the ship's side, literally sweeping over us. I watched the seas, fascinated and shivering. When we went up, I held my breath; and when we went down, I lost it. I scarcely realized, at the moment, how much I dreaded, humanly speaking, the tossing of those giant waves. At last, pulling myself together, I had recourse to our dear Lady and to our own dear Founder, promising to offer Holy Mass in honor of our Mother, the next day, and to thank God for all the graces and favors bestowed upon the saintly man to whom we owed the Society. Within an hour the wind shifted. The change came quite suddenly: the waves subsided, and we had fine weather until we reached Brisbane, and beyond.

There are many lighthouses all along the eastern coast of Australia, each spreading its light in its own way, the length and number of flashes indicating the position of all seafarers. Early in the morning we passed Cape Moreton and went into Moreton bay, and again, farther up, into the Brisbane river, until we reached the Dolgety wharves in Brisbane. The city resembles Sydney or any of the big Australian ports; they are, one and all, in the processes of rapid development. In the afternoon

I took a stroll to the Queensland Museum of Brisbane.

There was much loading of cargo — mostly of wool, meats, and condensed milk: Australia's staple products — going on in our ship, on the night of Monday (July 31); and the loading was kept up until noon of the next day. At ten o'clock in the morning I went to mail letters, and then visited St. Patrick's Cathedral, which is next the post office. I found the edifice quite imposing from the outside; but I was disappointed when I entered it, for it seemed rather small. At two o'clock all passports were returned to the passengers (we had been required to hand them to the officers on our arrival in Brisbane), and to my surprise was informed that my passport did not show any signature from the Department at Sydney, permitting me to leave Australia. Well, I asked the officers, if there was anything wrong, why was it that the Sydney authorities, both upon my arrival and upon my leaving, had not so informed me? In the end they told me that they would send a wireless, calling upon the Townsville officers to examine my papers when I reached that place. I was a little disturbed by this — one never knows what may be the outcome in such cases, though I was positive that I had overlooked nothing, and that all was in proper form.

Off we went, a tugboat pulling us out again for about a mile; but a pilot remained with us until we passed out by way of Moreton bay into the high seas. Here, as when we left Sydney, a steamer came to take the pilot off, and our boat moved onward, favored by splendid weather and a starry sky, with the moon showing in its first quarter.

I bethought me that we were beginning a new month — the day was the first of August. How swiftly the time was passing: I had been nine months away from

home! Father General agreed with me that it was well to travel, perhaps, but best to have a loved spot on earth, at the end of the journey. Techny was *mine,* and I often thought of it with longing. We had ideal weather; the sea was smooth and the sky clear. Especially at night, when the stars and moon were shining, was the scene like one from fairyland. We were surely six or more miles from the coast, for no land could be seen. The only remainder of *terra firma* was a lighthouse that occasionally threw its warning beams across our path.

On Wednesday (August 2), after about half past six o'clock in the morning, we sailed into the very midst of reefs and rocky islets, most of them, however, on the left, nearer the coast. The ship's officers must have had this place well charted; for from appearances we seemed liable to be driven, at any moment, on a hidden reef or shoal. During the darkness or in a tempest it must be a very dangerous task to bring a boat through this watery region. At nine o'clock we sighted two steamers in the distance; and at *eleven,* another one straight ahead, coming from Townsville. This last turned out to be the *Yoshino Maru,* a new steamship of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, which I was told, was to take the place of the old, familiar *Nikko Maru,* which was getting too antiquated for the Australian service. The *Yoshino Maru* is a vessel of 9,000 tons, while the *Tango* is of but 6,880 tons. The *Yoshino* was at one time a German steamer — the *Kleist.* We moved onward, while islets, reefs, and shoals increased in number as we went. At times we could almost note their configuration as they stretched in one long line from south to north (on our west lay the continent of Australia). These reefs are called, collectively, the Great Barrier Reef.

On Thursday (August 3) we reached Townsville harbor, and anchored there at six o'clock in the morning. But we did not go to the wharf, because it was low tide, and furthermore, the captain wanted to leave at ten a.m. "No going ashore," was the order; "time too limited." But when a freighter and a launch arrived, it was discovered that the loading of cargo into the *Tango* would require more time than had been anticipated. Thereupon almost every one went in the motor-launch to shore. But Father General and I, thinking the shore visit would hardly profit us, remained. We had a fine chat with the Captain, Kamada by name, during the two hours that followed. We talked of politics, of Japan, of world conditions and after-war consequences, of American views and the future outlook. We learned that one special pilot had been on board ship since we left Sydney, and that we were going to keep him aboard until we reached Thursday Island, because of the dangerous traveling along the Australian coast. For this service (of ten days) the pilot receives seventy English pounds, or about three hundred and fifty dollars in American money. When Thursday Island is reached, he boards another ship. to pilot it back to Sydney. Captain Kamada said that after we touched Thursday Island, he could handle the boat himself. In the course of the conversation he spoke of the necessity of finding new homes for Japan's ever-increasing population, and he mentioned Brazil as one of the favorite places of Japanese migration. He stated that most of the Japanese who go there are employed in the coffee plantations. He declared that on one ship alone twelve hundred Japanese had not long since emigrated to this part of South America. Formosa, or Taiwan, as they call this island, he asserted was too hot for them, but affirmed that Korea is excellent. Captain Kamada had tak-

en part in the Russo-Japanese war, and had at that time traveled westward, across Asia, to Warsaw. He had also been, at one time or another, in Hamburg, San Francisco, and New York. With loyalty to my own Middle West, I told him that it was a pity he had never been in Chicago.

Townsville was the last city we were to see on this continent. It is built at the foot of, and up the sides of, a rocky elevation: houses ascend ever higher and higher, until the foundations of some are one hundred feet above the sea level. There are some twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and the town is coming more and more into prominence. I was told that a fine panoramic view might be had from the summit of its 'Castle Hill.' It struck me that the English spoken by these Australians resembled our own *American* English, though it had its special singularities. At any rate, it was not *British* English. They have quite an extensive slang vocabulary of their own, and also a number of specifically Australian *standard* expressions.

At noon our *Tango* lifted anchor, and off we went, farther northward, along the rocky and sandy Queensland coast. Judging by the conversation of those who had gone ashore at Townsville, we had not missed very much by remaining on board.

From this onward, rocks and reefs abounded; but in spite of the difficulties in making headway, Captain Kamada thought we would reach Thursday Island by Saturday night (August 5), rather than Sunday. All the next day we passed countless islets and reefs — in fact, from Townsville until the vessel leaves Thursday Island the route still lies within the Great Barrier Reef. Comparing the islands east of the entire Australian coast with those of the Dutch East Indies and those of New Guinea, I think that the latter, being volcanic, are therefore more

picturesque and otherwise interesting. The Australian islands are much smaller and more barren, and are usually uninhabited; they are always decidedly treacherous, because large areas of their rocky formation are hidden under the water.

One night we saw a great bush-fire, which seemed enormous from the deck of the boat. It was really wonderful, lighting up the almost impenetrable darkness that generally clothes the shores. I became more and more impressed with the value of lighthouses. How much easier and quieter are we in mind when we see these warning flashes from time to time, cautioning us and guarding us against danger. Even so, the pilot must be an expert at his own business to safely guide a vessel through such tortuous channels.

On Saturday at three o'clock p.m. we reached the northwest point of Australia — Cape York. We turned it swiftly and found ourselves approaching Thursday Island, — at once saw its signal station and lighthouse. At half past six o'clock we entered the bay, and two officers came out to us in launches. These representatives of the government examined our passports, and, to my pleasant surprise, found everything correct. As it was dinner time, we could not go ashore. Upon the arrival of the *Tango* in the bay, several of our passengers cast out long fishing-lines with very heavy hooks. They caught some little fish, and one great man-eating shark, much larger than a man. All were delighted with this; and when it was dragged on deck and cut up, they found within it ten baby sharks, each the size of a man's arm. The teeth of the mother were pulled out by the Japanese crew.

At quarter before nine o'clock anchor was raised and we went on. Thursday Island is one of the lovliest spots of the Pacific. Situated about halfway through the Torres

Straits, it was discovered by the Spanish navigator, Torres, in 1606. At the present day it has its devoted missionaries in the Fathers of the Sacred Heart, who have a school there, with Sisters who assist them in performing works of mercy, both spiritual and corporal, that serve to bring souls nearer to God. Had there been time and opportunity, Father General and I would have been happy to go ashore; for nothing so pleases missionaries in lonely posts as to receive a visit from *brothers in arms*, as it were. But we could not make it, and so had to rest content with saying a silent prayer that God would strengthen the arms of our brethren in the religious and missionary life, and give them unfailing courage to the end.

Good-by, Australia!

I found this sensation of rapidly and visibly fleeing from this continent to be entirely novel and just a bit thrilling. It set in motion a trend of reminisence about Australia and about the history of the Catholic Church within her bounds. I recalled something read recently, which brought home to me as nothing before the significance of the coming of Holy Church to a land, giving me a new and most impressive sense of the worth of all missionary adventure. It bade me look back over a hundred years past, and to behold at the beginning of that period a poor, lone priest, harried and hunted, and forced to hide as the Catholics of the Catacombs had been forced to do. In the mind's eye I followed that priest, until he sought and found shelter under the roof of one, William Davis, a fearless son of Ireland. True to the traditions of his ancestry, he gladly gave the Father sanctuary. Then, a little later on, came a demonstration: four hundred citizens, the majority of them Protestants, signed a petition asking that the priest might be allowed to

administer the consolations of the Catholic religion to those among their fellow countrymen who required them. But the petition was rejected; and those in power were thereafter only the more drastically moved to declare that the Catholic Church would never be given a foothold in Australia. Yet man proposes, and God disposes.

The priest was seized, thrown on board a vessel, and thus banished from Australia's shores. To all outward seeming, the Light of the Tabernacle had been extinguished in Australia. However, it was not so. Christ rested secure in the little cottage home of the gallant Davis, on a hillside above Sydney harbor. He rested, not under vaulted aisles or towering arches, not in a tabernacle of precious metal gleaming between marble arches, but in a small, obscure room, in a wooden press — the FIRST TABERNACLE OF AUSTRALIA.

The priest had been seized unexpectedly, and had not been able to remove the Blessed Sacrament. Through two long years the poor Catholics came stealing into the little cottage, after nightfall (for their religion was proscribed), and knelt in adoration before the Living God. There they kept guard over the Tabernacle without a pastor.

What a glorious beginning for the Church in Australia!

When two years had passed, two priests came and entered Australia's HOLY OF HOLIES. On opening the Tabernacle, they found the Blessed Sacrament incorrupt. How those loyal hearts must have rejoiced, and how the SACRED HEART OF JESUS must have rejoiced when He found in Communion a Tabernacle in the hearts of those faithful watchers and lovers through the weary years!

Today the whole of this mighty continent blazes with the Light of the Tabernacle, nearly two thousand of

them. And by each Tabernacle stands that impregnable fortress of Christianity, the Catholic school, training over 160,000 young Australians to know their duty to God and to Australia. Guarding those Tabernacles and schools is a mighty Hierarchy, guiding over 1,200 priests and 7,000 nuns whose lives are spent in the service of God and of their chosen or inherited country. Kneeling before those Tabernacles, strengthened by the LIVING BREAD that issues forth from them, are over a million and a half of the people of Australia.

CHAPTER XXV

On to China

Unfulfilled prophecies — Worldliness and the missionary — The famous Bird Island — Amboina, where St. Francis Xavier labored — Again the equator — The Sulu Archipelago — At Zamboanga — On to Manila — Sad news from China — On our way to Hongkong.

Having left Australia behind, we were now bound for the Philippines. Both of us were glad of it, for we knew we should feel more at home there than we had at any time since parting with our Fathers of New Guinea. The sea greadually became livelier, but wind and weather were on the whole favorable, and we were literally *pushed* ahead, the *Tango* making an average of eleven knots an hour. By noon we were one hundred and seventy miles west of Thursday Island, with one thousand five hundred and twenty-one miles still to go to reach Zamboanga, our next stop. Two prophecies which were made before our departure had not come true. The first was that in Townsville and Thursday Island we would find it terribly hot, while on the contrary we had had splendid and fair weather, it being really the winter season in these places. The second was that in Torres Strait we should have a great storm, it being known as the stormy corner of the Pacific. Actually, we had calm weather when we went through, though the waves were a little high. Of course, now that we were on the open sea again there were big rollers; but there was certainly no sea to worry one. But as we moved onward and northward, steadily ap-

proaching the equator, the atmosphere continued to grow perceptibly warmer and warmer.

There was a class of people on the boat with us that one finds everywhere all over the world, save that on shipboard one cannot escape them. I marveled at the energy which men and women give to the things of this world. These people changed their clothing frequently, ate more frequently, drank still more frequently, and consumed much of the rest of the time in sleeping. From morning until night there was one continual chase, here and there, after the gods of pleasure. Games, amusements, dancing, pastimes, filled up any chinks that might be left over. Perhaps I felt the contrast greatly, first, because they were always before my eyes, and secondly, because I had just left such wonderful men and women in the lonliness of their island homes, striving so earnestly to do God's work from morning until night. God forbid that I should judge any one; but when I compared, as every Catholic priest must, the emptiness of the lives about me, with the fulness of the lives of those I had left, I could not help asking myself: 'What will they do, at the end of all things, with only the idleness and vanity of the world to bring to Eternity?'

At five o'clock next morning we passed east by Maro Island, which is one of the Tanimber or Timorlaut group. We were told that about two o'clock in the afternoon we would pass the famous Bird Island. At 2.30, exactly, the "devil whistle" gave warning that we were near, and every one rushed to the side. The *Tango* went as close as forty feet to the shore. The island, of volcanic origin, seemed one great mass of rocks and trees, and it and the water around it swarmed with birds. The *Tango's* blast and whistles were echoed and re-echoed from the shore, in a wonderfully realistic fashion. Many of the passengers

took pictures. The sight itself made a tremendous picture, not soon to be effaced from one's mind.

The previous day the vessel made two hundred and eighty-two miles; on this day two hundred and ninety-one miles were covered. With such a record we should be in Zamboanga a day earlier than was expected, and in Manila also a day ahead. And the time itself had passed rapidly, for I had been engaged in frequent and absorbing conversations with a clergyman passenger, the Rev. Mr. McDoual, a High Church minister, a member of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and a missionary who had labored in China for over fourteen years. We talked chiefly of missionary matters, particularly of the educational interests of religion. When we passed the historical island of Amboina, we recalled much of the great work St. Francis Xavier had done there, as well as at Ceram and the other islands of the group. Of St. Francis' stay at Amboina, the following story is told:

A rich Portuguese merchant, Joam d'Arahujo, was frequently asked by St. Francis for wine for the sick. He always gave it, but with a certain difficulty. One day St. Francis sent another person to ask him. Arahujo gave him the bottle, and told him not to come again, saying that the wine he had, he wanted for himself. When St. Francis was told the answer, his face kindled with zeal, and he said, "Does Arahujo think that he will enjoy the wine he denies to Christ? He will die before he has consumed it, and this land of Amboina is the last that he will see." He warned Arahujo afterwards to prepare himself, for he had not long to live. Soon afterwards, Francis left Amboina, and one day at Ternate, while the saint was saying Mass, he begged the people to pray for Arahujo who had at the moment died at Amboina. Later,

the fact of the death of the merchant at that very time was confirmed.

Again St. Francis writes:

"In this island of Amboina the heathen are far more numerous than the Mussulmans, and there is a bitter hatred between the two; for the Mussulmans compel the natives either to become Mohammedans or to be their slaves; and the heathen, hating even the name of Mohammed more than the yoke of slavery, repudiate altogether the superstition of the Mussulmans. If there were people here to teach them the true religion, they would join the fold of Christ without much difficulty, for they have much less objection to the name of Christ than to that of Mohammed. It is about seventy years since the plague of Mohammedanism invaded this island: before that time all the inhabitants were heathens. Islam was introduced by some Mohammedan *cacizes* (ministers of religion), who came from Mecca in Arabia, where the body of Mohammed is honored with great superstition, and drew a large multitude of people of their own sect. The native Mussulmans are altogether ignorant, and know nothing of the pestilential doctrine which they profess to follow, so that I am led to hope that they may be easily converted from the Mohammedan religion."

After pasing Amboina, Buru Island appeared on the left, while we were going through what is called the Manipa passage. The captain gave further advice that we would arrive in Zamboanga before Saturday morning, and that an endeavor must be made to reach there when the current is at its weakest (usually it runs seven knots an hour). Thus we understood that we should not reach Manila as soon as we had hoped. There was an announcement tacked up on the bulletin board. It read: *August*

9, 1922. *Crossing the equator tomorrow morning at seven o'clock on* 126 5′ *E. Five minutes before crossing, one long blast will be given. On the point of crossing, one short blast. — Kamada, commander.*" Well, we were at the time in the Molucca Sea. This, then, was about the point where we had turned, last April, from Menado to Ternate on our way to New Guinea.

On Thursday (August 10), at seven a.m. precisely, we crossed the equator. I wonder if my readers will be surprised when I tell them that I found myself breathing a silent prayer to Heaven that I might never again cross the line. In the afternoon we were several hours in passing the whole eastern coast of the Celebes. A pretty strong land breeze was blowing; but as we moved on and on, and went around the corner, as it were of Celebes, the wind subsided, yet the current was noisy, and the splashing of the waves on shore could be heard for some distance after we had passed by. To the extreme northeast, a lighthouse flashed us a farewell signal. We had left the Dutch East Indies and had settled in the Celebes Sea, moving slowly toward Zamboanga — slowly all the next day, too, for our captain did not want to arrive during the night. On Saturday (August 12), as we arose to celebrate Mass earlier than usual, we found that we were sailing between the islands situated south and southeast of Zamboanga; and at six o'clock sharp we cast anchor in the open harbor. The place looked very attractive, with cocoanut palm groves filling its dales and edging its hills These islands form what is called the Sulu Archipelago, and are inhabited by about three hundred thousand Moros, all Mohammedans. The city is in the lowlands, protected by the high mountain. Filipino children, both boys and girls, approached the vessel in their simple canoes or rowboats, begging for a few centavos, for which they might

"Dive! Dive!" Father General did not want to go ashore, but I made the trip when the launch came to take the passengers off. My first visit was to the post office, where I mailed my usual great bundle of cards and letters. Then I sent a wireless to our confrères in Manila: *"Arrive Monday. Leave the 20th for China. Arrange Lubang accordingly."* The meaning was that we were to stay only ten days in Manila, and that in consequence they would have to arrange if possible for us to make a trip to our two confrères who had, since our departure from the Philippines, started mission work on Lubang Island, in Bishop Verzosa's diocese of Lipa. Then I paid a visit to the cathedral near by. Above its portals, between two frame towers, was the inscription: *Ave Maria Purissima.* The cathedral did not appear to be very staunch or substantial in structure. It was built during the residence of the *Recolletos,* who labored in the district long years before the Jesuits took charge. As I entered the edifice, I met a Jesuit Brother with whom I had become acquainted, the preceding January, in the San José Observatory of Manila. He took me to the rectory, where the Superior Father Arnalote, S.J., and three other Fathers greeted me warmly. Father Arnalote took me auto-riding through the city and as far as the mountains. We saw the beautiful park and the Moro town next to the sea, on our way to the Colegio del Pilar, a high school (formerly a hospital) in charge of native Sisters. We then proceeded to Santa Maria del Pilar at the fortress wall, and saw the Bishop's palace. One of the chief reasons why I had, called on the Jesuit Fathers was to acquaint them with our Father General's attitude toward an offer which Bishop Clos, S.J., of Zamboanga had made when we met him in Manila, during the previous January: his Lordship had proposed that our Society should take over the whole

province of Davao. Unfortunately, Bishop Clos was not at home, being on an inspection tour in Surigao, where the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart are working under the jurisdiction of the Jesuit Bishop. Therefore, after a very pleasant and in many ways profitable visit, I returned to the shore, to board the steamer.

At one o'clock the *Tango Maru* left, going northward along the southern coast of Mindanao. The scenery was beautiful, and both Father General and I admired it. I had, of course, followed his instructions in the matters related above, and he quite approved of all that I had done.

August 13 was St. John Berchmans' day, the feast of my favorite saint. We were now running north, along the western coast of Mindoro, an island which also comes under Bishop Verzosa's jurisdiction. He had offered our Fathers the charge of the whole Mindoro as well as the Lubang islands, and we would gladly have accepted all these fields if we had had the men to take care of them.

That night a bad gale sprang up (as usual!), and all were afraid that it might develop into a typhoon. It didn't; but if it had, you may count upon it that I should not have been the least surprised.

Early on Monday morning, in rainy weather, we passed Cape Santiago having left Lubang (where our Fathers Demond and Krusenbaum, formerly of the Abra province, were stationed) behind, still earlier in the day. With the rain still pouring down, we sailed by Corregidor Island and into the bay of Manila without knowing it, so gloomy and foggy was the weather. At nine o'clock we stopped before the breakwaters, and at half past ten we were again on *terra firma*. Thanks be to God! Fathers Buerschen and Beck, and also Father Villalonga (provincial S.J.) and the procurator of the Jesuits received us at the pier, together with Father Weyland and

Brother Jerome of Techny, who had recently joined the Manila community of the Society of the Divine Word, and were at the time stationed at St. Rita's Hall.

We arrived just in time to celebrate the great feast of the Assumption of our Lady — the commemoration of the *end* of her earthly life: when we had first reached Manila, nine months before, we were in time to celebrate the feast of the Immaculate Conception, commemorating the dawn of the earthly career of the Mother of God.

Father General and I were quartered in the Observatory, for St. Rita's was not yet ready for guests. A big mail awaited us, our letters having been forwarded from Yenchowfu in China; and with these letters there was another message — a most sad one: a telegram from China, which read, *"Koesters died; sunstroke."* The word had been sent out on August 9. We felt very downhearted over this; for of all the missionaries of the Society in China, Father Koesters had been making the most plans, and was most eagerly awaiting our arrival. He had written to us continually, telling us of the prospects in his field and of what he contemplated doing, if Father General gave his approbation. In fact, we had spoken often, with a smile, of Father Koesters' "schemes for souls," for he was the most lovable and at the same time most courageous of men. We prayed for our dear confrère: 'God grant that he may soon enter into heaven, there to help the missionary who must succeed him.'

On Assumption day we celebrated Mass in St. Rita's Hall, and at both Masses all the seats were taken by the students, the boys sitting on the right, and the girls on the left. After Mass there were financial and other business matters to settle, passports to be looked over, money to be changed, and ship tickets to Hongkong and Shanghai to be purchased. I also wanted to find out how our Ameri-

can passenger steamers were equipped. We had our dinner in the Holy Ghost College of the Sisters, S.Sp.S. Father General, Fathers Buerschen and Weyland, Brothers Arnulf and Jerome, also Mr. McQuaide, the superintendent of all private schools in the Philippine Islands, and myself made up the number of guests for the occasion. I was surprised to meet Sister Ann, an American girl, who had left Techny during my absence, to give her life to the education of the Filipino girls.

I met, also, a number of old friends, and this was especially the case among the American Jesuits at the Ateneo. During the three months' of our absence, three of the Jesuit Fathers had left Manila and returned to the States.

We might have called Wednesday, August 16, *Press Day,* for we (Father General, Fr. Beck. Fr. Buerschen, and I) had dinner with Archbishop O'Doherty, and with Bishop McGinley as well, who was at the time visiting his Grace. We discussed with great vigor the whole subject of Catholic journalism and general publicity, for our Fathers were about to publish a weekly in Manila. I had given a talk to the students during the previous evening, on closely related questions, and had found all most attentive listeners. I had also given a talk to the girl students of Assumption College, adjoining the Observatory.

On August 17, Speaker Osmeña returned from Washington, on the S.S. *President Lincoln,* the boat in which we were expecting to embark for China. We were told that Senator Quezon was also coming within a few days, bringing with them reports of the official and popular attitude in America toward the question of "Independencia." As the Archbishop was taking Father Beck and me, together with two Spanish Franciscans (the latter wear-

ing their blue cassocks as is the custom here) in his *auto* to the Pasig river, for a trip to San Francisco del Monte, we met a long procession of autos and other vehicles, all escorting Speaker Osmeña from the steamer. Incidentally I learned that the Philippine debt to the United States at the time amounted to over $90,000,000, according to common report.

On Saturday (August 19), we arose at three in the morning, for the *President Lincoln* was scheduled to leave at five o'clock. We offered Holy Mass in the chapel of the Observatory, and went aboard at half past four. This American steamer appeared to be the very finest of its kind. But it turned out that we were not to get away till ten o'clock; and I was glad, for a great crowd gathered at the pier, waiting for the docking of the *Empres of Australia* of the Canadian Pacific Line. Senator Quezon and other prominent members of the "Independencia" mission to the United States were on board, and the crowd on the pier had come to welcome them. But the *Empress* was obliged to wait four full hours outside the breakwaters, until we left the pier.

Fathers Villalonga, Buerschen, and Beck were on hand to say farewell, Father Weyland and Brother Arnulf putting in an appearance at the last moment. In passing out of Manila Bay we met the S.S. *Aki Maru*, the third of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha in the Australian service. It is rather small, and I was glad we did not take passage in it from Sydney. As we passed by Corregidor, and out into the open sea, the weather was a bit unpleasant, and rain squalls and lively waves remained with us while we sailed northward along Zambales Province. I looked over toward the Province which was to be given in charge of our Society in 1925 (the care of this province has now been actually assumed by the Fathers, S.V.D.). To my-

self I murmured: *'Farewell, Catholic Philippines! Farewell, Manila, pearl of the Orient! May God guard and keep you from all false teachings, and bring all your children within the fold of the only Mother they can ever truly love — our Holy Church.'*

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